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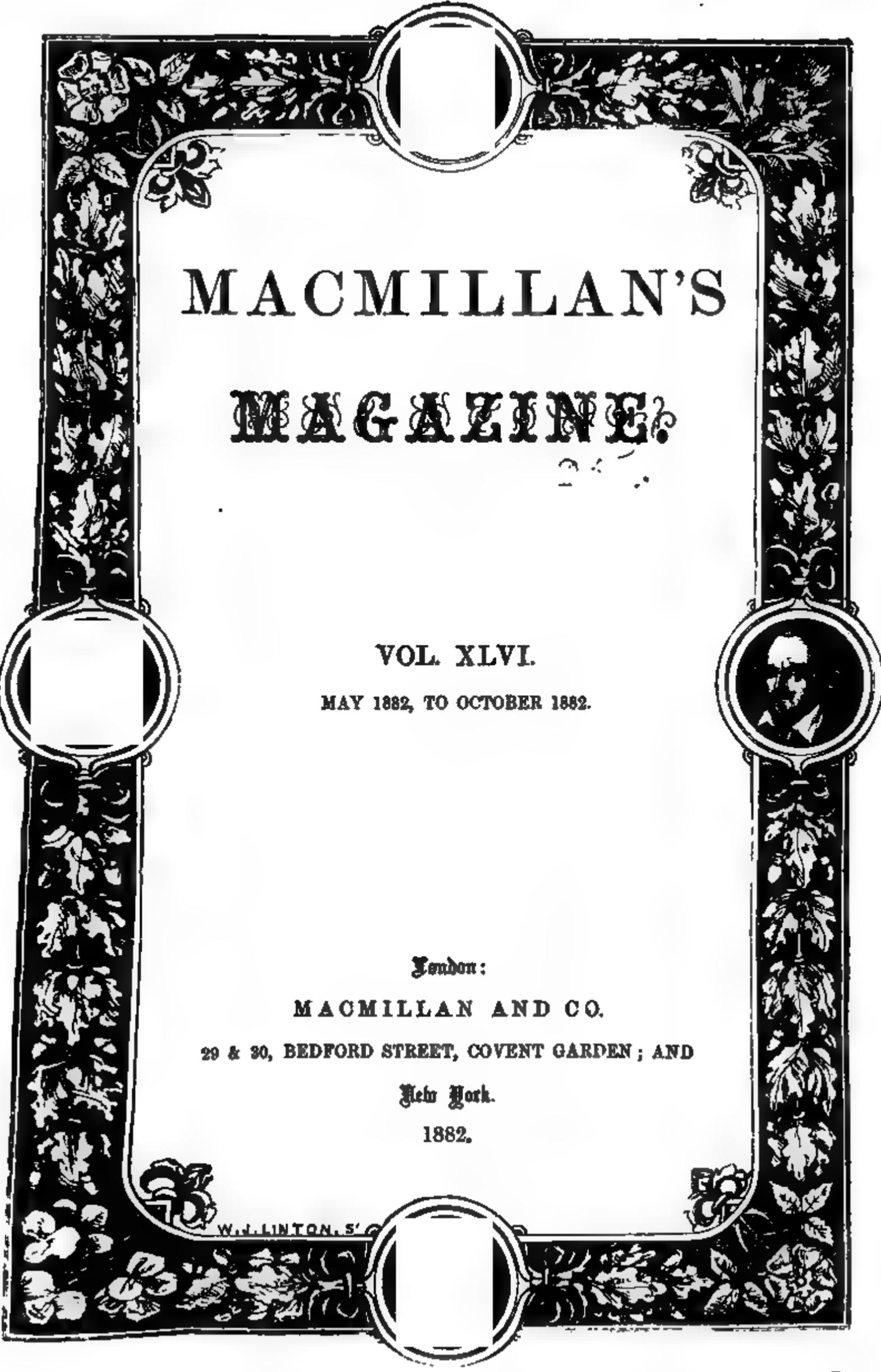
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1882.

A LITTLE PILGRIM:

IN THE UNSEEN.

(*For Easter.*)

SHE had been talking of dying only the evening before, with a friend, and had described her own sensations after a long illness when she had been at the point of death. "I suppose," she said, "that I was as nearly gone as any one ever was to come back again. There was no pain in it, only a sense of sinking down, down—through the bed as if nothing could hold me or give me support enough—but no pain." And then they had spoken of another friend in the same circumstances, who also had come back from the very verge, and who described her sensations as those of one floating upon a summer sea without pain or suffering, in a lovely nook of the Mediterranean, blue as the sky. These soft and soothing images of the passage which all men dread had been talked over with low voices, yet with smiles and a grateful sense that "the warm precincts of the cheerful day" were once more familiar to both. And very cheerfully she went to rest that night, talking of what was to be done on the morrow, and fell asleep sweetly in her little room, with its shaded light and curtained window, and little pictures on the dim walls. All was quiet in the house: soft breathing of the sleepers, soft murmuring of the spring wind outside, a wintry moon very clear and full in the skies, a

little town all hushed and quiet, every thing lying defenceless, unconscious, in the safe keeping of God.

How soon she woke no one can tell. She woke and lay quite still, half-roused, half-hushed, in that soft languor that attends a happy waking. She was happy always in the peace of a heart that was humble and faithful and pure, but yet had been used to wake to a consciousness of little pains and troubles, such as even to her meekness were sometimes hard to bear. But on this morning there were none of these. She lay in a kind of hush of happiness and ease, not caring to make any further movement, lingering over the sweet sensation of that waking. She had no desire to move nor to break the spell of the silence and peace. It was still very early, she supposed, and probably it might be hours yet before any one came to call her. It might even be that she should sleep again. She had no wish to move, she lay at such luxurious ease and calm. But by and by, as she came to full possession of her waking senses, it appeared to her that there was some change in the atmosphere, in the scene. There began to steal into the air about her the soft dawn as of a summer morning, the lovely blueness of the first opening of daylight before the sun. It

could not be the light of the moon which she had seen before she went to bed: and all was so still that it could not be the bustling, wintry day which comes at that time of the year late, to find the world awake before it. This was different; it was like the summer dawn, a soft suffusion of light growing every moment. And by and by it occurred to her that she was not in the little room where she had lain down. There were no dim walls or roof, her little pictures were all gone, the curtains at her window. The discovery gave her no uneasiness in that delightful calm. She lay still to think of it all, to wonder, yet undisturbed. It half amused her that these things should be changed, but did not rouse her yet with any shock of alteration. The light grew fuller and fuller round, growing into day, clearing her eyes from the sweet mist of the first waking. Then she raised herself upon her arm. She was not in her room, she was in no scene she knew. Indeed it was scarcely a scene at all, nothing but light, so soft and lovely that it soothed and caressed her eyes. She thought all at once of a summer morning when she was a child, when she had woke in the deep night which yet was day, early, so early that the birds were scarcely astir, and had risen up with a delicious sense of daring and of being all alone in the mystery of the sunrise, in the unawakened world which lay at her feet to be explored, as if she were Eve just entering upon Eden. It was curious how all those childish sensations, long forgotten, came back to her as she found herself so unexpectedly out of her sleep in the open air and light. In the recollection of that lovely hour, with a smile at herself, so different as she now knew herself to be, she was moved to rise and look a little more closely about her and see where she was.

When I call her a little Pilgrim, I do not mean that she was a child; on the contrary, she was not even young. She was little by nature, with as little flesh and blood as was consistent with

mortal life; and she was one of those who are always little for love. The tongue found diminutives for her, the heart kept her in a perpetual youth. She was so modest and so gentle that she always came last so long as there was any one whom she could put before her. But this little body and the soul which was not little, and the heart which was big and great, had known all the round of sorrows that fill a woman's life, without knowing any of its warmer blessings. She had nursed the sick, she had entertained the weary, she had consoled the dying. She had gone about the world, which had no prize or recompense for her, with a smile. Her little presence had been always bright. She was not clever; you might have said she had no mind at all; but so wise and right and tender a heart that it was as good as genius. This is to let you know what this little Pilgrim had been.

She rose up, and it was strange how like she felt to the child she remembered in that still summer morning so many years ago. Her little body, which had been worn and racked with pain, felt as light and unconscious of itself as then. She took her first step forward with the same sense of pleasure, yet of awe, suppressed delight and daring and wild adventure, yet perfect safety. But then the recollection of the little room in which she had fallen asleep came quickly, strangely over her, confusing her mind. "I must be dreaming, I suppose," she said to herself, regretfully; for it was all so sweet that she wished it to be true. Her movement called her attention to herself, and she found that she was dressed, not in her night-dress as she had lain down, but in a dress she did not know. She paused for a moment to look at it, and wonder. She had never seen it before; she did not make out how it was made, or what stuff it was, but it fell so pleasantly about her, it was so soft and light, that in her confused state she abandoned that subject with only an additional sense of pleasure.

And now the atmosphere became more distinct to her. She saw that under her feet was a greenness as of close velvet turf, both cool and warm, cool and soft to touch, but with no damp in it, as might have been at that early hour, and with flowers showing here and there. She stood looking round her, not able to identify the landscape because she was still confused a little, and then walked softly on, all the time afraid lest she should awake and lose the sweetness of it all, and the sense of rest and happiness. She felt so light, so airy, as if she could skim across the field like any child. It was bliss enough to breathe and move with every organ so free. After more than fifty years of hard service in the world to feel like this, even in a dream! She smiled to herself at her own pleasure; and then once more, yet more potently, there came back upon her the appearance of her room in which she had fallen asleep. How had she got from there to here? Had she been carried away in her sleep, or was it only a dream, and would she by and by find herself between the four dim walls again? Then this shadow of recollection faded away once more, and she moved forward, walking in a soft rapture over the delicious turf. Presently she came to a little mound upon which she paused to look about her. Every moment she saw a little further: blue hills far away, extending in long sweet distance, an indefinite landscape, but fair and vast, so that there could be seen no end to it, not even the line of the horizon—save at one side where there seemed to be a great shadowy gateway, and something dim beyond. She turned from the brightness to look at this, and when she had looked for some time she saw what pleased her still more, though she had been so happy before, people coming in. They were too far off for her to see clearly, but many came, each apart, one figure only at a time. To watch them amused her in the delightful leisure

of her mind. Who were they? she wondered; but no doubt soon some of them would come this way, and she would see. Then suddenly she seemed to hear, as if in answer to her question, some one say, "Those who are coming in are the people who have died on earth." "Died!" she said to herself aloud, with a wondering sense of the inappropriateness of the word, which almost came the length of laughter. In this sweet air, with such a sense of life about, to suggest such an idea was almost ludicrous. She was so occupied with this that she did not look round to see who the speaker might be. She thought it over, amused, but with some new confusion of the mind. Then she said, "Perhaps I have died too," with a laugh to herself at the absurdity of the thought.

"Yes," said the other voice, echoing that gentle laugh of hers, "you have died too."

She turned round and saw another standing by her, a woman, younger and fairer and more stately than herself, but of so sweet a countenance that our little Pilgrim felt no shyness, but recognised a friend at once. She was more occupied looking at this new face, and feeling herself at once so much happier (though she had been so happy before) in finding a companion who would tell her what everything was, than in considering what these words might mean. But just then once more the recollection of the four walls, with their little pictures hanging, and the window with its curtains drawn, seemed to come round her for a moment, so that her whole soul was in a confusion. And as this vision slowly faded away (though she could not tell which was the vision, the darkened room or this lovely light), her attention came back to the words at which she had laughed, and at which the other had laughed as she repeated them. Died?—was it possible that this could be the meaning of it all.

"Died?" she said, looking with

wonder in her companion's face, which smiled back to her. "But do you mean——? You cannot mean——? I have never been so well. I am so strong. I have no trouble—anywhere. I am full of life."

The other nodded her beautiful head with a more beautiful smile, and the little Pilgrim burst out in a great cry of joy, and said—

"Is this all? Is it over?—is it all over? Is it possible that this can be all?"

"Were you afraid of it?" the other said.

There was a little agitation for the moment in her heart. She was so glad, so relieved and thankful, that it took away her breath. She could not get over the wonder of it.

"To think one should look forward to it so long, and wonder and be even unhappy trying to divine what it will be—and this all!"

"Ah, but the angel was very gentle with you," said the young woman. "You were so tender and worn that he only smiled and took you sleeping. There are other ways: but it is always wonderful to think it is over, as you say."

The little Pilgrim could do nothing but talk of it as one does after a very great event. "Are you sure, quite sure, it is so?" she said. "It would be dreadful to find it only a dream, to go to sleep again, and wake up—there——" This thought troubled her for a moment. The vision of the bedchamber came back, but this time she felt it was only a vision. "Were you afraid too?" she said, in a low voice.

"I never thought of it at all," the beautiful stranger said. "I did not think it would come to me: but I was very sorry for the others to whom it came, and grudged that they should lose the beautiful earth and life, and all that was so sweet."

"My dear!" cried the Pilgrim, as if she had never died, "oh, but this is far sweeter! and the heart is so light, and it is happiness only to

breathe. Is it heaven here? It must be heaven."

"I do not know if it is heaven. We have so many things to learn. They cannot tell you everything at once," said the beautiful lady. "I have seen some of the people I was sorry for, and when I told them we laughed—as you and I laughed just now—for pleasure."

"That makes me think," said the little Pilgrim; "if I have died as you say—which is so strange and me so living—if I have died, they will have found it out. The house will be all dark, and they will be breaking their hearts. Oh, how could I forget them in my selfishness, and be happy! I so lighthearted, while they——"

She sat down hastily and covered her face with her hands and wept. The other looked at her for a moment, then kissed her for comfort and cried too. The two happy creatures sat there weeping together, thinking of those they had left behind, with an exquisite grief which was not unhappiness, which was sweet with love and pity. "And oh," said the little Pilgrim, "what can we do to tell them not to grieve? Cannot you send, cannot you speak—cannot one go to tell them?"

The heavenly stranger shook her head.

"It is not well they all say. Sometimes one has been permitted; but they do not know you," she said with a pitiful look in her sweet eyes. "My mother told me that her heart was so sick for me, she was allowed to go; and she went and stood by me, and spoke to me, and I did not know her. She came back so sad and sorry that they took her at once to our Father—and there you know she found that it was all well. All is well when you are there."

"Ah," said the little Pilgrim, "I have been thinking of other things. Of how happy I was, and of *them*—but never of the Father—just as if I had not died."

The other smiled upon her with a wonderful smile.

"Do you think He will be offended? our Father? as if He were one of us?" she said.

And then the little Pilgrim in her sudden grief to have forgotten Him became conscious of a new rapture unexplainable in words. She felt His understanding to envelop her little spirit with a soft and clear penetration, and that nothing she did or said could ever be misconceived more. "Will you take me to Him?" she said, trembling yet glad, clasping her hands. And once again the other shook her head.

"They will take us both when it is time," she said. "We do not go at our own will. But I have seen our Brother——"

"Oh, take me to Him!" the little Pilgrim cried. "Let me see His face! I have so many things to say to Him. I want to ask Him— Oh, take me to where I can see His face!"

And then once again the heavenly lady smiled.

"I have seen Him," she said. "He is always about—now here, now there. He will come and see you perhaps when you are not thinking. But when He pleases. We do not think here of what we will——"

The little Pilgrim sat very still wondering at all this. She had thought when a soul left the earth that it went at once to God, and thought of nothing more except worship and singing of praises. But this was different from her thoughts. She sat and pondered and wondered. She was baffled at many points. She was not changed as she expected, but so much like herself still—still perplexed, and feeling herself foolish, not understanding, toiling after a something which she could not grasp. The only difference was that it was no trouble to her now. She smiled at herself, and at her dullness, feeling sure that by and by she would understand.

"And don't you wonder too?" she said to her companion, which was a speech such as she used to make

upon the earth when people thought her little remarks disjointed, and did not always see the connection of them. But her friend of heaven knew what she meant.

"I do nothing but wonder," she said, "for it is all so natural—not what we thought."

"Is it long since you have been here?" the Pilgrim said.

"I came before you—but how long or how short I cannot tell, for that is not how we count. We count only by what happens to us. And nothing yet has happened to me except that I have seen our Brother. My mother sees Him always. That means she has lived here a long time and well——"

"Is it possible to live ill—in heaven?" The little Pilgrim's eyes grew large as if they were going to have tears in them, and a little shadow seemed to come over her. But the other laughed softly and restored all her confidence.

"I have told you I do not know if it is heaven or not. No one does ill, but some do little and some do much, just as it used to be. Do you remember in Dante there was a lazy spirit that stayed about the gates and never got farther? but perhaps you never read that."

"I was not clever," said the little Pilgrim wistfully; "no, I never read it. I wish I had known more."

Upon which the beautiful lady kissed her again to give her courage, and said—

"It does not matter at all. It all comes to you whether you have known it or not."

"Then your mother came here long ago?" said the Pilgrim. "Ah, then I shall see my mother too."

"Oh very soon, as soon as she can come; but there are so many things to do. Sometimes we can go and meet those who are coming, but it is not always so. I remember that she had a message. She could not leave her business you may be sure, or she would have been here."

"Then you know my mother? Oh, and my dearest father too?"

"We all know each other," the lady said with a smile.

"And you? did you come to meet me—only out of kindness, though I do not know you?" the little Pilgrim said.

"I am nothing but an idler," said the beautiful lady, "making acquaintance. I am of little use as yet. I was very hard worked before I came here, and they think it well that we should sit in the sun and take a little rest and find things out."

Then the little Pilgrim sat still and mused, and felt in her heart that she had found many things out. What she had heard had been wonderful, and it was more wonderful still to be sitting here all alone save for this lady, yet so happy and at ease. She wanted to sing, she was so happy, but remembered that she was old and had lost her voice, and then remembered again that she was no longer old, and perhaps had found it again. And then it occurred to her to remember how she had learned to sing, and how beautiful her sister's voice was, and how heavenly to hear her: which made her remember that this dear sister would be weeping, not singing, down where she had come from—and immediately the tears stood in her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I never thought we should cry when we came here. I thought there were no tears in heaven."

"Did you think, then, that we were all turned into stone?" cried the beautiful lady. "It says God shall wipe away all tears from our faces, which is not like saying there are to be no tears."

Upon which the little Pilgrim, glad that it was permitted to be sorry, though she was so happy, allowed herself to think upon the place she had so lately left. And she seemed to see her little room again with all the pictures hanging as she had left them, and the house darkened, and the dear faces she knew all sad and troubled:

and to hear them saying over to each other all the little careless words she had said as if they were out of the Scriptures, and crying if any one but mentioned her name, and putting on crape and black dresses, and lamenting as if that which had happened was something very terrible. She cried at this and yet felt half inclined to laugh, but would not because it would be disrespectful to those she loved. One thing did not occur to her, and that was that they would be carrying her body which she had left behind her away to the grave. She did not think of this because she was not aware of the loss, and felt far too much herself to think that there was another part of her being buried in the ground. From this she was aroused by her companion asking her a question.

"Have you left many there?" she said.

"No one," said the little Pilgrim, "to whom I was the first on earth: but they loved me all the same—and if I could only, only let them know—"

"But I left one to whom I was the first on earth," said the other, with tears in her beautiful eyes, "and oh, how glad I should be to be less happy if he might be less sad."

"And you cannot go? you cannot go to him and tell him? Oh, I wish—I" cried the little Pilgrim—but then she paused, for the wish died all away in her heart into a tender love for this poor sorrowful man whom she did not know; this gave her the sweetest pang she had ever felt, for she knew that all was well, and yet was so sorry and would have willingly given up her happiness for his. All this the lady read in her eyes or her heart, and loved her for it, and they took hands and were silent together, thinking of those they had left, as we upon earth think of those who have gone from us, but only with far more understanding, and far greater love. "And have you never been able to do anything for him?" our Pilgrim said.

Then the beautiful lady's face flushed

all over with the most heavenly warmth and light. Her smile ran over like the bursting out of the sun. "Oh, I will tell you," she said. "There was a moment when he was very sad and perplexed not knowing what to think. There was something he could not understand; nor could I understand, nor did I know what it was until it was said to me you may go and tell him. And I went in the early morning before he was awake, and kissed him, and said it in his ear. He woke up in a moment and understood, and everything was clear to him. Afterwards I heard him say, 'It is true that the night brings counsel. I had been troubled and distressed all day long, but in the morning it was quite clear to me.' And the other answered, 'Your brain was refreshed and that made your judgment clear.' But they never knew it was I! That was a great delight. The dear souls! they are so foolish," she cried with the sweetest laughter that ran into tears. "One cries because one is so happy; it is just a silly old habit," she said.

"And you were not grieved, it did not hurt you—that he did not know—"

"Oh, not then; not then! I did not go to him for that. When you have been here a little longer you will see the difference. When you go for yourself, out of impatience because it still seems to you that you must know best, and they don't know you—then it strikes to your heart; but when you go to help them—ah," she cried, "when he comes how much I shall have to tell him! You thought it was sleep when it was I—when you woke so fresh and clear it was I that kissed you; you thought it your duty to me to be sad afterwards and were angry with yourself because you had wronged me of the first thoughts of your waking—when it was all me, all through!"

"I begin to understand," said the little Pilgrim; "but why should they not see us, and why should not we tell

them? It would seem so natural. If they saw us it would make them so happy, and so sure."

Upon this the lady shook her head.

"The worst of it is not that they are not sure—it is the parting. If this makes us sorry here, how can they escape the sorrow of it even if they saw us!—for we must be parted. We cannot go back to live with them, or why should we have died? And then we must all live our lives, they in their way, we in ours. We must not weigh them down, but only help them when it is seen that there is need for it. All this we shall know better by and by."

"You make it so clear, and your face is so bright," said our little Pilgrim gratefully, "you must have known a great deal, and understood even when you were in the world."

"I was as foolish as I could be," said the other, with her laugh that was as sweet as music; "yet thought I knew, and they thought I knew; but all that does not matter now."

"I think it matters—for look how much you have showed me; but tell me one thing more—how was it said to you that you must go and tell him? Was it some one who spoke—was it——"

Her face grew so bright that all the past brightness was as a dull sky to this. It gave out such a light of happiness, that the little Pilgrim was dazzled.

"I was wandering about," she said, "to see this new place. My mother had come back between two errands she had, and had come to see me and tell me everything; and I was straying about wondering what I was to do, when suddenly I saw some one coming along, as it might be now:—"

She paused and looked up, and the little Pilgrim looked up too with her heart beating, but there was no one. Then she gave a little sigh, and turned and listened again.

"I had not been looking for Him, or thinking. You know my mind is too light. I am pleased with whatever is

before me : and I was so curious, for my mother had told me many things ; when suddenly I caught sight of Him passing by. He was going on, and when I saw this a panic seized me, lest He should pass and say nothing. I do not know what I did. I flung myself upon His robe, and got hold of it, or at least I think so. I was in such an agony lest He should pass and never notice me. But that was my folly. He pass ! As if that could be ! ”

“ And what did He say to you ? ” cried the little Pilgrim, her heart almost aching, it beat so high with sympathy and expectation.

The lady looked at her for a little without saying anything.

“ I cannot tell you,” she said, “ any more than I can tell if this is heaven. It is a mystery. When you see Him you will know. It will be all you have ever hoped for and more besides, for He understands everything. He knows what is in our hearts about those we have left, and why He sent for us before them. There is no need to tell Him anything ; He knows. He will come when it is time ; and after you have seen Him you will know what to do.”

Then the beautiful lady turned her eyes towards the gate, and while the little Pilgrim was still gazing, disappeared from her, and went to comfort some other stranger. They were dear friends always, and met often, but not again in the same way.

When she was thus left alone again, the little Pilgrim sat still upon the grassy mound, quite tranquil and happy, without wishing to move. There was such a sense of well-being in her that she liked to sit there and look about her, and breathe the delightful air, like the air of a summer morning, without wishing for anything.

“ How idle I am,” she said to herself, in the very words she had often used before she died ; but then she was idle from weakness, and now from happiness. She wanted for nothing.

To be alive was so sweet. There was a great deal to think about in what she had heard, but she did not even think about that, only resigned herself to the delight of sitting there in the sweet air and being happy. Many people were coming and going, and they all knew her, and smiled upon her, and those who were at a distance would wave their hands. This did not surprise her at all, for though she was a stranger, she too felt that she knew them all : but that they should be so kind was a delight to her which words could not tell. She sat and mused very sweetly about all that had been told her, and wondered whether she too might go sometimes, and with a kiss and a whisper clear up something that was dark in the mind of some one who loved her. “ I that never was clever ! ” she said to herself, with a smile. And chiefly she thought of a friend whom she loved, who was often in great perplexity, and did not know how to guide herself amid the difficulties of the world.

The little Pilgrim half laughed with delight, and then half cried with longing to go as the beautiful lady had done, and make something clear that had been dark before, to this friend. As she was thinking what a pleasure it would be, some one came up to her, crossing over the flowery greenness, leaving the path on purpose. This was a being younger than the lady who had spoken to her before, with flowing hair all crisped with touches of sunshine, and a dress all white and soft, like the feathers of a white dove. There was something in her face different from that of the other, by which the little Pilgrim knew somehow, without knowing how, that she had come here as a child, and grown up in this celestial place. She was tall and fair, and came along with so musical a motion, as if her foot scarcely touched the ground, that she might have had wings : and the little Pilgrim indeed was not sure as she watched, whether it might not perhaps be an angel ; for she knew that there were

angels among the blessed people who were coming and going about, but had not been able yet to find one out. She knew that this new comer was coming to her, and turned towards her with a smile and a throb at her heart of expectation. But when the heavenly maiden drew nearer, her face, though it was so fair, looked to the Pilgrim like another face, which she had known very well—indeed, like the homely and troubled face of the friend of whom she had been thinking. And so she smiled all the more, and held out her hands and said—"I am sure I know you," upon which the other kissed her and said—"We all know each other; but I have seen you often before you came here," and knelt down by her, among the flowers that were growing, just in front of some tall lilies that grew over her, and made a lovely canopy over her head. There was something in her face that was like a child—her mouth so soft as if it had never spoken anything but heavenly words, her eyes brown and golden as if they were filled with light. She took the little Pilgrim's hands in hers, and held them and smoothed between her own. These hands had been very thin and worn before, but now, when the Pilgrim looked at them, she saw that they became softer and whiter every moment with the touch of this immortal youth.

"I knew you were coming," said the maiden. "When my mother has wanted me I have seen you there. And you were thinking of her now—that was how I found you."

"Do you know then what one thinks?" said the little Pilgrim, with wondering eyes.

"It is in the air; and when it concerns us it comes to us like the breeze. But we who are the children here, we feel it more quickly than you."

"Are you a child?" said the little Pilgrim, "or are you an angel? Sometimes you are like a child; but then your face shines and you are like—you must have some name for it here; there is nothing among

the words I know." And then she paused a little, still looking at her, and cried, "Oh, if she could but see you, little Margaret! That would do her most good of all."

Then the maiden Margaret shook her lovely head. "What does her most good is the will of the Father," she said.

At this the little Pilgrim felt once more that thrill of expectation and awe. "Oh, child, you have seen Him?" she cried.

And the other smiled. "Have you forgotten who they are that always behold His face? We have never had any fear or trembling. We are not angels, and there is no other name; we are the children. There is something given to us beyond the others. We have had no other home."

"Oh, tell me, tell me!" the little Pilgrim cried.

Upon this Margaret kissed her, putting her soft cheek against hers, and said, "It is a mystery; it cannot be put into words; in your time you will know."

"When you touch me you change me, and I grow like you," the Pilgrim said. "Ah, if she could see us together, you and me! And will you go to her soon again? And do you see them always what they are doing? and take care of them?"

"It is our Father who takes care of them, and our Lord who is our brother. I do His errands when I am able. Sometimes He will let me go, sometimes another, according as it is best. Who am I that I should take care of them? I serve them when I may."

"But you do not forget them?" the Pilgrim said, with wistful eyes.

"We love them always," said Margaret. She was more still than the lady who had first spoken with the Pilgrim. Her countenance was full of a heavenly calm. It had never known passion nor anguish. Sometimes there was in it a farseeing look of vision, sometimes the simplicity of a child. "But what are we in comparison? For He loves them more

than we do. When He keeps us from them it is for love. We must each live our own life."

"But it is hard for them sometimes," said the little Pilgrim, who could not withdraw her thoughts from those she had left.

"They are never forsaken," said the angel-maiden.

"But oh! there are worse things than sorrow," the little Pilgrim said; "there is wrong, there is evil, Margaret. Will not He send you to step in before them, to save them from wrong?"

"It is not for us to judge," said the young Margaret, with eyes full of heavenly wisdom; "our Brother has it all in His hand. We do not read their hearts, like Him. Sometimes you are permitted to see the battle—"

The little Pilgrim covered her eyes with her hands. "I could not—I could not! unless I knew they were to win the day."

"They will win the day in the end. But sometimes, when it was being lost, I have seen in His face a something—I cannot tell—more love than before. Something that seemed to say, 'My child, my child, would that I could do it for thee, my child!'"

"Oh! that is what I have always felt," cried the Pilgrim, clasping her hands; her eyes were dim, her heart for a moment almost forgot its blessedness. "But He could— Oh, little Margaret! He could! You have forgotten—Lord, if thou wilt thou canst——"

The child of heaven looked at her mutely, with sweet grave eyes, in which there was much that confused her who was a stranger here; and once more softly shook her head.

"Is it that He will not then?" said the other with a low voice of awe. "Our Lord, who died— He——"

"Listen," said the other, "I hear His step on the way."

The little Pilgrim rose up from the mound on which she was sitting. Her soul was confused with wonder and fear. She had thought that an angel

might step between a soul on earth and sin, and that if one but prayed and prayed, the dear Lord would stand between and deliver the tempted. She had meant when she saw His face to ask Him—to save. Was not He born, did not He live, and die to save? The angel-maiden looked at her all the while with eyes that understood all her perplexity and her doubt, but spoke not. Thus it was that before the Lord came to her the sweetness of her first blessedness was obscured, and she found that here too, even here, though in a moment she should see Him, there was need for faith. Young Margaret, who had been kneeling by her, rose up too and stood among the lilies, waiting, her soft countenance shining, her eyes turned towards Him who was coming. Upon her there was no cloud nor doubt. She was one of the children of that land familiar with His presence. And in the air there was a sound such as those who hear it alone can describe—a sound as of help coming and safety, like the sound of a deliverer when one is in deadly danger, like the sound of a conqueror, like the step of the dearest-beloved coming home. As it came nearer the fear melted away out of the beating heart of the Pilgrim. Who could fear so near Him? her breath went away from her, her heart out of her bosom to meet His coming. Oh, never fear could live where He was! Her soul was all confused, but it was with hope and joy. She held out her hands in that amaze, and dropped upon her knees, not knowing what she did.

He was going about His Father's business, not lingering, yet neither making haste; and the calm and peace which the little Pilgrim had seen in the faces of the blessed, were but reflections from the majestic gentleness of the countenance to which, all quivering with happiness and wonder, she lifted up her eyes. Many things there had been in her mind to say to Him. She wanted to ask for those she loved some things which

perhaps He had overlooked. She wanted to say, "Send me." It seemed to her that here was the occasion she had longed for all her life. Oh, how many times had she wished to be able to go to Him, to fall at His feet, to show Him something which had been left undone, something which perhaps for her asking He would remember to do. But when this dream of her life was fulfilled, and the little Pilgrim kneeling, and all shaken and trembling with devotion and joy, was at His feet, lifting her face to Him, seeing Him, hearing Him—then she said nothing to Him at all. She no longer wanted to say anything, or wanted anything except what He chose, or had power to think of anything except that all was well, and everything—everything, as it should be in His hand. It seemed to her that all that she had ever hoped for was fulfilled when she met the look in His eyes. At first it seemed too bright for her to meet, but next moment she knew it was all that was needed to light up the world, and in it everything was clear. Her trembling ceased, her little frame grew inspired; though she still knelt her head rose erect, drawn to Him like the flower to the sun. She could not tell how long it was, nor what was said, nor if it was in words. All that she knew was that she told Him all that ever she had thought, or wished, or intended in all her life, although she said nothing at all; and that He opened all things to her, and showed her that everything was well, and no one forgotten; and that the things she would have told Him of were more near His heart than hers, and those to whom she wanted to be sent were in His own hand. But whether this passed with words or without words she could not tell. Her soul expanded under his eyes like a flower. It opened out, it comprehended and felt and knew. She smote her hands together in her wonder that she could have missed seeing what was so clear, and laughed with a sweet scorn at her folly as two people who love

each other laugh at the little misunderstanding that has parted them. She was bold with Him, though she was so timid by nature, and ventured to laugh at herself, not to reproach herself—for his divine eyes spoke no blame, but smiled upon her folly too. And then He laid a hand upon her head, which seemed to fill her with currents of strength and joy running through all her veins. And then she seemed to come to herself saying loud out, "And that I will! and that I will!" and lo, she was kneeling on the warm soft sod alone, and hearing the sound of his footsteps as He went about His Father's business, filling all the air with echoes of blessing. And all the people who were coming and going smiled upon her, and she knew they were all glad for her that she had seen Him, and got the desire of her heart. Some of them waved their hands as they passed, and some paused a moment and spoke to her with tender congratulations. They seemed to have the tears in their eyes for joy, remembering every one the first time they had themselves seen Him, and the joy of it: so that all about there sounded a concord of happy thoughts all echoing to each other, "She has seen the Lord!"

Why did she say, "And that I will! and that I will!" with such fervour and delight? She could not have told but yet she knew. The first thing was that she had yet to wait and believe until all things should be accomplished, neither doubting nor fearing, but knowing that all should be well; and the second was that she must delay no longer, but rise up and serve the Father according to what was given her as her reward. When she had recovered a little of her rapture she rose from her knees, and stood still for a little to be sure which way she was to go. And she was not aware what guided her, but yet turned her face in the appointed way without any doubt. For doubt was now gone away for ever, and that fear that once gave her so much trouble lest she

might not be doing what was best. As she moved along she wondered at herself more and more. She felt no longer, as at first, like the child she remembered to have been, venturing out in the awful lovely stillness of the morning before any one was awake: but she felt that to move along was a delight, and that her foot scarcely touched the grass, and her whole being was instinct with such lightness of strength and life that it did not matter to her how far she went, nor what she carried, nor if the way was easy or hard. The way she chose was one of those which led to the great gate, and many met her coming from thence, with looks that were somewhat bewildered, as if they did not yet know whither they were going or what had happened to them. Upon whom she smiled as she passed them with soft looks of tenderness and sympathy, knowing what they were feeling, but did not stop to explain to them, because she had something else that had been given her to do. For this is what always follows in that country when you meet the Lord, that you instantly know what it is that He would have you do.

The little Pilgrim thus went on and on towards the gate, which she had not seen when she herself came through it, having been lifted in His arms by the great Death Angel, and set down softly inside, so that she did not know it, or even the shadow of it. As she drew nearer the light became less bright, though very sweet, like a lovely dawn, and she wondered to herself to think that she had been here but a moment ago, and yet so much had passed since then. And still she was not aware what was her errand, but wondered if she was to go back by these same gates, and perhaps return where she had been. She went up to them very closely, for she was curious to see the place through which she had come in her sleep, as a traveller goes back to see the city gate, with its bridge and portcullis, through which he has

passed by night. The gate was very great, of a wonderful, curious architecture, and strange, delicate arches and canopies above. Some parts of them seemed cut very clean and clear; but the outlines were all softened with a sort of mist and shadow, so that it looked greater and higher than it was. The lower part was not one great doorway as the Pilgrim had supposed, but innumerable doors, all separate, and very narrow, so that but one could pass at a time, though the arch inclosed all, and seemed filled with great folding gates in which the smaller doors were set, so that if need arose a vast opening might be made for many to enter. Of the little doors many were shut as the Pilgrim approached; but from moment to moment, one after another, would be pushed softly open from without, and some one would come in. The little Pilgrim looked at it all with great interest, wondering which of the doors she had herself come by; but while she stood absorbed by this, a door was suddenly pushed open close by her, and some one flung forward into the blessed country, falling upon the ground, and stretched out wild arms as though to clutch the very soil. This sight gave the Pilgrim a great surprise, for it was the first time she had heard any sound of pain, or seen any sight of trouble, since she entered here. In that moment she knew what it was that the dear Lord had given her to do. She had no need to pause to think, for her heart told her; and she did not hesitate as she might have done in the other life, not knowing what to say. She went forward, and gathered this poor creature into her arms, as if it had been a child, and drew her quite within the land of peace—for she had fallen across the threshold, so as to hinder any one entering who might be coming after her. It was a woman, and she had flung herself upon her face, so that it was difficult for the little Pilgrim to see what manner of person it was, for though she felt herself strong

enough to take up this new comer in her arms and carry her away, yet she forbore, seeing the will of the stranger was not so. For some time this woman lay moaning, with now and then a great sob shaking her as she lay. The little Pilgrim had taken her by both her arms, and drawn her head to rest upon her own lap, and was still holding the hands, which the poor creature had thrown out as if to clutch the ground. Thus she lay for a little while, as the little Pilgrim remembered she herself had lain, not wishing to move, wondering what had happened to her; then she clutched the hands which grasped her, and said, muttering—

"You are some one new. Have you come to save me? Oh, save me! Oh, save me! Don't let me die!"

This was very strange to the little Pilgrim, and went to her heart. She soothed the stranger, holding her hands warm and light, and stooping over her.

"Dear," she said, "you must try and not be afraid."

"You say so," said the woman, "because you are well and strong. You don't know what it is to be seized in the middle of your life, and told that you've got to die. Oh, I have been a sinful creature! I am not fit to die. Can't you give me something that will cure me? What is the good of doctors and nurses if they cannot save a poor soul that is not fit to die?"

At this the little Pilgrim smiled upon her, always holding her fast, and said—

"Why are you so afraid to die?"

The woman raised her head to look who it was who put such a strange question to her.

"You are some one new," she said. "I have never seen you before. Is there any one that is not afraid to die? Would you like to have to give your account all in a moment, without any time to prepare?"

"But you have had time to prepare," said the Pilgrim.

"Oh, only a very very little time; and I never thought it was true. I am not an old woman, and I am not fit to die; and I'm poor. Oh, if I were rich, I would bribe you to give me something to keep me alive. Won't you do it for pity?—won't you do it for pity? When you are as bad as I am, oh, you will perhaps call for some one to help you, and find nobody, like me."

"I will help you for love," said the little Pilgrim. "Some one who loves you has sent me."

The woman lifted herself up a little and shook her head. "There is nobody that loves me." Then she cast her eyes round her and began to tremble again (for the touch of the little Pilgrim had stilled her). "Oh, where am I?" she said. "They have taken me away; they have brought me to a strange place; and you are new. Oh, where have they taken me?—where am I?—where am I?" she cried. "Have they brought me here to die?"

Then the little Pilgrim bent over her and soothed her. "You must not be so much afraid of dying; that is all over. You need not fear that any more," she said, softly; "for here where you now are we have all died."

The woman started up out of her arms, and then she gave a great shriek that made the air ring, and cried out, "Dead! am I dead?" with a shudder and convulsion, throwing herself again wildly with outstretched hands upon the ground.

This was a great and terrible work for the little Pilgrim—the first she had ever had to do—and her heart failed her for a moment; but afterwards she remembered our Brother who sent her, and knew what was best. She drew closer to the new-comer and took her hand again.

"Try," she said, in soft voice, "and think a little. Do you feel now so ill as you were? Do not be frightened, but think a little. I will hold your hand; and look at me; you are not afraid of me."

The poor creature shuddered again,

and then she turned her face and looked doubtfully with great dark eyes dilated, and the brow and cheek so curved and puckered round them that they seemed to glow out of deep caverns. Her face was full of anguish and fear. But as she looked at the little Pilgrim her troubled gaze softened. Of her own accord she clasped her other hand upon the one that held hers, and then she said with a gasp—

"I am not afraid of you; that was not true that you said? You are one of the sisters, and you want to frighten me and make me repent?"

"You do repent," the Pilgrim said.

"Oh," cried the poor woman, "what has the like of you to do with me? Now I look at you I never saw any one that was like you before. Don't you hate me?—don't you loathe me? I do myself. It's so ugly to go wrong. I think now I would almost rather die and be done with it. You will say that is because I am going to get better. I feel a great deal better now. Do you think I am going to get over it? Oh, I am better! I could get up out of bed and walk about. Yes, but I am not in bed; where have you brought me? Never mind, it is a fine air; I shall soon get well here."

The Pilgrim was silent for a little, holding her hands. And then she said—

"Tell me how you feel now," in her soft voice.

The woman had sat up and was gazing round her. "It is very strange," she said; "it is all confused. I think upon my mother and the old prayers I used to say. For a long long time I always said my prayers; but now I've got hardened, they say. Oh, I was once as fresh as any one. It all comes over me now. I feel as if I were young again—just come out of the country. I am sure that I could walk."

The little Pilgrim raised her up, holding her by her hands; and she stood and gazed round about her, making one or two doubtful steps. She was very pale, and the light was

dim; her eyes peered into it with a scared yet eager look. She made another step, then stopped again.

"I am quite well," she said. "I could walk a mile. I could walk any distance. What was that you said? Oh, I tell you I am better! I am not going to die."

"You will never, never die," said the little Pilgrim; "are you not glad it is all over? Oh I was so glad! And all the more you should be glad if you were so much afraid."

But this woman was not glad. She shrank away from her companion, then came close to her again, and gripped her with her hands.

"It is your—fun," she said, "or just to frighten me; perhaps you think it will do me no harm as I am getting so well—you want to frighten me to make me good. But I mean to be good without that—I do!—I do! when one is so near dying as I have been and yet gets better—for I am going to get better? Yes! you know it as well as I."

The little Pilgrim made no reply, but stood by looking at her charge, not feeling that anything was given her to say: and she was so new to this work that there was a little trembling in her lest she should not do everything as she ought. And the woman looked round with those anxious eyes gazing all about. The light did not brighten as it had done when the Pilgrim herself first came to this place. For one thing they had remained quite close to the gate, which no doubt threw a shadow. The woman looked at that, and then turned and looked into the dim morning, and did not know where she was, and her heart was confused and troubled.

"Where are we?" she said. "I do not know where it is; they must have brought me here in my sleep—where are we? How strange to bring a sick woman away out of her room in her sleep! I suppose it was the new doctor," she went on, looking very closely in the little Pilgrim's face, then paused, and drawing a long breath,

said softly, "It has done me good. It is better air—it is—a new kind of cure?"

But though she spoke like this she did not convince herself: her eyes were wild with wondering and fear. She gripped the Pilgrim's arm more and more closely, and trembled, leaning upon her.

"Why don't you speak to me?" she said; "why don't you tell me? Oh I don't know how to live in this place! What do you do?—how do you speak? I am not fit for it. And what are you? I never saw you before nor any one like you. What do you want with me? Why are you so kind to me? Why—why——?"

And here she went off into a murmur of questions. Why? why? always holding fast by the little Pilgrim, always gazing round her, groping as it were in the dimness with her great eyes.

"I have come because our dear Lord who is our Brother sent me to meet you, and because I love you," the little Pilgrim said.

"Love me!" the woman cried, throwing up her hands, "but no one loves me. I have not deserved it." Here she grasped her close again with a sudden clutch, and cried out, "If this is what you say, where is God?"

"Are you afraid of Him?" the little Pilgrim said.

Upon which the woman trembled so that the Pilgrim trembled too with the quivering of her frame—then loosed her hold and fell upon her face, and cried—

"Hide me! Hide me! I have been a great sinner. Hide me that He may not see me," and with one hand tried to draw the Pilgrim's dress as a veil between her and something she feared.

"How should I hide you from Him who is everywhere? and why should I hide you from your Father?" the little Pilgrim said. This she said almost with indignation, wondering that any one could put more trust in her, who was no better than a child,

than in the Father of all. But then she said, "Look in your heart and you will see you are not so much afraid as you think. This is how you have been accustomed to frighten yourself. But look now into your heart. You thought you were very ill at first, but not now: and you think you are afraid: but look in your heart——"

There was a silence, and then the woman raised her head with a wonderful look in which there was amazement and doubt, as if she had heard some joyful thing but dared not yet believe that it was true. Once more she hid her face in her hands, and once more raised it again. Her eyes softened, a long sigh or gasp, like one taking breath after drowning, shook her breast. Then she said, "I think—that is true. But if I am not afraid it is because I am—bad. It is because I am hardened. Oh, should not I fear Him who can send me away into—the lake that burns—into the pit——" And here she gave a great cry, but held the little Pilgrim all the while with her eyes, which seem to plead and ask for better news.

Then there came into the Pilgrim's heart what to say, and she took the woman's hand again and held it between her own. "That is the change," she said, "that comes when we come here. We are not afraid any more of our Father. We are not all happy. Perhaps you will not be happy at first. But if He says to you, go—even to that place you speak of—you will know that it is well, and you will not be afraid. You are not afraid now—oh, I can see it in your eyes. You are not happy, but you are not afraid. You know it is the Father. Do not say God, that is far off—Father!" said the little Pilgrim, holding up the woman's hand clasped in her own. And there came into her soul an ecstasy, and tears that were tears of blessedness fell from her eyes, and all about her there seemed to shine a light. When she came to herself, the woman who was her charge had come quite close to her, and had added her

other hand to that the Pilgrim held, and was weeping, and saying "I am not afraid," with now and then a gasp and sob, like a child who after a passion of tears has been consoled, yet goes on sobbing and cannot quite forget, and is afraid to own that all is well again. Then the Pilgrim kissed her, and bade her rest a little, for even she herself felt shaken, and longed for a little quiet and to feel the true sense of the peace that was in her heart. She sat down beside her upon the ground and made her lean her head against her shoulder, and thus they remained very still for a little time, saying no more. It seemed to the little Pilgrim that her companion had fallen asleep, and perhaps it was so, after so much agitation. All this time there had been people passing, entering by the many doors. And most of them paused a little to see where they were, and looked round them, then went on; and it seemed to the little Pilgrim that according to the doors by which they entered each took a different way. While she watched, another came in by the same door as that at which the woman who was her charge had come in. And he too stumbled and looked about him with an air of great wonder and doubt. When he saw her seated on the ground, he came up to her hesitating as one in a strange place who does not want to betray that he is bewildered and has lost his way. He came with a little pretence of smiling, though his countenance was pale and scared, and said, drawing his breath quick, "I ought to know where I am, but I have lost my head, I think. Will you tell me which is—the way?"

"What way?" cried the little Pilgrim, for her strength was gone from her, and she had no word to say to him. He looked at her with that bewilderment on his face, and said, "I find myself strange, strange. I ought to know where I am; but it is scarcely daylight yet. It is perhaps foolish to come out so early in the morning."

This he said in his confusion, not knowing where he was, nor what he said.

"I think all the ways lead to our Father," said the little Pilgrim (though she had not known this till now). "And the dear Lord walks about them all. Here you never go astray."

Upon this the stranger looked at her, and asked in a faltering voice, "Are you an angel?" still not knowing what he said.

"Oh, no, no. I am only a Pilgrim," she replied.

"May I sit by you a little?" said the man. He sat down drawing long breaths as though he had gone through great fatigue; and looked about with wondering eyes. "You will wonder, but I do not know where I am," he said. "I feel as if I must be dreaming. This is not where I expected to come. I looked for something very different; do you think there can have been any—mistake?"

"Oh, never that," she said; "there are no mistakes here."

Then he looked at her again, and said—

"I perceive that you belong to this country, though you say you are a pilgrim. I should be grateful if you would tell me. Does one live—here? And is this all? Is there no—no—? but I don't know what word to use. All is so strange, different from what I expected."

"Do you know that you have died?"

"Yes—yes, I am quite acquainted with that," he said, hurriedly, as if it had been an idea he disliked to dwell upon. "But then I expected—Is there no one to tell you where to go, or what you are to be—? or to take any notice of you?"

The little Pilgrim was startled by this tone. She did not understand its meaning, and she had not any word to say to him. She looked at him with as much bewilderment as he had shown when he approached her, and replied, faltering—

"There are a great many people

here ; but I have never heard if there is any one to tell you——”

“What does it matter how many people there are if you know none of them ?” he said.

“We all know each other,” she answered him : but then paused and hesitated a little, because this was what had been said to her, and of herself she was not assured of it, neither did she know at all how to deal with this stranger, to whom she had not any commission. It seemed that he had no one to care for him, and the little Pilgrim had a sense of compassion, yet of trouble, in her heart : for what could she say ? And it was very strange to her to see one who was not content here.

“Ah, but there should be some one to point out the way, and tell us which is our circle, and where we ought to go,” he said. And then he too was silent for a while, looking about him as all were fain to do on their first arrival, finding everything so strange. There were people coming in at every moment, and some were met at the very threshold, and some went away alone with peaceful faces, and there were many groups about talking together in soft voices ; but no one interrupted the other, and though so many were there, each voice was as clear as if it had spoken alone, and there was no tumult of sound as when many people assemble together in the lower world.

The little Pilgrim wondered to find herself with the woman resting upon her on one side, and the man seated silent on the other, neither having, it appeared, any guide but only herself who knew so little. How was she to lead them in the paths which she did not know ?—and she was exhausted by the agitation of her struggle with the woman whom she felt to be her charge. But in this moment of silence she had time to remember the face of the Lord, when He gave her this commission, and her heart was strengthened. The man all this time sat and watched,

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looking eagerly all about him, examining the faces of those who went and came : and sometimes he made a little start as if to go and speak to some one he knew ; but always drew back again and looked at the little Pilgrim, as if he had said, “This is the one who will serve me best.” He spoke to her again after a while and said, “I suppose you are one of the guides that show the way.”

“No,” said the little Pilgrim, anxiously, “I know so little ! It is not long since I came here. I came in the early morning——”

“Why, it is morning now. You could not come earlier than it is now. You mean yesterday.”

“I think,” said the Pilgrim, “that yesterday is the other side ; there is no yesterday here.”

He looked at her with the keen look he had, to understand her the better ; and then he said—

“No division of time ! I think that must be monotonous. It will be strange to have no night ; but I suppose one gets used to everything. I hope though there is something to do. I have always lived a very busy life. Perhaps this is just a little pause before we go—to be—to have—to get our—appointed place.”

He had an uneasy look as he said this, and looked at her with an anxious curiosity, which the little Pilgrim did not understand.

“I do not know,” she said softly, shaking her head. “I have so little experience. I have not been told of an appointed place.”

The man looked at her very strangely.

“I did not think,” he said, “that I should have found such ignorance here. Is it not well known that we must all appear before the judgment seat of God ?”

These words seemed to cause a trembling in the still air, and the woman on the other side raised herself suddenly up, clasping her hands : and some of those who had just entered

heard the words, and came and crowded about the little Pilgrim, some standing, some falling down upon their knees, all with their faces turned towards her. She who had always been so simple and small, so little used to teach; she was frightened with the sight of all these strangers crowding, hanging upon her lips, looking to her for knowledge. She knew not what to do or what to say. The tears came into her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I do not know anything about a judgment seat. I know that our Father is here, and that when we are in trouble we are taken to Him to be comforted, and that our dear Lord our Brother is among us every day, and every one may see Him. Listen," she said, standing up suddenly among them, feeling strong as an angel. "I have seen Him! though I am nothing, so little as you see, and often silly, never clever as some of you are, I have seen Him! and so will all of you. There is no more that I know of," she said softly, clasping her hands. "When you see Him it comes into your heart what you must do."

And then there was a murmur of voices about her, some saying that was best, and some wondering if that were all, and some crying if He would but come now—while the little Pilgrim stood among them with her face shining, and they all looked at her, asking her to tell them more, to show them how to find Him. But this was far above what she could do, for she too was not much more than a stranger, and had little strength. She would not go back a step, nor desert those who were so anxious to know, though her heart fluttered almost as it had used to do before she died, what with her longing to tell them, and knowing that she had no more to say.

But in that land it is never permitted that one who stands bravely and fails not shall be left without succour; for it is no longer needful

there to stand even to death, since all dying is over, and all souls are tested. When it was seen that the little Pilgrim was thus surrounded by so many that questioned her, there suddenly came about her many others from the brightness out of which she had come, who, one going to one hand, and one to another, safely led them into the ways in which their course lay: so that the Pilgrim was free to lead forth the woman who had been given her in charge, and whose path lay in a dim, but pleasant country, outside of that light and gladness in which the Pilgrim's home was.

"But," she said, "you are not to fear or be cast down, because He goes likewise by these ways, and there is not a corner in all this land but He is to be seen passing by; and He will come and speak to you, and lay His hand upon you; and afterwards everything will be clear, and you will know what you are to do."

"Stay with me till He comes—oh, stay with me," the woman cried, clinging to her arm.

"Unless another is sent," the little Pilgrim said. And it was nothing to her that the air was less bright there, for her mind was full of light, so that, though her heart still fluttered a little with all that had passed, she had no longing to return, nor to shorten the way, but went by the lower road sweetly, with the stranger hanging upon her, who was stronger and taller than she. Thus they went on, and the Pilgrim told her all she knew, and everything that came into her heart. And so full was she of the great things she had to say, that it was a surprise to her, and left her trembling, when suddenly the woman took away her clinging hand, and flew forward with arms outspread and a cry of joy. The little Pilgrim stood still to see, and on the path before them was a child, coming towards them singing, with a look such as is never seen but upon the faces

of children who have come here early, and who behold the face of the Father, and have never known fear nor sorrow. The woman flew and fell at the child's feet, and he put his hand upon her, and raised her up, and called her "mother." Then he smiled upon the little Pilgrim, and led her away.

"Now she needs me no longer," said the Pilgrim; and it was a surprise to her, and for a moment she wondered in herself if it was known that this child should come so suddenly and her work be over; and also how she was to return again to the sweet place among the flowers from which she had come. But when she turned to look if there was any way, she found One standing by such as

she had not yet seen. This was a youth, with a face just touched with manhood, as at the moment when the boy ends, when all is still fresh and pure in the heart; but he was taller and greater than a man.

"I am sent," he said, "little sister, to take you to the Father: because you have been very faithful, and gone beyond your strength."

And he took the little Pilgrim by the hand, and she knew he was an angel; and immediately the sweet air melted about them into light, and a hush came upon her of all thought and all sense, attending till she should receive the blessing, and her new name, and see what is beyond telling, and hear and understand:—

MRS. SIDDONS AS QUEEN KATHARINE, MRS. BEVERLEY,
AND LADY RANDOLPH.

FROM CONTEMPORARY NOTES BY GEORGE JOSEPH BELL.

THE late Professor Bell's notes on Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth,¹ were received with an interest which more than justifies the publication of his remarks on the part of Katharine, as played by the great actress. No other part played by Mrs. Siddons was annotated by Professor Bell in the thorough manner adopted by him when witnessing her Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine. He left, however, some notes on her Mrs. Beverley and Lady Randolph, concerning which a few words may be said before speaking of Shakespeare's play.

Home's *Douglas*, though known to all by name, is so little read that a sketch of the plot is necessary to make Professor Bell's remarks intelligible to the general reader. Lady Randolph was secretly married in early youth to one of a family at feud with her own, a Douglas, who was killed in battle three weeks after the marriage. The widow bore a son, but this infant, whose birth had been concealed, disappeared with his nurse, and his mother believes him to be dead. He, young Norval of the Grampian Hills, was however saved, and has been brought up in ignorance of his birth. Lady Randolph did not inform her second husband, Lord Randolph, of her first marriage, and explained her continual melancholy by attributing it to grief for the death of a brother. At the period when the play begins, young Norval is fortunate enough to save the life of his stepfather, Lord Randolph, who introduces him to his unknown mother and promotes him to an honourable command. In the course

of the play the mother recognises her son, and makes herself known to him. The intimacy which results enables a villain, Glenalvon, so to poison the mind of Lord Randolph with jealousy as to cause him to attempt the youth's life. Young Norval or Douglas, while defending himself against Lord Randolph, is wounded to death by the villain, and dies in his mother's presence. She in despair commits suicide. In accordance with the taste of the day, neither combat nor suicide takes place before the audience.

Although much of the sentiment in this play is expressed in language which nowadays provokes a smile, an actress may find great scope for her art in presenting the feelings of the mother, who gradually acquires the certainty that her child still lives, and is the gallant youth who has already shown himself worthy of her love.

Professor Bell's notes, while sufficient to convince us that Mrs. Siddons could express great tenderness and strong affection, no less than the sterner emotions with which her name is more commonly connected, lack the precision by which, in writing of Shakespeare's plays, he enables us in some measure to understand the means she employed. Referring to the wish expressed by the lady that every soldier of the two opposing armies might return in "peace and safety to his pleasant home," he writes:—

"The most musical sound I ever heard, and on the conclusion a melancholy recollection seemed to fill her whole soul of the strength of that wish in former times, and of its first disappointment."

Again, where Lady Randolph ad-

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1878.

dresses Sincerity as the first of virtues, the note says :—

“Fine apostrophe. Her fine eyes raised in tears to heaven, her hands stretched out and elevated.”

At the close of the well-known speech beginning, “My name is Norval,” the following remark is appended :—

“The idea of her own child seems to have been growing, and at this point overwhelms her and fills her eyes with tears. Beautiful acting of this sweet feeling throughout these speeches. The interest she takes in the youth,—her manifest retrospection.”

The by-play of Lady Randolph throughout the long speeches of her husband and son was obviously the centre of interest to the spectator, and ended in what is called

“A great and affecting burst of affection and interest, as if she had already almost identified him with her son, or adopted him to supply the loss.”

Answering Norval, who assures her that he will never be unworthy of the favour shown him, Lady Randolph says :—

“*I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be my knight.*”

The words printed in italics were underlined by Professor Bell.

Lady Randolph explains to her confidante that while Norval spoke she thought that, had the son of Douglas lived, he might have resembled this young gallant stranger.

Professor Bell writes :—

“It is this she has been acting during the preceding scene.”

There are no further notes on this play, nothing to guide us as to the manner in which Mrs. Siddons said the famous “Was he alive?” when a certain old man describes the finding of her infant son, who turns out to be Norval.

When we read Home’s *Douglas* we may feel a certain interest in our ancestors who liked it, but Moore’s *Gamester* awakens a feeling of loathing which extends even to the audience which can endure the degrading spec-

tacle. The character of Lady Randolph is far from noble: this woman, who deceives her parents and husband, who lost her child and held her tongue, who has maundered through life for twenty years nursing her melancholy and despising all good things present, because they are not better things past, belongs to no heroic type.

We cannot admire her indifference to the excellent husband who after twenty years of married life still sues in vain for

“Decent affection and complacent kindness.”

But Lady Randolph’s well-bred coldness is preferable to Mrs. Beverley’s form of love. Says Mrs. Beverley : “All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose, I shall fetter him in these arms again; and *then* what is it to be poor?” Professor Bell adds—

“Such a speech as this the wonderful voice of Mrs. Siddons and her speaking eye make very affecting.”

Surely no one but a Mrs. Siddons could do so.

An old servant offers to sacrifice his little fortune to the much-loved gamester who has been out all night for the first time: he proposes to go to him and if possible to bring him home. Mrs. Beverley says, “Do so, then; but take care how you upbraid him—I have never upbraided him.” There is a note here :—

“Follows him to the door; then laying her hand on his arm detains him with an earnest look, and then speaks solemnly.”

The lady uses much the same language to her husband’s sister Charlotte, and Professor Bell notes :—

“She repeats an injunction she had given to Jarvis, more familiarly but with equal earnestness, with more sorrow and less of dignity; then crossing the stage to go out, she bows kindly to Charlotte; then, with her finger up and a fine look of determination, leaves her.”

In a subsequent scene the husband has come home, and his honest friend Jewson tries to open his eyes to the

machinations of the villain Stukeley by telling what a bad boy he had been at school. Mrs. Siddons, who listens, is described thus :—

“She stands with riveted attention. She is behind at a little distance. The earnest and piercing look of her eyes, the simplicity of her attitude, is perfect nature.”

The gamester replies to his honest friend : “You are too busy, sir.” Mrs. Beverley rejoins : “No, not too busy ; mistaken, perhaps — that had been milder.” The note on this runs :—

“Comes up to Beverley with a hasty anxiety and hurried voice, alarm and kind reproach in her look and manner.”

The notes on the *Gamester* end here.

We are nowadays happily delivered from the false sentiment which required the ideal woman to love the more, the more she was ill-treated. We are rather in danger of shutting our eyes to the real beauty of patient Grisylde, the original of many copies, mostly, like Mrs. Beverley, caricatures. Chaucer's Grisylde fawns unpleasantly, but in the story of Griselda as Boccaccio tells it, we find a very noble woman who thought herself of so small account in this great world, that she claimed nothing, while she held herself bound in all things to do her best. Her goodness is above all strong, whereas Mrs. Beverley is above all weak ; her husband ruins, cheats, insults her, and she simply dotes on him all the time with slavish animal affection. No play can, however, be successful which has not some merit, and it is easy to recognise that in the conduct of the plot Moore shows skill, in so far that each scene reveals a deeper and deeper misery.

In Queen Katharine, Shakespeare has shown to what extent a woman of heroic mould might continue to love a husband who had mortally wronged her, and how fully the same woman could be just to a fallen enemy. Katharine, unlike Mrs. Beverley, is both good and strong.

Professor Bell wrote as follows on the fly-leaf of *King Henry the Eighth* :—

“Mrs. Siddons's Queen Katharine is a perfect picture of a great, dignified, somewhat impatient spirit, conscious of rectitude, and adorned with every generous and every domestic virtue.

“Her dignified contempt of Wolsey when comparing her own royal descent, her place and title as queen, her spotless honour, with the mean arts and machinations by which this man was driving her into the toils and breaking in upon her happiness ; her high spirit and impatient temper ; the energies of a strong and virtuous mind guarding the King at all hazards from popular discontent and defending her own fame with eloquence and dignity ; her energy subdued, but her queen-like dignity unimpaired by sickness ; and the candour and goodness of her heart in her dying conversation concerning her great enemy—all this, beautifully painted by Mrs. Siddons, making this one of the finest female characters in the English drama.

Our notes begin with the entrance of the Queen. The text, as before, is that of Mrs. Inchbald. The words on which the emphasis fell are underlined in the notes and are here printed in italics. An acute accent marks a word on which the voice was raised in pitch ; a grave accent marks a word on which the voice fell.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Enter the QUEEN, ushered by GUILDFORD, who places a cushion on which she kneels. The KING rises, takes her up, and places her by him.

King. Rise.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us :—half your suit

Never name to us ; you have half our power ; The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ; Repeat your will, and take it.¹

Queen. Thank your Majesty.

That you would love yourself, and, in that love,

Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor

The dignity of your office, is the point

Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few, And those of true condition, that your subjects

¹ Rises and sits by him. Then, in a composed and dignified tone, addresses him, very articulate and very earnest.

Are in great grievance : there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties :—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly¹ on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(*Whose honour heaven shield from soil !*²) even
he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears—
It doth appear : for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation !
Wherein ! and what taxation ?—My lord
cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state ; and front but in that
file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You *know* no more than others :³ but you
frame
Things that are known alike, which are not
wholesome
To those which would not know them, and
yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they
are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and to bear
them
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction !
The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction ?

Queen. ⁴ I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience ; but am
bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon.⁵ ⁶ The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel
from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this

Is nam'd, your wars in France :⁴ this makes
bold mouths :
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses now
Live where their prayers did ; and it's come
to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. ⁵ I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration,
King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

The notes cease until the surveyor
of the Duke of Buckingham enters, to
whom Wolsey speaks :—

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit
relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.
⁶ *Surv.* First, it was usual with him—every
day
It would infect his speech—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his : these very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.⁶

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. ⁷ My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with *charity*.⁷

King. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard
him
At any time speak aught ?

The Surveyor continues to give his
evidence, stating that a Chartreux friar
had prophesied to the Duke that he
should govern England. Then the
Queen intervenes :—

*Queen.*⁸ If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office

¹ Very earnest.

² She hears all this with a dignified, judge-like aspect, often darting a keen look of inquiry at the witness and the cardinal.

³ A grand sustained voice. The emphasis on "*charity*" strong.

⁴ A very penetrating look. Looks very steadfastly and seriously in his face for some time, then speaks.

¹ Tenderly and religiously.

² Mildly, but very decidedly accusing him.

³ Gracious apology.

⁴ Very articulate and clear.

On the complaint o' the tenants, ¹ take good heed

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed.¹
King. Go forward.

The Surveyor continues his evidence, and states that Buckingham had said that if he had been committed to the Tower he would have put a knife into the King; on which the King exclaims—

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!²

The scene shortly ends. Mrs. Siddons in this scene evidently brought into strong relief the intellect and power of the Queen as well as her rectitude. In the fourth scene of the second act the Queen enters, called into the court at Blackfriars. The clerk of the court says "Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court." Again Guildford precedes the Queen with a cushion, and again she kneels.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

Queen. ³ Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding.³ [She rises.]

⁴ Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me?⁴

⁵ Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable.⁵

⁶ Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience.

¹ The second part of this speech very severe tone of remonstrance. Grand swell on "and spoil your nobler soul." "I say," &c., very emphatic.

² A long emphasis, intimating that the Cardinal and his designs were known to her.

³ A most sweet and gracious prelude, yet no departure from her dignity.

⁴ Remonstrance, dignified, without any bitterness.

⁵ Earnest protestation.

⁶ Dignified confidence in her own innocence.

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.⁶ ⁷ Please
you, sir,

The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,

My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by
many

A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore
I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose
counsel

I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. ⁸ You have here, lady
(And of your choice), these reverend fathers;
men

Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore
bootless,

That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. ⁹ His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore,
madam,

It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard. [¹⁰ CAMPEIUS
rises.]

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that

⁷ Pause. A new division of the discourse. The argument beautifully spoken, very distinct.

⁸ This response taken by her with great impatience, very indignant at his interference.

⁹ Surprise and grief when the legate speaks thus.

¹⁰ When Campeius comes to her she turns from him impatiently; then makes a sweet bow of apology, but dignified. Then to Wolsey, turned and looking from him, with her hand pointing back to him, in a voice of thunder, "to you I speak." This too loud perhaps; you must recollect her insulted dignity and impatience of spirit before fully sympathising with it.

We are a queen ¹ (or long have dream'd so), ¹ certain

The daughter of a king, ² my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol.

Be patient yet.

Queen. ³ I will, when you are humble; nay,
before,

Or God will punish me. ⁴ I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my chal-
lenge.

You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! ⁴—⁵ Therefore, I
say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul

Refuse you for my judge: ⁵ whom, yet once
more,

⁶ I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth. ⁶

Wol.

⁷ I do profess

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the
effects

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do
me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You
charge me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you; the which
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
ing,

And to say so no more.

Queen. ⁸

My lord, my lord,

I am a single woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. ⁹ You're meek and
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full
seeming

With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. ⁹
You have, by fortune and his highness'
favours,

Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
mounted

Where powers are your retainers; and your
words,

Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
you,

You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.

Cam.

The queen is obstinate,

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't; 'tis not well
She's going away.

King.

Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come
into the court.

Grief. Madam, you are called back.

Queen. ¹⁰ What need you note it? pray you,
keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. ¹⁰—¹¹ Now the
Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! ¹¹—Pray you,
pass on:

¹² I will not tarry: ¹² no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt GUILDFORD and the QUEEN.]

Professor Bell was as good a hearer
as actor or actress need hope for.

The scene in the fourth act where
Katharine is discovered sick unto death
is prefaced with these remarks:—

“Mrs. Siddons in this scene admirable in
simplicity and pathos. No affectation, not a
more complete deception in dramatic art than
this of the sickness of Katharine. The voice
subdued to softness, humility, and sweet calm-
ness. The soul too much exhausted to endure
or risk great emotion. The flash of indigna-
tion of her former spirit very fine at Guild-
ford's interruption.”

Unfortunately there is only one
more remark; it is appended to

¹ Great contempt in this parenthesis.

² Very dignified.

³ Great contempt. Her voice swelled, but
monotonous.

⁴ Very distinct articulate charge against him.

⁵ Great swell.

⁶ “I hold,” &c., very pointed. “Not at
all,” &c., syllabic and most impressive.

⁷ Great impatience and contempt during
this speech of Wolsey.

⁸ Breaking impatiently through his speech.

⁹ Contempt. Contrast strong between
“mouthed” and “heart.”

¹⁰ Very impatient, angry, and loud.

¹¹ Peevish expression.

¹² Strong determination.

Katharine's verdict on Wolsey, which in Mrs. Inchbald's edition runs as follows:—

Queen. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Cromwell, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Professor Bell says of this :—

" Beautifully spoken, with some mixture of energy ; but the subdued voice throughout."

Probably the writer was too much affected by this scene to be able to make minute critical observations.

Of Mrs. Siddons's readings, Professor Bell says :—

" Mrs. Siddons in her readings was like the tragic muse. She sat on a chair raised on a small platform, and the look and posture which always presents itself to me is that with which she contemplates the figure of Hamlet's ghost. Her eyes elevated, her head a little drawn back and inclined upwards, her fine countenance filled with reverential awe and horror, and the chilling whisper scarcely audible but horrific. Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of Mrs. Siddons as the tragic muse gives a perfect conception of the general effect of her look and figure in these readings.

" In her readings the under parts, which in acting are given offensively by some vile player, were read with a beauty and grace of utterance which was like the effect of very fine musical recitation, while the higher parts were the grand and moving airs. It was like a fine composition in painting: the general groundwork simple, the parts for effect raised and touched by a master's hand.

" In the higher parts it was like the finest acting. The looks, the tones, the rapid hurry of the tumultuous emotions, the chilling whisper of horror, the scream of high-wrought passion, were given less strongly, but as affecting as on the stage.

" The comic touches were light and pretty, but she has no comic power.

" The graceful and sweet parts were quite enchanting. The mellow subdued voice of sorrow, to give variety, she kept much in whisper—very audible notwithstanding. Her whisper is more audible and intelligible than the loudest ranting of an ordinary player.

" She read *Hamlet* and the *Merchant of Venice*. *Lear*, I think, should be read by her, not acted."

There is special mention of her manner when reading Hamlet's speech beginning

" Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

" Mrs. Siddons in reading gave, by her look of reverential awe and chilling whisper of horror, more fully the idea of a ghost's presence than any spectral illusion on the stage.

" This was a whispered speech throughout, growing in energy and confidence as other ideas took the place of the first startle of horror and dismay. Kean speaks too loudly and boldly, not enough as in the withering presence of a supernatural being. The first line should be a whisper of horror, with a long pause before venturing to address the phantom."

It is believed that Sir Charles Bell made notes similar in character to those now published ; but if so the books have been mislaid. There is a curious passage in a letter from him to his brother, dated the 10th of June 1809, in which he says :—

" Jeffrey saw my *Shakespeare* and liked it much, and talked to Mrs. Siddons about it. I said I intended some time to take a good play and make it so *in fancy*. He said he should like to do so too. He saw your pencillings in the margin: not knowing whether you would like it, and not knowing what they were, I told him they were all mine ; so perhaps his liking this kind of thing was owing to you. Do not forget to pursue it."

This appropriation by one man of another's work, reads oddly, though it is an indication of the absolute confidence of one brother in the other. We may all feel glad that Professor G. J. Bell did pursue the plan, and wish he had pursued it further.

In reading of Mrs. Siddons one cannot but regret that her genius should have been employed in representing a Mrs. Beverley or even a Lady Randolph. It is a standing reproach to our literature that outside the roll of Shakespeare's characters a great actor can hardly find a great part. When we reflect that West and Haydon have been followed at no

distant time by Millais, Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Watt, we cannot but hope that in a sister art a similar revival may occur. The time seems ripe, for the novel is in decadence, and coming writers must win distinction in a new field. A man who has sufficient talent to make a good novel would probably succeed in writing a good play if he went to work in the right way; but the art of the playwright has not been studied by our leading authors for many generations. This art is that of selecting proper subjects for stage representation and giving them such a form as will enable the actors to move their audience. The success of a play in stirring an audience depends less than is usually supposed on style, on the delineation of character, or even on the invention of an ingenious and probable plot. Plays succeed which are glaringly defective in all these respects; for instance, the *Lady of Lyons*. The one necessary condition for success is that the scene represented shall move the audience; the emotion may be sad or merry, noble or ignoble, but emotion there must be. If this element be wanting, no depth of thought, no beauty of language, no variety of incidents will save the play. The skilled playwright knows what scenes will stir the hearers, and how best to frame each scene and the whole play with this purpose. If with this knowledge he possesses originality of conception and beauty of style, his plays become part of the literature of his country; without these higher qualities he remains a mere playwright, but we go to see his plays, built up as they are of old worn-out materials. The playwright is familiar with the materials used in his art; he knows the stage well on both sides of the footlights; he mixes with actors, managers, stage-managers, scene-painters, and stage-carpenters. From *Æschylus* downwards, all great dramatists have had this practical knowledge of the instruments at their

command. A drama should be written for the stage, as a song should be written to be sung. The author must subconsciously—if such a word may be used—have the stage always in mind: the exits, the entrances, the time required to cross the stage, the positions of the actors, their very attitudes and dress. No author provides more admirably for all these stage exigencies than Shakespeare, as any one may see who will consider his inimitable contrivances for removing dead bodies from the stage. There is no doubt a danger that those who become familiar with stage-machinery may content themselves with remodeling the old puppets, rearranging stock incidents, and repatching old rags to produce good guaranteed old stage effects; but a man of real talent would not be misled by the Mr. Worldly Wiseman of the stage.

We may learn much from French practice as to the framework of a drama. A great part of the success which is certainly achieved by modern French plays depends on the art shown in their construction. M. F. Legouv  , who is a skilful playwright, tells us frankly how a Frenchman proceeds. First, he chooses or conceives the situation which is to be the crisis of the play: from this he works backwards, considering how that situation is to be brought about, and what characters will be necessary for the purpose. His first act is devoted wholly to informing the audience of the relations between the characters at the beginning of the piece; his second act develops the plot; in his third act the plot thickens; his fourth act contains the crisis for which the play is written, and his fifth act gives the solution of the knot which has been tied in the fourth act.

These rules seem rather barren, but we shall see their significance if we consider what other courses may be followed.

A writer may begin by inventing an ingenious or interesting plot, or by

choosing some historical period which he will dramatise, or by conceiving some marked characters whose feelings and thoughts he will expound. M. Legouvé tells us that none of these is the French method; that for the French author the motive of the play is essentially one situation; that his characters are chosen so as to make this situation tell, and that his plot is a matter for after-consideration, devised so as to reveal the characters of the persons and lead up to the crisis. Shakespeare did not work in this way, but in this one matter of construction it may be worth while to listen to maxims derived from the study of plays which in all other respects are greatly inferior to his. Moreover these maxims are ultimately derived from the practice of Sophocles, no mean master.

The French, following the Greeks in this, look on a play as a representation of feelings rather than of actions. The incidents which occasion the feelings, and the actions they lead to, are alike kept in the background in French as in Greek plays. Rapid action in a play does not, in France, mean a rapid succession of events, but a rapid development of feeling in the persons of the drama. A scene in which the emotion represented is monotonous, will be dull even if crammed with incidents.

The author who is penetrated with the belief that the aim of the drama is to produce emotion, will be indifferent to beauty of language or of metaphor, to profound philosophy and to brilliant sayings, except when these help to move the audience. He will know that obscurity of language or of thought is fatal to his purpose. The knot, crisis, or motive of his play will be chosen by him to exhibit, not a striking event, but strong feelings. He will so contrive the story leading to the crisis as to exhibit a gradually culminating series of emotions, produced by incidents arranged so as powerfully to affect the personages of

the drama, and through them the audience. The direct action of incidents on the audience is of importance only in that low form of art which aims at stirring the vulgar feeling of curiosity and the vulgar love of gaping.

The most telling play is that in which the feelings naturally exhibited by the persons of the drama are strongest. The greatest play is that which shows the feelings of the noblest men and women. This, in the opinion of Plato and Aristotle, is the object of the drama in its higher form.

Plato, in *The Laws*, after saying that no freeborn man or woman should learn comic songs, grotesque dances, or burlesques, but that it might be well to have these things presented by slaves and hired strangers, in order better to understand by contrast that which is truly beautiful, speaks thus, referring to his ideal city: "If any serious poets, such as write tragedies, should ask us, 'Shall we, O strangers, come to your city and bring our poetry and act it? How stand your laws in this respect?' What answer ought we to give to these divine men? For myself I should reply thus: 'O, most excellent of strangers, we are ourselves, to the utmost of our power, poets of a tragedy the most beautiful and the best; for the whole of our polity consists in an imitation of a life the most beautiful and best, which we may say is in reality the truest tragedy.'" We here see that Plato thought the object of tragedy was to represent the noblest kind of life, and only rejected the imitation as unnecessary where this life itself was to be seen.

Aristotle defined what he meant by a tragedy with greater fulness. He points out that a certain magnitude is necessary in the event represented; that the spectator as he follows the action feels pity and a kind of awe which may be termed fear or terror, and that he comes away from the spectacle chastened and purified. The

first part of his definition requires that the action shall be heroic, or such as represents the thoughts, deeds, and feelings of great men. By the last part of his definition he, like Plato, required that the action should have moral beauty. This does not imply that a play should be didactic, or deal only with the actions of well-behaved persons. The teaching of the dramatist is as the teaching of nature. See these heroes in their strength and their weakness, live with them, and you will learn from them. The function of the tragic poet, from Æschylus to Shakespeare, has been to show us the intense life of heroic men and women at the moment of their trial.

But not all heroic or beautiful actions can be made the subjects of a tragedy. Aristotle points out that the action must be such as will stir certain moral emotions—pity and fear he calls them; but the English words very imperfectly describe the feelings roused by a great tragedy; those feelings give keen pleasure, whereas pity and fear are painful. Sympathy may be a better word; the pleasure is to live a little while greatly with the great ones of the world, to feel their feelings, to experience their passions, to dare, to love, to hate with them, so that for a little while we too are great; but words fail to describe emotions to those who have not felt them. If it be suggested that the sensation experienced while watching a tragedy is rather a feeling *with* the persons of the drama than a feeling *for* them; that when Othello cries out "O the pity of it!" we feel as he feels and what he feels, and are very far indeed from entertaining a pleasant and comfortable pity *for* him; that the strange pleasure depends on our recognition in ourselves of the power to feel as Othello feels, to suffer as he suffers, even to sin as he sins; this suggestion may awaken a memory of what the emotion was in those who have known it, but can explain nothing to others.

The higher and lower forms of the drama differ simply in respect of the character of the feelings awakened. The highest may be our highest moral emotions; the lowest, the lowest animal passions. Either moral or immoral the stage must be, and always has been, for its very existence depends on its action upon this part of our nature.

The morality of a play depends on no exclusion of crime, no enumeration of maxims, no system of rewards or punishments; it flows from the heart of the author and is tested by its action on the audience.

It is in moral grandeur that Shakespeare, Æschylus, and Sophocles stand absolutely pre-eminent. It is to this that Racine and Corneille owe their hold on men. It is by this that the *Misanthrope* claims high rank. It is in this that the modern French stage chiefly fails.

The French dramatic authors of the Second Empire have succeeded in producing living plays, because, besides being skilled playwrights, they do in their works appeal to real and strong feelings. A certain moral poverty alone prevents the school from taking a very high rank. The authors have usually meant well; and if the verdict must be that their moral ideal is always poor and often false, this conclusion is forced upon us by the words and actions rather of their good than of their bad people. Even Victor Hugo's verse cannot make us believe that Ruy Blas is not a poor creature.

Our own writers show no similar moral ineptitude, and since they have created scores of types which in freshness, truth, power, and interest surpass the men and women of French authors, we are driven to the conclusion that if the English do not write great plays it is rather because they do not know how, than that they lack power. Our best authors, when they attempt the drama, seem to be misled by a desire to appeal rather to the intel-

lect or to the æsthetic sense of their hearers than to their moral emotions. If they were to mix with actors on familiar terms they would soon learn the playwright's art; for the actor knows what will succeed upon the stage. An actor calls a part well written when the words and situations are such as enable him powerfully to express strong feelings. He will, if permitted, cut out every line which does not help him in this, his art, and for stage purposes he is right. Charm of style, beauty of metre, wisdom of thought, novelty of character, ingenuity of plot, poetry of conception, all these things may be added to a play with much advantage; but [they will not ensure success either singly or all together.

A play which does not move an audience, as neither intellectual nor artistic pleasure ever can move them, must fail upon the stage.

Professor Bell's notes show what he felt when a Siddons acted a Katharine. He was a man of hard intellect, whose dry legal labours still guide shrewd lawyers. He was a man of learning and taste; but when seeing a great actress in a great play, no ingenious theories, no verbal emendations, no philosophical reflections, no analytical remarks occur to him. He records his emotion, and, as far as he can, how that emotion was produced. He may be taken as representing an ideal audience—that which does not comment, but responds to author and to actor.

FLEEMING JENKIN.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XXII.

"The hills were brown, the heavens were blue,
 A woodpecker pounded a pine-top shell,
 While a partridge whistled the whole day through
 For a rabbit to dance in the chaparral,
 And a gray grouse drummed 'All's well,
 all's well.'"

IN the year 1847, the valley of the Sacramento was, upon the whole, rather deficient in human interest. It was a magnificent country and nothing more. Its sky was not a surface, but an unfathomable depth of living and glowing azure. Its sun blazed with a glorious intensity of brightness. Its transparent nights were tender with a summer that perpetually renewed itself; lit by stars that waxed and flickered like rainbow-tinted flames. Its mountains were dark with pines, and crested here and there with everlasting snow; its dales were gardens of fertility and beauty, watered by rivers rushing blue and white over sparkling sands and veins of quartz. Its precipices sprang aloft a thousand feet at a bound, and dizzy pinnacles of stone shot upward as high again. Its cañons were deep and dark, plunging downwards until it seemed as if they sought the bowels of the earth. Its storms were terrible and titanic, blackening the heavens, roaring with rain, shivering with blinding lightnings, and cleaving the air with thunderbolts. Its atmosphere was the breath of immortal life—an ethereal wine that made old age feel young, and youth divine. Its sleep was dreamless and its waking joyful. Fat deer and antlered elk wandered tame through the listening forests; the

grizzly, the black bear, and the querulous coyote growled and barked in the thicket, and in the rocky gorges, and along the ridges of the hills. Long-eared hares limped across the glades, crested partridges whistled from the coverts, trout thronged the streams and lakes; the call of the cakea sounded by night from hillside to hillside, while the sweet nuts of the sugar-pine dropped from cones well-nigh a yard in length. It was a carnival of nature in her most vigorous and wholesome mood, but lacking in social polish. The face of the white man was seldom seen in these populous solitudes. A few hunters or cattle-dealers traversed the woodland trails occasionally, coming eastward from the Pacific, or crossing the mountain rampart from Oregon. But there was no symptom as yet of the headlong and feverish colonisation of a year or two later.

Indians there were, of course. But Indians are not people in one sense of the word. They were a grave, wild, silent, ominous race, half mystical enthusiast, and half wild beast. Nothing that can be found nowadays in California can give any idea of the wildness of the Indian of the first half of this century. You could tell them by their seat on horseback as far off as you could see them on the plains; no white man ever sat his horse so. In the Indian's eyes, and in the flattened prominence of the cheek beneath, there was something untamable and alien to eastern civilisation; and the strange grasp of his hand on yours sent a thrill through your blood, as if a bear or a wolf should speak and claim kindred with

you. They knew no forms of greeting, but met and parted like animals or like children, gravely and in silence. You might be aware of their villages by the blue smoke of their wigwams, but not by any noise that came from them. They pondered solemnly in the few lines of thought they cultivated, and were too secure in their conclusions to be disconcerted or surprised at whatever novelty you might unfold to them. They concerned themselves about a future state of existence to an extent that would have disgusted the prosperous positivist of our day and humour; and believed in the happy hunting-grounds more potently than in their material ones even. Their young men saw visions, and their old men dreamed dreams; spirits walked and talked with them; their warriors, on the eve of battle, foretold what fate awaited them, and felt the might of their ancestors nerve the arm that wielded the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Ghosts quelled the courage that mortal foemen could not subdue; and many a stalwart savage cast away his life at the beck of a viewless spectre, whose fancied resentment he would rather perish than arouse. Strange men they were, whose mystery no seer nor poet has wholly fathomed; and now all save the effigy of them is extinct. As little do we know whence they came as whither they have gone. Wild, dark, solemn, the procession passes before our eyes, and the light of modern times rests upon it for a moment; but its origin and its issue are alike lost in mysterious shadows of surmise and doubt.

Before the face of the white man the Indian retires and dwindles, aware of a fatal inferiority. When driven to fight him, he does so by surprises and treachery, as becomes one struggling against a superior and uncomprehended power; and when he gets his enemy down, he is careful to scalp him, lest the unconquered ghost should get the better of him after all. But if

the American Indian had invaded Europe instead of the contrary, he would have proved himself the most tractable and good-natured invader known to history. For it is probable that he does not enjoy being killed for its own sake; only, when he has to confront extermination in any case, he prefers to do so fighting, from motives of self-respect. Meanwhile, upon reasonable grounds, he is capable of becoming a useful and not inedifying companion; in fact, he exercises a species of fascination over the talkative and fussy votaries of our civilisation which, if it be yielded to a little, becomes difficult to break away from. It is too late now; but a generation ago, a European in quest of a thoroughly new sensation could get it by taking up his abode in the forests of the west. The inhabitant of an Indian village has no newspapers and receives no letters. His politics are chiefly domestic, and evolve themselves within narrow areas; and they are not discussed, because discussion would not alter them. It is true that Indians hold pow-wows, but all they talk about are the warlike deeds of their ancestors and themselves; and their object in touching upon those topics is to inspire themselves for fresh enterprises. Social small-talk and gossip is also unknown; if a society journal were started amongst a tribe of Indians, its numbers from week to week would contain nothing but the title, the date, and the names of the printer and publisher. It is in the worst taste to discuss marriages and betrothals in Indian circles, such matters being considered private and delicate. Art is as little a subject of conversation as literature, politics, and society; and as for nature, it is far too near to the Indian, and too mysterious and spiritual to his apprehension, for him to venture upon speaking about it. The things of the objective life being thus shut out from the red man's consideration, subjective matters alone remain open to him; and these are good for thought rather

than for speech, and minister more to the repose of the mind than to its excitement. It is evident, therefore, that a year or two of strictly Indian society would embark the white man upon entirely novel lines of life; it would speedily acquaint him with the extent of his own resources, and, if he were at all imaginative, would make him seem to himself the creature of a higher power—a visible appearance acted upon and animated by invisible realities. In other words, his outward life would be the expression of an inward impulse—inward, yet proceeding from something that was not himself. The motives as well as the acts of civilisation are external. In so far as they are not external, they are not civilisation.

Naturally, very few white men would care to make so wide a divergence from the beaten track as this; least of all those whose organisation is sensitive and fine. To them, the vital repose would be scarcely distinguishable from death; and long ere they had become reconciled to it, they would desire to escape. A coarse, uneducated, fleshly-witted man might take to it well enough, but not a high-strung one. Not, at least, if he had tasted the thin but heady wine of modern culture and science. But how, if, never having tasted this, he was yet of the blood and make of those to that manner born? No doubt, the conditions would then be sensibly modified. He might become an Indian then, but an Indian on a higher plane of thought and sensation. He would feel and act like them, but he would think about his acts and feelings, as they do not, and would thus draw inferences and arrive at conclusions from which they are debarred.

Now, it so happened that a couple of white men had, for several years past, been living with a certain tribe of Indians who, in 1847, dwelt in the Sacramento valley. One of these men was much older than the other—the latter, indeed, being in the first

prime of his youth. They had come by a northerly route from the far east, having travelled, apparently, from tribe to tribe of Indians until they came to Oregon, and so across the mountain rampart to the Sacramento. The elder was a stalwart, bearded fellow, with a long rifle on his shoulder, and wearing a tattered red shirt, corduroy trousers, and heavy boots. The younger was slender, but tall and sinewy, and full of tireless activity. He wore an Indian shirt and leggings of deerskin, fringed and beaded; his arms were a bow and arrows, and he carried slung at his back a strange musical instrument, the like whereof no Indian had ever seen before. Though blue-eyed and brown haired, and betraying no signs of Indian blood, he spoke a dialect of the Indian language; and he and his companion, being evidently innocent of any hostile intent, were freely admitted to the hospitality of the tribe. They made their abode amongst them, took part in their hunting excursions, and joined them in their attacks upon neighbouring tribes, or helped them to repel the latter's incursions. And inasmuch as they bore themselves well and bravely in all circumstances, and moreover seemed to know a good many things which the ordinary Indian education did not include, they gradually assumed a prominent place in the red men's councils; and the younger man held the higher position of the two. He was something more than brave and active; he was credited with supernatural powers. At all events, he could produce wonderful sounds from that musical instrument of his; and sometimes he seemed to be unaware of what was passing around him, but to see and speak with beings that were visible to him only. He possessed, too, a singular power over wild animals, as if there were some secret intelligence between him and them. He could carry poisonous serpents in his hand; he could stroke the ears of the grey hare in her form;

and he was said to be on friendly terms with a certain huge black bear, who was anything but a genial companion to other two-legged beings. On moonlight nights, he often left the lodge and moved down, unarmed and silent, to the margin of a neighbouring lake. There, hidden amidst the bushes, he would lie for hours, while the great bright moon swung slowly aloft, mid-deep in the purple sky, and the wild coyotes came trotting and pausing, one by one, to lap their nightly draughts of the pure water. There would he lie, listening to their long-drawn unearthly howls, till all his blood curdled and thrilled, and his breath came and went with a fearful delight. Wildest of all beasts is the wolf, and wildest of all wolves is the coyote. As the hours went by a kind of mystic exhilaration would swell in the listener's heart, and throb in his brain; until at last he could scarce restrain himself from howling likewise, and capering fantastically forth from his hiding-place, to patter and gambol, and roll over and over with the other wolves on the moon-smitten margin of the lake. Such hours as those open the mind to knowledge which no human wisdom can impart.

As for the elder man, he had seen the world under many aspects, and had acquired a give-and-take, matter-of-fact philosophy, which admitted of little essential change. There was nothing imaginative or mystical about him. When he exerted himself, it was with all his strength; when there was no call for exertion, he was well content to lie on his back in the sun, smoking or dozing, or, at most, recalling disconnected scenes from the life that was past. Into the future he never troubled himself to look, nor was he anxious for change. "If a man is comfortable," he would argue, "let him keep quiet; the other things will come fast enough of themselves." He would also remove his pipe from his mouth to remark, "moving about ain't no use. A man can't get out of

himself by travellin', nor he can't get no further into himself, neither. As for friends and relatives, what be they? You may take my word for it, Jack, nobody can be more than glad to see you; and, in a general way, the folks you're with at the time will be as glad as anybody. If I was to start for home to-morrow, what would I find when I got there? The same I left behind me twenty years ago? Not much I wouldn't! They may be alive for what I know; but they ain't the same folks I'm thinking of, for all that. I sha'n't find them, Jack my boy, not in this world, nor in the next neither. But I'm none the worse off for that. Human natur's the same, good and bad, all the world over. I can get all I want in the way of friends and relatives out of you—or maybe I could do with old Tabanaka here, at a pinch. Good words, and friendliness, and help in a scrape, and an honest look in the eye—that's all the best of 'em can give me, and I can get that and more too where I be. I may live here till I die, for all I'll ever do to get away."

"You care to go no further because you've been everywhere," Jack would reply. "So shall I, perhaps, some day."

"Oh, ay, I know: every man must be a fool on his own account; it's no use another man being a fool for him. You're in the Garden of Eden this very minute, only you don't know it. You'll remember I told you that, ten years hence. Here's a climate that ain't got no equal. You've plenty to eat and drink, and just as much huntin' and fightin' as may keep you in right condition. All these red fellows here think no end of big things of you, and when old Tabanaka pegs out, you'll be chief for certain. And as for women——"

The speaker did not finish his sentence in words, but nodded his head twice or thrice slowly, and partly closed one eye. The two men were reclining beneath the shade of a cluster

of tall, trim-limbed *madroño* trees. At a little distance two lodges were visible, made of cedar stakes and bark, with sloping roofs, from an opening in the comb of which lazy wreaths of smoke ascended: for, though the time was summer, the fire of an Indian lodge must not be extinguished. In the door of one of these boxes a young Indian woman was sitting, with a little pile of flint arrow-heads beside her, which she was binding on their shafts. While doing this, she kept up a low crooning sound, apparently for the benefit of a small brown baby, which, swaddled like a mummy and strapped to a flat framework of woven withes and bark, was leaning against the side of the doorway like a little idol.

Jack had made no response to his companion's suggestion, or argument, whichever it was, beyond a restless drawing-up of his right knee, and a forcible emission of breath. Presently he arose, with an Indian-like suddenness and suppleness of movement, and walked with a silent tread of moccasined feet to the door of the lodge at which the woman sat.

"Kooahi," he said, "are you not tired of making arrows and singing to the papoose?"

Kooahi looked up at him, throwing back her thick hair, and flashing her white teeth.

Some of the Indian women of the Pacific slope may, in their youth, fairly be called beautiful. Kooahi was small of stature and warm of hue, her skin being somewhat of the colour of red wine seen through a transparent brown medium. Her hands and feet were small and delicately formed. Her face was a full oval, with black eyes rich in softness and ardour, though deficient, according to our ideas, in depth and subtlety of expression. Her mouth was large and her lips full, but there was a sweetness and tenderness in their curves which prevented the reproach of coarseness. Her hair had an Indian depth and luxuriance; it

framed her face in a flowing black frame, and descending, shed over her shoulders, bosom, and waist, a shifting veil of waving jet. From the waist to the knee she was clad in a short embroidered skirt of deerskin, this being the only garment she wore at present, except the chains of wampum round her neck, and the bands of beaten gold that encircled her arms. Every motion of her flexible figure was pervaded by an indefinable grace and elasticity, which were alone sufficient to make looking at her a pleasure.

Jack knelt on one knee and looked steadfastly for a few moments at the brown baby's solemn little phiz, which blinked composedly back at him out of its round black eyes. He stroked its round cheek with his finger, until it cooed and bobbed its head about. Then Jack turned, and his glance met the warm glance of Kooahi.

"How would you like to go away from here?" he continued—speaking of course in the Indian tongue. "Far away—you and Manita?"

Kooahi considered the question, not averting her eyes from his the while. "Back to my father?" she demanded at last, with a gesture towards the north.

Jack shook his head and pointed in the opposite direction. "I captured you in battle," he said; "to take you back would be death. But there—far away—where white faces live, in lodges taller than the tamarack; will you come there?"

Kooahi was silent. She drooped her eyelids and looked on the ground. Jack watched her for a little; then he put out his hand and stroked her hair; and let his hand glide down her round arm till it reached her hand and closed upon it.

"We will not go, then, Kooahi," he said. "I brought you here, and we will live here always."

Kooahi looked up with a flashing smile, and raising his hand in both hers, laid it upon her forehead and upon her bosom.

After a time Jack went back to the madroños ; but his bearded friend had dropped asleep, with his pipe sticking straight up in his mouth, like a strange plant sprouting out of him. There would be no getting any tales of foreign parts from him that afternoon. Jack turned away, and passing beneath the trees, came round to the principal group of lodges that constituted the village. Here the chief and three or four warriors were squatting on the ground, smoking, and listening to some tale which the oldest man in the village was droning out in a guttural voice. It was a tale of a mythologic character, and contained incidental allusions to the Indians' Paradise, which, it appeared, was a vast, illimitable forest, with valleys interspersed amidst the sombre colonnades of trees, and rivers alive with fish, and legions of game that came up to the door of your wigwam to be shot ; in short, very much such a region as they live in now, only somewhat more monotonously comfortable, and enriched by the society of all their dead and buried ancestors, from the beginning of the world down to yesterday. Jack sat down with the rest, but not to listen ; he had heard it all a hundred times before. Something was still wanting to make him a true Indian, to make him content to spend not his earthly life only, but the whole of eternity, in just such a valley as this of the Sacramento—this Noorkan Charook ; a heaven into which no white man, except perhaps himself, was to be admitted. Jack's ideas of a future state had not been much complicated by the lore of Christian theology ; nevertheless, he fancied he could conceive of a heaven which should differ in some respects from that of his Indian friends, and be none the worse for the modification. Had he not had his dreams and his visions ? . . . A sadness began to settle upon him, and a sense of inward darkness and terror. He knew it of old ; it demanded that he should be alone. No human eye

must see him, because no human heart could understand his spectral fear, nor any human strength succour him in the struggle.

He arose hastily and went forth, plunging into the densest part of the forest. A deep cañon, thronged with black pines and bedded with rock, opened before him at last, and into this he descended. The high walls rose on either side, shutting out the sun, becoming at length too steep to afford foothold to the sombre trees. The course of the cañon was crooked, so that ever and anon further progress seemed to be barred by an insurmountable wall set across the path ; but at the last moment it would give way and afford a passage. Jack forced his way along over the boulders and decayed stumps with increasing speed, glancing now over his shoulder and now in advance, shuddering at the horror to come, yet knowing that sooner or later he must grapple with it. In swinging himself down a declivity, the thick limb of a tree which he had grasped was wrenched off, and remained in his hand, though he was scarcely aware of it. As he hurried on the sweat ran down his forehead, and his eyes stared in dread, yet took no conscious note of outward objects ; an intolerable distress wrung his heart. Now his feet trod upon sand ; confusing shadows were in the air ; the wide mouth of a cavern opened in front of him. Past that cavern he could not go — an irresistible force forbade it ; for here lurked his ghostly enemy, and here the struggle must take place. With set teeth and shaking limbs he entered the cavern, which vomited a darkness that clung to his eyes. In the womb of the darkness he heard the goblin stir, and saw its eyes glimmering, and heard its snarling voice. It seemed to advance towards him ; with a hoarse cry he raised his arm, with the club of cedar in his hand, and struck a furious blow, knowing that he should strike only empty air. But, with a shock of surprise, he felt that

the blow had told; the demon was tangible; it howled and writhed; with desperate hope he struck again, and heard the dull thud and crash of resisting bone; and the club was broken short in his hand. With another cry he flung himself upon his enemy, grappling it by its hairy throat, and by the weight of his body holding its body to the earth. He strove to strangle it, but in vain, though the blood well-nigh started from the ends of his fingers in the effort; the goblin wrenched itself about, uttering hideous snarls and gnashing its jaws. Then, pinning its head to the ground by the pressure of his fore-arm, and with his hand clutching it about the face, so that its jaws could not open, he caught it in the hollow of the throat with his own teeth, working them in and flinching not, till they fastened together in the straining windpipe. A fearful struggle followed. The goblin's body heaved and wriggled, the yellow eye glared and rolled, and fetid gasps of breath and flecks of froth oozed through its curling lips. But Jack held on, feeling as if more than his life depended on the issue; the harsh hair of the monster filled his mouth, its claws tore at his deerskin shirt, its convulsive chokings were horrible to hear; but all was as nothing compared with the fierce satisfaction that possessed Jack's soul at finding his hitherto impalpable adversary at last solidly within his grip, to be fought with like any mortal enemy. At last, with a sharp wheeze, its struggles suddenly ceased, its stiffened throat relaxed, and its body collapsed and lay still. Slowly and warily Jack unclenched his teeth, and partly raised himself; but his grisly antagonist made no movement. After a pause to recover his breath, he seized the dead thing, and dragged it to the mouth of the cavern; and there, in the transparent shadow of the cañon walls, he saw the body of no worse goblin than a huge wolf, a cross between the coyote and the grey. His first blow had broken one of its hind

legs; his second had taken it behind the ear, partly stunning it; and he had finished the work with the weapons that nature gave him. He sat down upon a projecting corner of rock, leaned his cheek upon his hand, and contemplated his fallen foe in silence.

Though bleeding from several ugly scratches, and tremulous from the severity of the combat, Jack's mind was now serene and clear. The unsubstantial terror which, for several years past, had occasionally overcome him, had never until now identified itself with any material object. It had been a terror of the soul, not to be met with any mortal weapons, springing from no intelligible source, and incalculable in its action and effects. It had appeared to Jack to put a barrier between himself and his fellow-men, allied as it was with other experiences which, though beyond the sphere of sense, were to him the most intensely real features of his life. Sometimes, in the midst of his customary avocations, the solid earth would all at once become as a shadow to him, and the fantasies of his mind would assume the aspect of substantial realities. He was never wholly deceived by these apparitions—that is, he always knew that they were imperceptible to others; but that did not prevent them from exerting an influence upon him; and he could not decide whether they indicated the opening to him of a state of existence not the less actual because physically uncognisable, or whether they were absolutely and essentially illusory.

The odd chance which had embodied the more formidable of these visions in the flesh and bones of the wolf, gave a certain relief to Jack's mind. Having definitely got the better of the wolf, it seemed not unreasonable to hope that he had also gained some advantage over the spectre which the wolf had represented. Partly from mechanical force of habit, and partly from a development of the Indian superstition

that to scalp an enemy renders him spiritually as well as physically incapable of further offence, Jack took his knife from his girdle and skinned the animal. Then, throwing the hide over his arm, he set off to clamber his way out of the cañon.

An hour's ascent brought him to the summit of a lofty cluster of castellated rocks, which rose as high above the level of the surrounding country as the cañon sank below it. It was a point of outlook which he had several times visited before; it gave to his eyes an extent of range in some measure proportional to that of his imagination. Far to the north, more than a hundred miles away, rose a solitary white peak, covered with perpetual snow: a mountain which Jack knew well, for at the base of it dwelt the tribe to which Kooahi belonged, and from which, in the wild raid and battle of two years ago, he had carried her off as his special prize. She was a child then; now she was a mother. She had given Jack the tenderest happiness he had ever known; yet it was a happiness at no time free from certain reservations. She had come to him by violence and bloodshed; and moreover, he had sometimes suspected that when he was most at one with her, he was least completely himself. In binding her to himself, he had perhaps cut himself adrift from possibilities and opportunities in life which might, under other conditions, have been practicable to him. What these were Jack could have had but a vague notion. Perhaps the consideration that pressed most insidiously upon him was precisely the one to which a sentiment of loyalty would make him least willing to yield. It may be asserted that Jack was not the first man to perceive what he fancied was a divided duty. He loved this Indian girl, and she deserved his love. But was he born to live for ever in this valley, hunting, fighting, dreaming? If so, why had he the impulse to live a wider life? The Indians had no such impulse.

Kooahi had it not. Should his fate, then, be the same as theirs?

He turned and looked towards the south and west. There lay cities, and the ocean. Must they be to him for ever as if they did not exist? He loved Kooahi, and had given her rights over him which might not honourably be rescinded. But had he done so with a full realisation of the consequences? And if not, should those consequences be allowed to dominate his whole future?

Out of the bosom of his hunting-shirt he drew a heavy gold locket, which he opened. It contained the miniature of a woman's face—a face very different from Kooahi's. It was a face which Jack often had beheld in his visions; it had become to him in some sort a divine or religious symbol, as the face of the mother of God is to Roman Catholics. Whatever in life was sweet, pure, holy, beautiful, had to his mind its concentration and embodiment in these august features. He was sure that, apart from the influence which this face had exerted upon him, he would have been a very different man from what he was; he might have been an Indian in soul as well as in circumstances. But she—this nameless, ideal being—had ever been before him, beckoning him onward—he thought also upward. In some transfigured state of existence it seemed to him that he should meet and know her. To do so was the highest good he could conceive of. Whatever good—whatever happiness he had heretofore known, had seemed but a dim and imperfect foretaste of the good and happiness which his ideal was capable of bestowing upon him. Even the love of Kooahi—and herein he did not deem himself unfaithful; for after all, the ideal woman could not be material; she did not partake of common mortality; she was in the sphere of immortals. So Jack always told himself; and yet he was conscious of a mental reservation, which practically contradicted

that view; for if she were only a spiritual essence, not to be apprehended by physical senses, how was it that more than half his desire to go forth in the world was founded upon the hope of meeting her? But on the other hand, he could say that she was a vision until he had proved her to be something more. He never had seen her, and might never see her. He had no authority for supposing her to exist. If the pictured face were a portrait, the original must have died years ago. As for the dark-eyed little girl who had given him the locket, she was a very faint and fading figure in Jack's memory now. He had long ago ceased to think of her. His dreams of the future did not include her.

But what signified dreams of the future, if he were to live and die in the valley of the Sacramento? The past was his future.

Several hours had passed away, during which Jack had remained seated on the top of the tower of granite, with his face turned to the south and west. Meanwhile the sun had set, and its latest glow had long since vanished from the snowy peak to the north. For some while past an undertone of distant noise had sounded in Jack's ears, without his paying conscious attention to it. The noise, whatever it betokened, had now ceased. A creak, flying below Jack's lofty seat, called sharply in the night air, as if to attract his notice. He turned round slowly.

Down below there, four or five miles away, a red glow lit up the blackness of the forest. Tongues of flame licked upwards now and then, apparently the last of a conflagration. Jack gave a glance at the stars; then looked downward again. The red glow occupied the spot where stood the lodges of the tribe with which he lived — where stood his lodge and Kooahi's.

Jack thrust the locket back in his bosom, and went leaping down the steep hillside towards his home.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MAN," DECLARES THE PERSIAN PROVERB, "IS MORE SHARP THAN STEEL, MORE HARD THAN FLINT, MORE FRAIL THAN ROSES."

IN two hours Jack had passed over the stretch of fell and forest, rock and ravine, which separated him from the Indian village. Within a hundred yards of the spot, he paused, and listened intently, his face turned towards the dull glow of the dying conflagration, seen in thin vertical streaks between the black columnar trunks of the intervening trees.

There was an empty, awful silence. Fire, and fiery passions, had raged here only a few hours before, and now this deadly stillness.

"I should have been here!" said Jack to his heart, in aching anguish and remorse. But he could not yet believe the worst. He moved forward.

He stepped upon something which yielded beneath his foot in a way that made him withdraw it and spring back. A dark figure lay along amongst the undergrowth. Jack stooped, and recognised the rigid features of an Indian who had been his companion on many a hunting expedition. An arrow had pierced his neck just beneath the hinge of the jaw bone, and he had bled to death from the artery; but apparently he had been suffered to lie undisturbed, for there was no mark on him of the tomahawk or the scalping-knife. It was probable that he had escaped observation, for the body lay at some distance from the main area of the conflict. It was already stiff and cold.

Jack went forward again, turning aside three or four times to avoid other corpses that obstructed his path. At length he stood in the centre of the little space where the lodges had been, and stared around him.

It was a ghastly spectacle. The great trees, scorched and blackened, encompassed the spot, with blasted

arms raised aloft as if demanding vengeance of heaven. Every one of the lodges was burnt down, and nothing remained of them but smouldering embers. Cast about amidst these, lying over one another in heaps, were the gory and mutilated bodies of the human beings among whom the latter years of Jack's life had been passed. Many of them were partly or wholly charred by the fire. All of them had been scalped. Four or five had been bound to the trees, and there shot to death; their bodies bristled with arrows. Several women were amongst the slain, but they were mostly the old squaws; the maidens and the younger women were nowhere to be seen. Many infants were there—a sickening and heart-rending sight. Every one of these creatures Jack had known by name and character; he had seen the sun shine upon them, alive and well, that very afternoon; and now, in a moment as it were, all were dead; their dead eyes stared at him reproachfully. Surrounded by so much death, Jack felt his own life a burden and a shame.

He worked his way round the fatal circle, and passed over to the right, where his own lodge and that of his white companion had stood. To his surprise they stood there still, apparently undisturbed. For a minute or two he paused, summoning up resolution to examine them more closely. He had already seen that Kooahi was not among the heap of death behind there. Was she here?

At last he entered his lodge. It was in the condition in which he had left it. Even his banjo was standing within the entrance where he had put it before going out. But no living thing was there, nor any dead thing either. Kooahi and the papoose were not there.

He came out again, oppressed with a fresh anguish. He had prepared himself to find Kooahi dead; but neither to find her dead nor living was something he was not prepared for. His heart, over which a sort of

sickly repose had crept, began to beat again tumultuously. He went into his companion's lodge, but that too was empty. He came out, and began to wander hither and thither aimlessly. Suddenly he stopped short. Before him, bound to a tree, with his arms above his head, and stripped completely naked, was a figure that he recognised by its whiteness, even before he could distinguish the features. But on drawing nearer, he perceived that the man's eyes were open, and met his own with a living, albeit feeble, glance.

"Hugh!" he cried out, with a great sob, and a rush of tears; "Hugh!—not dead?"

"Cut this damned cord round my wrists," replied Hugh, in a voice that was no more than a hoarse whisper, "and get me some water."

Jack did these things with all possible haste. Then his glance searched Hugh's face for the answer to the question he could not find words to ask.

"If you'll look in my right thigh," said Hugh, "you'll find an arrow-head there that I'd as lief have out of the way. Ay, that's the place—whew!—hold up a bit. You'll find my tobacco in the pouch there. Just chew up a cud of it ready to go on the wound. Now then—out with the cussed thing! Tchee—e—um! Ah!"

The arrow had not penetrated to its full depth, but, having remained so long in the wound, the process of extraction was naturally very painful. Jack bound up the bleeding gash with the moistened tobacco leaves, and made his friend as comfortable as he could. All the while he was alert with nervous dread to hear words which would make an incalculable difference in his life. Two or three would do it. But Hugh seemed in no hurry to speak them. The suspense was torture.

"So you concluded to come round when all the fun was over?" he remarked presently. "I began to think you was gone for good."

"How was it?" asked Jack, huskily.

"Blessed if I can tell! we'd just turned in. I always told our fellows there'd be hell to pay some night, if they didn't keep watch. That nonsense of theirs about letting mother night take care of 'em will be the death of every Indian in the country, that don't die other ways. First thing I knew, there was a row like six score devils broke loose. I run out and got this thing in my leg. I seen the chief of the beggars—they was the same lot we went for two year ago. Well, they've got their revenge—the whole of it. There ain't one of our fellows left alive, except them they took off with 'em; and I'd rather be finished here than there. They hunted for you, Master Jack, high and low, I can tell you! You was in luck, as usual. What they'd have done with you if they'd found you is more than I can tell. They thought I was you at first, being the same colour, I suppose."

"Hugh, tell me——"

"They was rather careful of our things, too; may be they thought we was medicine men, and not safe to meddle with. All they did to me was to string me up to the madroño and leave me for the coyotes; that blessed pet bear of yours was smelling at my legs not half an hour ago, and I made up my mind I was going off inside him. But he found something else he liked better, I suppose."

"They weren't all killed?"

"No, no, my boy, she wasn't killed—at least, not that I know of; they didn't do it here; they took her off. What they'll do to her when they get her to their place, the devil knows! She's the chief's daughter, you know. May be they'll make an example of her to keep the other women in order—there's no telling. She didn't want to go with 'em—you could see that. But the old chief, he tied her to his mustang, neck and crop, poor gal! and she had to give in. It'll take more than you and me to get her back again, I'm thinking."

"Manita?"

"Ah! that's more than I know. I didn't see nothing of her. No, 'tain't likely; I wouldn't look to see Manita no more, my lad. Them little kids they make no account of, these red devils. No, I take it the whole thing's done for. We've had a right fair time of it these seven years back, and now this is the end, and we must look out for something else. I did hope it might last out my time, too; I was saying just this afternoon I was as well off as I wanted to be; but 'twas always my luck to get stirred up just when I was settled down. Well, cheer up, Jack, my boy; that's how it is in life, and you've got more life in front of you than I have by thirty years. You was wishing to see the world, and now you may see it. We'll go back to England, and I'll show you old Bideford, and the little brother I've got there—though he'll be growed up by this time, bigger than I be, like as not. He was a plucky chap; he saved my life once; though may be he'd as well have let it alone. Heigho! I've had about enough of it."

"I must go after Kooahi," said Jack, in a dull tone.

"Thought likely you'd be up to some such game," returned Hugh, shaking his head. "But just you listen here. If you go after her, you'll have to take me along—that's number one; and I ain't in no condition to travel to-night, nor to-morrow neither. Number two, supposing us come up with 'em, what are we to do against a hundred or a hundred and fifty? If my old rifle was any use, we might have a chance against a few of 'em; but it's been hanging up there this three year for want of powder, and as rusty as a coffin-nail into bargain."

"She would be on the watch—she would come to us."

"Not she! for two reasons. In the first place, it's two to one—I'd as well say ten to one—that she's dead at this very minute." Jack caught his breath between his teeth

and half started to his feet. "No, no—keep cool!" Hugh went on; "we must see our way first, whatever we do. If she ain't dead, the surest way to make her so would be for her to get any wind that we was about; they'll watch her close as wax, and the first show she makes to stir, in goes the tomahawk, and there's an end of it."

"She will expect me," said Jack, with his eyes on the ground.

"Well, my boy, and what if she did? She'd not expect you for ever, I'm thinking; may be not for more than a year; may be not a month. Oh, I know what women be! and I suppose Indian women ain't so greatly different from the rest. After all, you know, Jack, it's her own folks has got her now, and it won't take her so long to drop down into the old ways as it might other ways. It was a bit of a new thing living with a white man for a year or two; but she'll find good-looking chaps of her own colour before she's much older, and then she'll be thinking to herself that she'd as well be making the best of the fun so long as it's going. She'll forget you, my boy, that's what I mean to say; and to my thinking, it's the best could happen."

Jack looked up with a blank gaze.

"Ay, the best," repeated Hugh, nodding his head; "and you'll say so yourself one of these days. You're not an Indian, Jack, and she's not a white—that's where the point is. She'll be better off with folks of her own colour, and you the same; and now that luck has put you apart, the best you can do is to stay so. She wasn't up to your ways, and you wasn't down to hers; and ten years from now, when she was an old woman, you'd have wished to the devil you'd never set eyes on her. Let it go as it is, and there'll be no harm done. You've got your chance, with no blame one way nor t'other; and you won't get it so square another time, so my advice is to hook it. A man like you might come to something

among white folks, but with these red devils, the better you are, the worse it is for you; it don't help you—it trips you up. And I tell you, Jack, after what I seen this night, I don't want nothing more to do with Indians, good or bad! They ain't our sort. If I have my way, I'll never go nigh one of 'em again. I'm for England, or for kingdom come! but no more redskins, if I can help it. It ain't wholesome."

In this strain, and doubtless with excellent intentions, Hugh continued to hold forth, while the stiffened corpses round about, and the various signs of violence and ruin, silently enforced his arguments against the red men. But possibly he need not have been so eloquent. In Jack's secret consciousness there was a voice urgent on the same side. To a young man of twenty-one, that which is untried is apt to appear more desirable than anything that is known. If Jack could have been assured that Kooahi was alive, and was expecting him to rescue her, he would unquestionably have risked his life in that attempt. But in this life we are never guided by certainties, except the certainties of the past. Freedom of choice is ours in our own despite, and we choose according to our nature, not our foresight; not even according to our intellectual conviction, unless that be on nature's side. Jack had never until now contemplated the possibility of life apart from Kooahi, but the sudden fact of their separation made him reflect that it might be permanent. It is unnecessary to follow the course of Jack's reasonings. The fact that he reasoned at all is sufficient. When a man reasons with himself, he reasons for his selfishness. Unselfishness knows nothing of syllogisms; and a good man is apt to be a bad logician.

Be all that as it may, Jack had reason enough for deciding not to begin the pursuit of Kooahi that night. Hugh could hardly be left to shift for himself without effective

arms, and with wolves and bears—even pet bears—about. Moreover, if Kooahi was to be rescued at all, it must be by guile and intrigue—matters which require pondering. The immediate question was, what should be done with the bodies of the slain? Burial is not among the customs of the Californian Indians; and even had it been so, it was beyond the powers of one man to dig the required number of graves in the necessarily limited time. A holocaust seemed the best way out of the difficulty. Hugh happened to possess an axe, and the forest in the vicinity was full of partially-decayed timber which burnt like touchwood. Jack went vigorously to work, glad to have something to do to distract his mind from dwelling too persistently on unwelcome subjects. He drew all the bodies together in one spot, and built around and above them a pyramid of dry wood. The work occupied him all the rest of the night, and the sun had risen before the mighty funeral pyre was lighted. It burnt all that day and the next night, Jack feeding the flames occasionally with armfuls of fresh fuel. By the second morning nothing remained of the late comrades of the two white men but a large heap of ashes and bones. A pit was dug, and the remains were shovelled into it, and an oblong fragment of white quartz was set up over the spot. As Jack placed it there he felt that he was symbolically marking the grave of his past life, and that from it he was to go onward to new things. All the same, he neither confessed to himself nor admitted to Hugh that he had given up the purpose of following Kooahi. He would have been ashamed to admit it; for though Hugh had employed, and continued to employ, all manner of dissuasions, Jack could not divest himself of the conviction that he would suffer in his friend's estimation should he allow himself to be dissuaded. In thinking this, he perhaps rated Hugh's principles too high. Hugh was an easy-going fellow, with-

out lofty aim or ambition, free from any bigoted consistency of conduct, and desirous chiefly to accommodate to his comfort whatever circumstances he might happen to find himself in. He was good-natured, fearless even to the extent of not fearing to shun unnecessary peril, fond of his comrades of the time being, yet not inconsolable in case of their loss; of a healthy nature and constitution, and, upon the whole, not the most salutary possible companion and mentor for a young man of imagination and sensibility. It must, however, be conceded that he had not had any special influence upon Jack either for good or evil; and the time was now at hand when his influence, such as it was, was about to be exchanged for another of a very different and more positive kind.

At the end of five days Hugh's wound—never very serious—had healed sufficiently to allow of his walking without discomfort. Walking was the only mode of progression at present available, the horses having been carried off by the hostile Indians. The question now came up for final consideration, In what direction should they betake themselves—northward or southward? Hugh voted for the former route, Jack for the latter, not without an edifying consciousness of acting against his private and secret inclinations. The fact was, he did not wish to surrender Kooahi until some obstacle had been encountered formidable enough to make discouragement definitely respectable. It was probable that such obstacles would not refuse to present themselves, and then—But for the present, forward in the path of duty!

In the end it was agreed that they should go to the lodges of a neighbouring tribe, which had formerly been at war with the despoilers, and try to persuade them once more to take the war-path against them. This tribe lay almost directly due west of their present position, about forty

miles away. The route which they must take would, therefore, lie impartially between those which they severally advocated; and when they arrived at their intermediate destination, they would see what they would see.

So, early in the cloudless morning, they set off on the journey which was to end, for each of them, so differently from what either imagined. Hugh was in excellent spirits, the ebullience of which he was not at any pains to disguise. Nothing either permanently depressed or excessively elated this man, who had not a tithe of Jack's spiritual and mental resources, who seldom did anything from his own initiative, and whose notion of independence was to be the sport of circumstances. He could, upon occasion, have found a way to be comfortable in Siberia, or reasons to console himself for being turned out of Paradise. He had lately set before Jack good grounds for spending the rest of his days beside the Sacramento, but that did not prevent him from perceiving and pointing out the advantages of leaving it. Jack heard him talk, and thought of other things; yet he too presently began to feel a lightness of heart and an appetite for novelty and change which made him fancy that more than one nature was bound up in his individuality. Some one whom he had hitherto supposed to be himself was mourning for Kooahi; but another person was coming to the front, with a vivid and lively resemblance to Jack in all respects save a regard for that important episode in his past career. Between these rival claimants choice was embarrassing, until Jack was disposed to fall back upon his favourite position, which was that individualities are of small account. Mankind is responsible for the man, and the latter's thoughts and acts are but his particular method of disposing of the vast reservoir of forces and impulses with which he is in communication. There is probably a good deal of truth in this view, but then

the disciple should be careful to use it rather to humble his personal pretensions than to excuse his private transgressions.

Towards the afternoon the travellers, who had never allowed themselves to stray far from the banks of the stream which had watered their lodges, came upon an open tract, a couple of miles in length by half a mile in breadth, which extended nearly east and west, and at one side of which a rocky hill, with a fringe of pines along its summit, rose from the left margin of the river. A little way down, the river made a sharp bend, and the small angle of land thus produced had a group of trees upon it, which seemed to invite to repose beneath their shadow. Hugh pointed this out to his companion.

"We've done a good ten miles, my boy," said he; "and a very tidy distance too, with such going as we've had, let alone the broiling of that sun. Ah, give me England for coolness and comfort, and Devonshire of all places in England. You shall see it, Jack; and you and I and Tom, my brother, will have a bit of fun together. Poor Tom! I shall be right glad to see him again. Well, all in good time: what I need now is a bellyful of venison and acorn-bread, and a drink. Ah, we'll have something better than water to drink in England! Here we are: you start a fire, whilst I go down the bank and fetch the water. Hullo! look at that."

He pointed to some traces on the sandy margin of the stream which had apparently been made not long before. They entered the water, and seemed to be continued on the other side. Hugh and Jack examined them narrowly.

"No four-footed beast made that," remarked Hugh at length.

"No Indian, either," said Jack.

"You're right, my boy," rejoined the other; "that's the print of a white man's foot. All the better! All white men are good company in this part of the world. May be we'll

run across 'em, yet. It couldn't have been more than yesterday they was here. Like as not they've pitched their camp somewheres not far off. If I had some powder, now, I'd fire 'em a signal out of my old rifle."

"What could they be doing here?" said Jack.

"What are we doing, if you come to that? The time will come, my boy, when this country will be as full of white folks as it is of pine-trees."

"Not while we are alive," Jack answered, sagaciously.

"I don't know that, neither. If there's one thing I can't think of, it is of the time when I shall stop living. 'Tis my idea that dying is a humbug; you're bound to go on, somehow and somewheres. If you was to cut my throat this minute, it wouldn't bother me much, except for the inconvenience of changing round a bit. I should turn up all right again, though may be where you couldn't get at me."

"I'd rather try cutting my own," returned Jack; but whether he meant to imply that his prospects of immortality were more encouraging than Hugh's, or something else, he did not have time to explain.

For as he spoke he looked upwards across the river, and his eyes rested on the rocky crest of the opposite bluff, which was about a hundred and fifty yards distant. All at once a puff of white smoke appeared above the crest, looking fresh and pretty in the bright sunshine. A moment or two later a sound was heard such as a man might make by smiting his palms together; but it was followed by a rolling echo, which somehow seemed louder than it ought to have been.

At the same time, and greatly to Jack's surprise, Hugh, who was just stooping to dip up some water, uttered a faint shriek, staggered back, raised himself to his full height, and then fell heavily against the bank. There he drew up his knees, straightened them again convulsively, and turned partly over on his side, coughing slightly, and showing blood on his lips.

Jack, in his first bewilderment, hit upon the idea that his companion had been bitten by a snake. He sprang forward, his mind set upon killing the reptile before it should do further damage.

"Stand back—they're shooting!" said Hugh, with a gasp.

Before the words were uttered, that sharp, rolling echo was again reflected from the cliffs. Jack felt himself violently struck in the left ankle; a sensation of burning heat, accompanied by numbness, followed. He did not think himself much hurt; but he could not stand. He sat down, and then perceived that his moccasin was full of blood. He looked round at Hugh, whose face, deadly pale, was bent over towards the ground. Blood was frothing from his mouth; he had torn open his shirt, disclosing a small hole in the middle of his breast, at which, every time he breathed, there was a bubbling of blood.

Jack looked again at the cliff. But close at hand, on the opposite brink of the river, two men were standing, with rifles in their hands. They were white men. One was a good deal shorter than the other, but very broad-shouldered and sturdy, with a red beard and bright blue eyes, and broad, prominent cheek-bones. He had a bold and smiling aspect, as if he considered the affair rather a joke. The other man had a much less taking expression, though his countenance was the comelier of the two; he had a lowering and evasive air, as if he had done something unmanly; and he kept a little behind the other, and moved with a sort of deference to him. The skin of his face was pallid and unhealthy, and his eyes were shifty and dull.

After Jack and the red-bearded man had exchanged looks for a moment or two, the latter stepped into the stream and waded across. Arrived on the hither bank, he glanced at Jack's foot, and then went up to Hugh, and fixed his eyes upon him. All at once he knelt down beside him,

put his hand upon his shoulder, and said in a very soft and winning voice,

"Why, Hugh, old boy—Hugh Berne! Is this you?"

The dying man appeared to recognise the voice. He raised his heavy eyes till they met the other's. Something like a smile seemed to twitch beneath his brown beard.

"Here's—a—rum go!" he whispered. Then a fit of coughing seized him. The red-bearded man put an arm round him, and held him up. When the fit of coughing was over, Hugh's head hung down. He had gone where mortal man could not get at him.

The other laid him down very gently, as a father might lay down his sleeping child. His expression was so compassionate as to make Jack fancy that there were tears in his eyes; but in this he may have been mistaken. After a little while, the man got to his feet and turned to his companion on the other side of the stream. His face was now stern and his tone peremptory.

"Come here, Tom," he said; "come over here, and see what you've done!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH IT IS ARGUED THAT A MAN WHO IS SHOT DOES BETTER TO DIE THAN TO LIVE; AND BRYAN EXPLAINS THE USES OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.

THE man called Tom came across at once. He looked about furtively, but did not seem to know what he had been summoned for. "What be it, sir?" he asked at length.

"Do you see that dead body?" returned the other.

"Yes, sir, a' see it."

"That's the man you shot."

"Well, sir."

"Do you recognise him?"

"Can't say a' do, sir."

But, as he said it, he looked again: something in the aspect of the corpse riveted his attention. The red-bearded man, standing aside,

watched him closely. The rifle slipped from Tom's hand without his seeming to perceive it; he continued to stare at the dead face, while his arms hung loosely at his sides, the fingers moving aimlessly.

"What's come to me!" he said, in a thin, muttering voice. "'E looks so like my brother—Hugh, my brother. A' told yer 'bout Hugh. A'd most say that was him."

"It is he; and you've killed him," said the red-bearded man.

"No, no, no!" cried Tom, his voice rising to a shriek at the last word. Then he was silent, and stood as motionless as a statue.

"Well," said the other, breaking the silence at last with a certain impatience, "what are you going to do?"

"A'm thinkin'," returned Tom slowly: "let me be—a'm thinkin'. Hugh's dead—and that's him—and 'twas I done it." Here he came to another pause of some length; at the end of which he looked round at the man with the red beard, who returned the look steadfastly.

"And 'twas you bade me do it, Mr. Bryan," said Tom finally, with singular quietness. Then he burst out in a giggling laugh, patting his thighs with his hands. "'Twas you bade me do it," he repeated; "and his blood is on your head. You done a good lot o' things, Mr. Bryan; but you never made a man kill his own brother before—he, he, he!"

The other leant on his rifle, crossed one foot over the other, and drew down his red eyebrows. "You have a revolver in your belt," he said, "why don't you use it?"

But Tom only laughed again, and turned away.

Jack's foot had by this time begun to pain him so much that his senses were a little confused; yet it was very clear to him that he hated the man called Tom, especially since he had laughed; and that he felt a decided liking for the red-bearded man, in spite of the rather uncereemonious

manner in which he had introduced himself. He was evidently as brave, strong, and straightforward, as Tom was the opposite of those qualities. But, meanwhile, there lay his friend of the last seven years, dead; and himself perhaps maimed for life. This was a great deal to have happened in three or four minutes. It was hard to realise. At this moment Jack fell into one of his visionary states; nothing seemed real; even his pain seemed something else, though still something very disagreeable. Whatever it was, Jack had no longer any personal concern in it. It was only another phase of the evil that had extinguished Hugh. The two men before him were two opposing forces, good and bad. He saw them as such, and only incidentally as persons. They were not responsible—they were merely representative and instrumental. All that had occurred was as if it had been foreseen and inevitable, or as if it had taken place long before. Surely the red-bearded man was but repeating a question which he had asked ages ago, when he said in a kindly, but brisk tone—

“Who are you, young man?”

And Jack was only rehearsing an old story when he replied—

“My name is Jack. Hugh and I were friends. We lived together with the Indians seven years.”

“He was my friend too. We went round the world together.”

To this Jack's body responded by a groan. Jack himself was meanwhile thinking that it was not in the least surprising what the speaker had said, and that to have assisted at Hugh's murder was in some way the most natural sequel to having accompanied him round the world. Here the body groaned again, and Jack retired from it still further. In fact, an ordinary observer would have said that he became faint from pain and loss of blood; but ordinary observers repeat phrases and are led by appearances.

It must be admitted, however, that

Jack retained no definite recollection of the progress of events for some indefinite time after this. When he arrived once more at the point of self-identification, he was lying on his back on a buffalo skin, with the canvas of a tent sloping up pyramid-wise over his face. Some one was humming an air in a low, pleasant voice, outside the tent door. Jack raised himself on his elbow to look about him, in doing which he became aware that his left leg was stiff and sore, and that his foot and ankle were bound up in folds of blood-stained linen. His first thought was that Hugh must have done this kindness for him. But then he remembered that, unless he had dreamed very vividly, Hugh was dead. In his weak physical state, this fact did not cause him any activity of grief; he contemplated it calmly, and with a sort of disinterested sadness. Hugh dead! After all, though death must always be a solemn thing, it was probably not grievous to those who had been through it, and its effects were certainly exaggerated. The figure of Hugh was just as distinct to Jack's mind's eye as it had ever been: and if he had not ceased to exist to Jack, all the more must he continue to exist to himself. But Jack would not see him, grasp him, speak with him again—there was no denying that. And that was death. Yes, it was an over-rated matter; yet, rightly regarded, possessed the beauty of that which is mysterious; and the pathos which belongs to the dealings of an inscrutable power with puny, ignorant man. To struggle, to yield, to vanish, and not to know—that was life and death. There was something else behind, however, and beyond as well; and an understanding of this something would perhaps cause death to appear but as the turning of an obscure lane, short and crooked, into the interminable splendours of a mighty highway. It was possibly discreditable, but undoubtedly characteristic of Jack to be indulging in such vague speculations

as the above, when he ought to have been wondering why he and Hugh had been attacked, and planning revenge on Hugh's murderers. But poor Jack had lived so much out of the way of civilisation, that not only was he sometimes ignorant of what sentiment was conventionally proper to a given set of circumstances, but, also, he occasionally allowed himself to feel what was altogether incongruous and unexpected. And this history is not an organism of logical deductions founded upon plausible hypotheses, but a plain and helpless record of facts.

At last the person who had been humming the air came into the tent. He was the red-bearded man. He looked at Jack and nodded.

"Getting on?" he inquired.

Jack intimated, by a look, that he was getting on. His Indian associations had disaccustomed him to redundancy of speech.

"Luckily, I was able to get that confounded bullet of mine out of your ankle-joint," the other continued. "But I'm afraid a bit of the bone has been shot away, and that you'll go stiff for some time to come. But that's better than getting it through the heart—eh? That clumsy blackguard Tom, instead of doing as I told him, and winging his man, killed him—and killed his own brother. It serves him right, except that poor Hugh was a dear friend of mine as well as yours. We parted two or three years ago in—well, no matter."

"Panama," said Jack.

"Oho! then he's told you our adventures? You've heard of his friend Bryan?"

"You saved the man from the shark."

"Those were fine times. Where did you meet him?"

Jack mentioned the place and circumstances of their first encounter; and, in reply to other questions, gave some account of their wanderings and life since then.

"Poor Hugh! I wish he were alive

again——but when a man's time comes, he must die, and if he doesn't die of himself, some one must help him to it. I always have the devil's luck with my friends. It's our loss, not Hugh's. It never hurts a man to kill him—it's the other way. This is a country, Mr. Jack, in which a fellow takes his life in his hand; you're obliged to shoot first and ask questions afterwards. Do you know why we shot you?"

Jack shook his head.

"And yet you've lived here seven years! Do you know that within a year or two from now—I might almost dare say within a month or two—there'll be a thousand men about this very place we're in? and thousands more all over the country?"

"White men?"

"Not red men, at all events! except blood-red, perhaps," returned Bryan, with a boyish little laugh, that made Jack like him in spite of the grimness of the jest. "Men with pickaxes and spades and—you don't know what I'm driving at?"

Jack shook his head again.

"Well, you're as good as an Indian! I should have thought Hugh, though——well, I'll tell you. It's a big secret, Mr. Jack: such a big one that we're obliged to shoot a man sooner than let him find it out. But I owe you something for Hugh's sake; besides, you won't be able to travel much for a while yet; and there's enough for three, to say the least of it. Why, Jack, in years to come I shall be called the Second Columbus of America. He only found the country; but I found the—open your eyes, now! Look here!"

He had lifted up some skins in a corner of the tent, and now brought forward an earthen pan about a foot in diameter and six inches deep; such a pan as Jack, in days gone by, had seen Deborah make bread in. It now contained nothing apparently so useful as bread; but a great number of little crooked lumps of a yellow substance, of various sizes, from bits

no larger than a pea to fragments as big as a child's fist. The bowl was more than full of them, and was evidently very heavy.

Jack cast a look at them, and said, "I've seen things like that before. The Indians use them to make bracelets of. They look prettier when they're beaten out."

Bryan scrutinised the speaker's face closely, with a smile on his own face that was not so frank and unconstrained as usual. But Jack had no thought behind, and his eyes were clear of guile. Bryan, at length, nodded his head, shrugged his shoulders, and put the bowl down on the ground.

"This is as good as a story-book," he observed. "I once read in some story-book, by the way, about some enchanted treasure or other, which had a great deal of celebrity until some one was found who wouldn't have it as a gift; and then it was discovered to have been only a handful of chaff from the beginning. You're either a very cool hand, Mr. Jack, or—— I fancy you're just what you appear. You know what this stuff is called, I suppose."

"It's a sort of gold, isn't it?"

"Yes; a pretty good sort; good enough to buy sovereigns at par, to say the least of it. So they use it for bracelets, do they? Anything else?"

"I suppose it might be used for other things," said Jack, who felt very little interest in the subject, but did not wish to appear ignorant. "What shall you use it for?"

"It doesn't look as if it could do much, does it? and yet it's the greatest miracle-worker in the world. I have only to say the word, and these yellow lumps would build me a palace on this spot where we are talking, surround it with beautiful gardens, and make a carriage-road from here to San Francisco. It would get me servants, horses, and carriages; it would bring men and women from the ends of the earth, to kneel on my

front doorstep. Or, if I chose, it would carry me all over the world, and wherever I went, I should meet with welcome, and good dinners, and affectionate friends; and everybody would be glad to have me come, and sorry when I went away. I could compel nations to make wars, or to stop them; I could give laws to kings and queens, marry an empress, or dethrone a sultan. I could fill starving folks with roast beef and ale, or dress the naked in wool and silk, or send the aristocracy to beg in the streets. I could discover all the secrets of nature, bring the moon down to the earth, sit down in England and converse with people in Australia, join the Pacific to the Atlantic, and the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, throw a bridge across the English Channel, hang my hat on the North Pole, walk on the bottom of the sea, transform the Sahara into an African Hyde Park, with black swans and nursery-maids; or, if I wanted easier work, I could turn chastity into lewdness, and honesty into knavery; I could make wives poison their husbands, and children cut their parents' throats; I could set London on fire, and blow up St. Peter's at Rome; in short, my dear sir, I could do everything with the help of these yellow lumps, and others like them, except make a woman love me, or prolong my life a moment beyond the time fate has ordained. or do or say or think a single thing that has not been predestined from the beginning of the world, or alter in the smallest degree the predetermined course of human affairs. I can do everything except anything that is really worth doing; and now can you explain what it is that gives this yellow stuff such remarkable powers?"

"No," said Jack, who had listened to this imaginative flight with quite as much attention as it deserved.

"You can't? Neither can I. It is of no earthly use except to make bracelets, as you said. You might

starve to a skeleton or freeze to an icicle with a mountain of it. A mountain of it can't make you one hair'sbreadth the happier or the wretcheder. Its whole value—such as it is—lies in a thought; and if, to-morrow morning, mankind were to wake up with that thought changed or forgotten, there'd be no more rich or poor on the face of the earth, and heaven knows what would become of us all."

"You mean money—buying things," said the sagacious Jack, who now remembered some dimly apprehended discourse about dollars and cents, which he had heard in his youth. But it is probable that he had never possessed either one of those coins in the whole course of his life. Neither had he ever studied the problem of the precious metals from the philosophical point of view; and it cannot be said that Bryan's disquisition had done much to enlighten him on the subject. It had, however, given him a certain impression of Bryan which that gentleman might have been complimented to hear. Bryan appeared to him quite a novel and unprecedented specimen of human nature. He was a very different creature from Mossy Jakes, and from Hugh. Hugh had indeed spoken at great length about his own adventures, but he had done so from the subjective standpoint; so that Jack had learnt all that Hugh did and said in any given set of circumstances, but had never gained any comprehensive view of the circumstances themselves. But here was a man who saw things in the mass, and brought their ends together as it were; who was not distracted by particulars; who had drawn conclusions from what he had known, and made these conclusions into a touchstone to try the value of the untried withal; who spoke of mankind as one who had taken the measure of its greatness and littleness, its depth and shallowness; a man who could put Jack *en rapport* with all that vast realm of wonder,

the thought of which had so often kindled his imagination and provoked his ignorance. Was he a good man or an evil? Jack knew not the meaning of those terms. He knew nothing of conventional codes of morality. He knew that to lie, to be afraid, to take human life, were acts which brought disquiet of mind; but he had never asked himself wherefore. He had never heard that morality consists in not being found out. He deemed this new man good, because he embodied so much that was desirable. By his face, by his voice, by the way he stood and moved, Jack saw that this man had power. He had blindly longed for the world, and suddenly the world had met him face to face. The contact excited and exhilarated him. The world would turn out to be all and more than all he had anticipated. Jack felt in himself the awakening of an inexhaustible appetite for it. The past dwindled to a point—to nothing; from to-day everything was to begin. No fairy prince in a nursery tale ever penetrated into the enchanted valley with a warmer flush of hope and exultation than that with which Jack confronted the unknown career before him. Bryan was more than good—he was divine; he symbolised the rich and fathomless human nature in which Jack had always instinctively believed, the universal pulse of which he had felt dimly beating in his own breast, the light and shade, the colour and multiplicity of which he had vaguely pre-figured in his pale untutored musings. So Jack loved Bryan with the unquestioning, uncalculating enthusiasm of one who ascribes all gifts to him who has given a glimpse of one or two; and with the boundless gratitude of one who should suppose that the man who first showed him the heavens was the creator of them. Such a sentiment is, as a rule, more often found in women than in men; but wherever it is, it is beautiful; and it is not, perhaps, common enough to be unnoticeable.

Of course I do not mean to say that all the above-mentioned emotions were aroused in Jack's soul by the ten minutes' discourse with which Bryan had favoured him. But the germ was planted there, which afterwards, and rapidly, expanded and blossomed in full luxuriance. In the course of a few days Jack's whole heart and belief were with his new friend. And not having learnt the prudent art of disguising friendly sentiments lest advantage be taken of them, he incontinently rayed out upon Bryan all the sunniness and perfume which were in him, and which he had lavished upon no man before. Bryan felt it; it interested him and set him thinking. Obvious and material interests were not the only ones which had attraction for him. He recognised the charm and potency of enjoyments at which a less broad-based personage would have turned up his nose. He began to conceive a scheme which promised well and was not hackneyed; and which admirably suited his peculiar humour. Meanwhile he took excellent care of his patient. He was something of a surgeon by nature; his influence was soothing, his touch accurate and gentle; his spirits, when he chose them to be so, unflagging. Jack was soon able to limp about on an improvised crutch; and his own untarnished constitution helped him on. He was able to be continually in Bryan's company, and to assist him in some of his gold-getting operations. Gold getting was not an operation which interested him in itself, but he allowed Bryan's interest to be sympathetically engrafted on him. A man may become prodigiously excited over the search for a four-leaved clover. Jack soon learnt how to distinguish between lucky days and unlucky ones; how to rejoice at a big find, and to be disgusted at blank draws. Tom worked with them, but was not in their company. Jack had never lost the aversion for him which he had conceived on the first day.

Tom had the figure of a man without possessing the spirit of one. He had slain his own brother, without even (so far as Jack knew) feeling any natural remorse for it; and he had tried to throw the odium of the deed upon Bryan. When Bryan had thereupon called upon him to make good his accusation with his revolver, Tom had slunk away, tacitly acknowledging his falsehood. His behaviour, in general, was whining, subservient, and listless. He trembled at a glance of Bryan's, though Bryan never offered him violence; he obeyed his lightest word, yet his obedience sprang from no affection, and was marked by no intelligence. The only occasions when he showed alacrity or expressed pleasure were when Bryan gave him leave to drink whisky; he would then go into his tent and blasphemously carouse himself to sleep. From such a character as this Jack held instinctively aloof; he regarded it as he would a noxious plant or offensive carrion. He never thought of inquiring what had made Tom what he was; it was natural to assume that he had never been anything different. He may have wondered how Bryan could bring himself to have anything to do with such a fellow; but, if so, he would have answered himself by assuming that his friend's motive must be charitable and compassionate. Tom, on his part, never attempted to hold communication with Jack, and if addressed, answered only with a stare. In fact, Tom seldom spoke at all, except in semi-articulate monologues to himself; and Bryan gave him his orders more by signs than by words. He was a sort of Caliban in the other's Setebos.

One evening, after the day's work was over, Bryan filled his tobacco-pipe and flung himself down in front of the tent door, where Jack also was reclining. The yield of the mine had on this occasion been unusually rich.

"A wise man says that enough is

as good as a feast," remarked Bryan. "What say you, my noble Jack?"

"It might be," Jack replied. "But enough of a thing you don't like is not as good as a feast; a feast is something good, even if you haven't enough."

"That indicates a philological discrimination in you which I have already had occasion to admire; some day you must give me the details of your early education. But the point is—do you know how much gold we've got?"

"A good many bowls full, I should think."

"Well, about ten thousand pounds worth—rather more than less. We might keep on and get a million; but what's the use? We have spent a year over it—at least I have; and there are not many things worth spending more than a year on. I have satisfied my ambition. I have proved that California is a gold country, and I've had the first pickings. In another year the fun would begin to get stale. True wisdom spares the bloom of the peach. Now we may have the pleasure of spending gold that has been touched by no fingers but our own. With care, it may last two years, and that's more than long enough. Would you like to go with me to Europe, Jack?"

"Yes," said Jack, in his customary low tone, but with more emphasis than if he had shouted the word at the top of his voice.

"By the way, where were you going when—a—we met?"

The colour mounted into Jack's face. His mind, of late, had been so thronged with new thoughts and sensations that, for all he could assert to the contrary, he had forgotten Kooahi. He had never mentioned her to Bryan. Should he mention her now, and take his leave of Bryan, and go back to seek her? Jack could only feel that to take such a course was a violent impossibility. In the first place he was a cripple. In the second place—no, it was no use enumerating the objections;

the thing was not to be thought of. In a few seconds Jack had said, "I cannot tell," and felt that the die was cast. But a shadow fell upon him; and he glanced northward, where a great snow-peak lifted itself above the dark horizon. Was Kooahi there?

"So much the better," said Bryan, who had been removing an obstruction in his pipe, and had not noticed Jack's change of countenance. "Since you have no other engagement, as the young gentlemen say to the young ladies at the ball, may I have the honour? Now, I'll tell you what I think of doing. I've taken a great fancy to you; I came so near killing you that I feel as if I'd saved your life. I haven't got many friends; people at home know too much about me, and that takes the bloom off friendship, sometimes. But I and the old world are both equally new to you, and you can get a good deal of fun out of us, for a while. And inasmuch as it is more blessed to give than to receive, I shall get still more fun out of you. You shall see Europe and the kingdoms thereof under my auspices. Will that please you?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"I wonder how long you will keep to your monosyllables, after you get there! Now, Jack, whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. I intend that you shall not only receive a sensation yourself, but create one. I mean to make you a very distinguished personage. You are to be the fashion. Women are to go mad after you; men are to admire and envy you. To do you justice, you won't need much help from me; you've got as much of your own as nature generally bestows on a man; but whatever I can give you, you shall have into the bargain. I have been wondering, ever since I came to this place, what I should spend my gold for after I'd got it. I have had gold and spent it before now. To do the same things twice over is waste of time. But you come and solve my difficulty like the god-

send that you are. I shall spend my ten thousand on you. You shall have everything that ten thousand pounds can get you. In fact, you shall have a great deal more; for a man from the new world with gold in his pocket is always a millionaire in popular belief, and has credit in proportion. You don't understand all that now—but never mind. You shall have a *début* such as no young heir of the nobility need be dissatisfied with. You might be introduced as a Mexican prince—but we'll arrange the details as we go on. You can take your hints from me at the start, you know, and soon enough you'll twig the shape of things for yourself. I shouldn't be surprised if in six months you married an English countess or a Russian princess. By Jupiter, this is the best investment I ever made! I shall renew my youth in you, Jack!"

"Hadn't I better find some gold for myself?" Jack inquired.

"And spoil all my pleasure? I don't deny my selfishness, Jack; but I'm too old to change now; and it would be friendly of you to indulge me a bit."

Bryan certainly knew how to do a graceful act gracefully. Nay, was he not exhibiting a self-abnegation considerably beyond what was involved in giving away his ten thousand pounds? For Jack could have no idea of the value of money, nor therefore of the real extent of his obliga-

tion; so that Bryan was denying himself even that claim upon his beneficiary's gratitude which he might legitimately hope to enjoy. I can only say that he was perfectly sincere in his offer; and if he saw elements in it at present invisible to other eyes, that is his own affair. Meanwhile there is no ground for supposing that it was not just as handsome as it looked.

Jack, it is needless to say, had no misgivings, at least upon that score. He may have thought that his luck was too great to be safe; though probably he had not been educated up to that morbid refinement of distrust in Providence. Perhaps he told himself that it was more than he deserved—that his thoughts and movements ought to be directed in quite another direction; but if so, he kept his inquietude to himself. He lent his aid to the preparations that were immediately made for departure, and gazed northward but seldom.

Tom received the new orders without perceptible emotion. But on more than one occasion Jack detected the man watching him with an odd, half-grinning expression which he did not like. He would not trouble himself, however, to investigate the meaning of the fellow's behaviour. He began to feel like a giant, and chafed with joyful impatience to prove his strength. On the second day the party started westward.

To be continued.

TWO GOOD INSTITUTIONS.

I.—THE LITTLE HOSPITAL IN CHEYNE WALK.

FIVE years ago I wrote for this magazine an account of the "Little Hospital by the River," at 46, Cheyne Walk, now called Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children. That account elicited so much generous help that the house next door to the hospital was purchased, three large airy wards were added, and the number of cots was increased from sixteen to thirty-four, and some of them have been permanently endowed. The cots are always full, and there is a crowded list of applicants awaiting admission—many of them cases of scrofulous disease, which, as the experience of this hospital has proved, if treated skilfully at the beginning, may be cured.

The special features of the place are unchanged, and after six years intimate acquaintance with this happy little Home and its inmates, I still wonder at the constancy and skill of the nursing which keeps these children so free from apparent suffering or discomfort, and at the bright yet gentle tone of the place.

The increased size of the wards, and the improvements effected in them, have greatly added to their airiness and healthfulness. There are now ten windows through which the patients can see the broad beautiful river, with its freight of toil and pleasure, barges, and wherries; steamers leaving long white wreaths in their wake, and outriggers darting by like flashes of sunshine. There is always, too, the exquisite view of the curve in the river, and of the tall green spire at Battersea; and there is the same gentle yet cheery tone both in nurses and patients; and as one listens to the merry laughter going on among

the cots, it is difficult to believe that scarcely one of these little ones can raise itself without help. Children are certainly wonderful beings in their elasticity of temper. All the patients here are suffering from severe disease, and yet, as a rule, they are always cheerful—often too lively for their crippled state—and they seem to take a kindly interest in one another. I have never seen any fretfulness, or selfishness, or bickering among them.

"He can read, he can," says a dark-eyed fellow of six, who has spent the greater part of his life in hospitals, and he points to a new comer in a cot opposite his own. "Oh yes, he can read and he can sing, he can ony write jist a leetle. I dunno much about his writin'."

"That's where *you're* wrong, Johnny," the new comer says with a smile; "I writes jest as well as I reads." At which Johnny looks apologetic and humble, for he evidently worships his new friend.

But though every good feature of the hospital remains, with additions and improvements, there are many changes in the patients. Except dear blind Mary—always smiling and cheerful (though she has hydrocephalus besides total blindness)—our favourites of five years ago have left us. Bright-eyed Tom, "the Water-baby," as he was called, after lying on his back four years with diseased spine, is now sent away cured, an active, slightly crippled lad, who will be able to earn his own living; while Friar Tuck, our dear rosy Harry, who came in to us a baby diseased in both hips and in the

spine, is now with three others, also cured, in the little Convalescent Home at Cambridge, under the care of a woman in the children's own rank of life, to whom seven shillings per week are paid for each patient. George, and Dick, and many others, received as incurable patients into this loving Home, prepared to cherish them, and, if it must be, to smooth their way to the end which seemed so near at hand, have been sent to their homes comparatively strong and well.

Others have departed—have been taken to their Rest. Among these dear, loving Sally left us two years ago; and now we have lost Charlie, "Big Charlie," as they called the dear fellow, because he was so much older than any of the other patients. Some time ago he was considered too old for the hospital, and there was a talk of taking him away, but it was found that he could not safely be removed, and I think every one who knew the hospital rejoiced that he was to remain. Though for years he had been paralysed to above the middle of his body, he seemed to enjoy life, and was a most interesting companion; his death is deeply felt both at the hospital and by the visitors with whom he had become a cherished friend. Lying there, watching the river, he thought much about life, of which he got glimpses in the books he read so eagerly, whenever he was able. He liked to listen to Tennyson and Scott, and, above all, to *Hiawatha*, and it was very interesting to hear his comments on writers and on books. One day I read to him for the first time "The Jackdaw of Rheims." "That's the best poetry of all," said Charlie; "it's got a go in it." He had a keen sense of humour, and was much amused by some short pieces of Oliver Wendell Holmes. To the last his interest in all that went on around him continued, and this was marvelous, for disease with him had latterly assumed a multiplied and far severer form. Just a week before he died he

said, "Please don't bring any presents before Christmas-day. I like 'em best on the day itself."

He was always patient and uncomplaining, and full of sympathy for others; and he took a lively interest in public events, especially those of a warlike character. "Has there been another battle?" he used to say, while the Zulu war was going on. His pensive, intelligent face in the corner by the window will long be missed by all.

There are some interesting patients left in his ward; a group of very little boys, one of whom is so tiny that he cannot yet speak, but he laughs and seems to share in the general merriment, and admires the gay show of Lent lilies and primroses which at this season bring an atmosphere of the country and spring sunshine into the wards.

Besides the perfect nursing of this hospital, the surgical skill displayed there is very great; several so-called "incurable" cases of hip disease have been entirely cured; and quite lately the universal pet of the place, our "Baby Dumpling," dear little Ada, has been restored to her mother in perfect health. Two years ago she came to the hospital a miserable little object, covered with sores. Very soon the skilful treatment and tender watchful nursing effected a change in her looks. The best account of her present state is furnished by a letter from the lady, who has paid for her residence in Cheyne Hospital, to the Lady Superintendent of the hospital. She says: "I feel it only due to you to say how greatly I appreciate the care and skill that have been shown in Ada's case. She came to you a wretched, almost dying infant, and you have returned her to her mother a healthy, plump, well-behaved child. . . . I am quite anxious for the doctor who pronounced her incurable to see her. We are still more gratified to find that the influence exercised over her has been so truly good; I cannot but think you

must be peculiarly fortunate in your nurses from the way in which the child speaks of them. I have been led to form the highest opinion of the hospital from this case." And the mother of the child writes in equally appreciative and grateful terms.

Some of the little girls now with us are very interesting. One who suffers more than the others, is most sweet and patient, and when she is not too feeble, is always busy with some pretty needlework. That little mite in the corner, Jenny, is ever ready for a game at ball. She longs to be a boy, and her hope is that one day she shall "grow into a boy." It is wonderful that such an active spirit should keep so bright in such bodily inactivity.

Down stairs is the Kingsley Ward, and over the "Charles Kingsley cot," founded in his memory, hangs his portrait. There are several interesting cases in this ward. One boy, when he was received, had paralysis of the limbs, and a severe spinal curvature. His paralysis is cured, and he can now, by the aid of that wonderful contrivance "a Sayer's jacket," walk about without the help of crutches. It is touching to learn that one of these boys was heard in the night asking another to pray for him.

"Pray out loud that I may hear," the feeble little voice said.

In this ward is a very comical fellow of five years old; he has disease in the ankle; he is a sturdy-looking child, and when you ask his name he tells you "Jim Dustcart." His father is a dustman, and Jim takes intense pride in the dust business. His name is "Dustcart," he says; but if any one pretends to mistake, and calls him "Dustbin," he is extremely affronted. "I'm going to give you a handsome present, Sister," he says to the kind Lady Superintendent of whom he and all the children are very fond. "When I'm well, I'll bring you a dustcart." He is extremely happy just now, for he is able to get up and go about on crutches, and instead of the petti-

coats which he wore till he came to the hospital, he has a knickerbocker suit. "Look at me," he said; "do you see my knickerbockers? I'm agoin' to send home for my hat and feathers." He was much excited at Christmas, and said he smelt sausages cooking, a week beforehand.

People say a children's hospital is a sad sight. I do not think so, when patients are treated as they are here. It seems to me rather a deep cause for joy that here at least is an oasis always fresh and green in the desert of suffering misery which those who know ever so little of their needy brothers and sisters in huge London and elsewhere, know to be the doom of disease in a poverty-stricken home. If the children must die, they die here happily, and surrounded with every alleviation to pain and languor.

But I could cite many instances of recovery in patients pronounced incurable when they were admitted, and if all the cots of this hospital could be permanently endowed, far more good could be done to the suffering children of the poor.

But besides the question of income, the hospital sorely needs funds for building purposes. The two quaint old houses that contain it have the fault of that want of modern conveniences and appliances natural to houses of their period. It is really wonderful to see how good management has contrived so far, without what seem in the present day necessary adjuncts; and although there is ample space to build such necessary additions behind the house, there is not space within the building, as it stands, for the wants of its inhabitants. There is also a great need of help to establish a Convalescent Home in purer air for patients sufficiently recovered to go there. If such a Home could be provided on a permanent scale, it would greatly increase the use of this hospital, for the children who recover have been rescued from such dire disease, they

have been used to such perfect nursing and tender treatment, that, when they are well enough to leave the hospital, they resemble hothouse flowers, and require some intermediate shelter before they are sent to their homes, or to any industrial institution. It is a touching proof of the value of the institution, to see how unwilling the children are to go away; "Baby Dumpling" could only be comforted by the hope that some day she should come back to her kind friends. She had to be labelled like a parcel when she went home lest her mother should fail to recognise in the plump, bright-faced little creature returned to her, the miserable, half-blind, repulsive-

looking child who left her two years ago.

When I see how liberally outside appeals for money for charitable purposes are answered, I feel sure that it is only necessary to ask for help in this cause, and that this little English refuge which has more than fulfilled its promise in giving back to happy, healthy life so many who seemed doomed to an early grave, will get the permanent support it needs to enable it in all essentials to carry on its work.

Communications should be addressed to the Secretary, 46, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

II.—OUR CONVALESCENT GUESTS.

"Who are those people one sees about now who look as if they had come out of hospital? I don't think they belong to the place." This question was several times put and answered during last summer, in a village which may pass muster here as Micklehead. Sometimes one would see a couple of pale-faced men strolling up towards the down, or a man with a crutch hobbling towards the "Sullen Mole" to bathe the limb which was slowly recovering after breakage; or a child would stop to cough and recover from excessive delight in unwonted daisies; or a pony-carriage, lent by a lady for the purpose, would climb the upward road and display the glorious view before a couple of old dames, whose eyes were used to no larger prospect than the back streets of Stepney or Lambeth. These

were some of our guests. Their total number was but small compared with those entertained elsewhere, but the experiment at Micklehead deserves a special record, because it is believed to be the only instance where men, women, and children have all been received. The intention of this paper is to show who our guests were, how they came to us, and how easily what was done here might be done in scores, if not hundreds, of villages.

But first it is needful to explain the nature of the whole experiment, of which ours formed only a small and comparatively insignificant part. Most people know of the existence of convalescent homes, where the sick poor of London and other large towns recover strength after illness. The establishments at Walton, Eastbourne, Ventnor, and many others, some for

special classes of patients, others for all in the convalescent stage except contagious cases, persons liable to epileptic fits, and the like. But many do not know how far the supply of these excellent institutions was from meeting the demand. The C. O. S.—let us be permitted to substitute the initials for the cumbersome title of the Charity Organization Society—the C. O. S. had long been aware not only of the deficiency, but of the want of organization which hampered the usefulness of such accommodation as this was. From October to May most convalescent homes had a scanty supply of visitors, so scanty as scarcely to justify the necessary expenses of house and staff. But with Whitsuntide all was changed. “Then longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,” and the longing which is natural to those in high health,—“So pricketh hem nature in hir corages,”—becomes a question often of life or death to those who are recovering from sickness. When the doctor has so far triumphed and active illness has given way, the idea of going back to, or remaining in, the dingy bedroom in the hot, unsavoury court, is almost intolerable. To stay there means almost certainly the return of disease, while a few weeks in the country will complete the cure. In the summer, therefore, the convalescent homes are over crowded, and the supply of accommodation, which was excessive some months earlier, falls miserably short. Neither were there any sufficient arrangements for bringing the benefit to those in want of it. The hospitals arranged for the convalescent treatment of their in-patients, but the out-patients and others had to shift for themselves, or depend upon benevolent persons whose information was often none of the best. An applicant to a district committee, who wished to be sent to a convalescent home, had to wait while the necessary letter was sought and perhaps advertised for, and too often the search ended in failure, or only

succeeded after delay had done irreparable mischief.

True to its primary duty of organizing charitable relief the C. O. S. undertook, in the beginning of last year, to supply the want. On the one hand the convalescent homes were visited by a gentleman sent especially for the purpose; and a league was formed with them by which the C. O. S. undertook to keep them better supplied with patients in the winter, and to enable them to accommodate, within or without their walls, all suitable cases in the summer. On the other hand the C. O. S. went to the hospitals, and offered to provide convalescent treatment for all suitable cases sent by them. Instructions were sent to the district committees urging them to investigate all applications for convalescent treatment, and assuring them that funds should not be wanting. It was a bold undertaking, and if it had altogether “come off” last summer it is doubtful whether it would not have overtaxed even the strength of the C. O. S. No one knew quite what to expect. Had the hospitals fully availed themselves of the offer, had all the committees entered into the scheme with their full strength, many more invalids would have been sent into the country, but the sudden strain upon the resources of the Society would have been very great. Last summer this anticipation was not fully realised. Most people, even the hospital authorities, seem not to have understood the proposal. District committees are apt to suffer from the *morbus aestivalis*; some of them have been in the habit of assuming that there is little or nothing to do in the summer. Where people like Lady Brabazon and her allies, or the Rev. S. A. Barnett, were at work the convalescent scheme flourished. In one district, where the committee had vanished for the summer holiday, the wife of a clergyman did most of the convalescent work. In Newington the energy of a lady member of the

committee sent to the country a constant and plentiful stream of cases. Lambeth, Stepney, South St. Pancras, and many other committees worked hard and well, but on the whole the task was found much less heavy than was expected. Next summer, when charitable workers are more alive to the great and generous offer of the C. O. S., a very different state of things may be expected, for which we can only hope that the funds and machinery of the Society will be fully prepared.

But as no one knew when the crush might come, it was determined in Micklehead to do such small things as Micklehead might towards lightening the task of the C. O. S. The Society had undertaken to find accommodation for all eligible comers, and if these came in increased numbers nothing was more certain than that there would be no room for them in existing homes. We had no convalescent home, nor have we now, but a small local committee was formed to board out convalescent patients. It was but little that could be done; we could deal with but a handful compared with those boarded out by Lady Brabazon and others elsewhere. But every little helps, and this is what was done.

The local committee undertook to board a few convalescents sent to Micklehead by the London C. O. committees, with such respectable cottagers as were willing to receive them. The rate of payment was fixed at 10s. a week for an adult, man or woman, and less for a child according to age. As this was a first trial no general appeal was made to the inhabitants. The C. O. S. bore most of the cost, and the vicar, who from the first entered most cordially into the scheme, pledged the funds at his disposal to one-fifth of the expense of a limited number of patients. All, therefore, that remained for the local committee to do was to receive and answer applications from their London correspondents, to

arrange with the cottager hosts, and to look after the comfort of the guests. We began in July, and up to the close of January had received twenty-five, for longer or shorter periods. This taken alone would be a narrow experience from which to recommend the boarding out experiment, but our results are amply confirmed by others who have dealt with larger numbers. It is hoped that we in Micklehead may extend our operations next summer, and that other villages and country places may take up the work.

One advantage of the boarding out plan is that some cases can thus be dealt with that would not be received in ordinary convalescent homes. For example:—A member of a C. O. committee while visiting a London hospital was asked by the chaplain if anything could be done for an elderly woman suffering from bad legs. She had received as much benefit as the hospital could give her, but was far from cured; and if she went back to the one stuffy little room which she shared with her old sister would very soon be as bad as ever. It was not thought that any convalescent home would receive her, and the hospital authorities were even thinking of sending her to the workhouse infirmary. But the C. O. committee provided for her at Micklehead, where she remained for many weeks, and was so far set up that she was seen well able to walk and in fair health some four months later. In another instance a committee were at their wits' end to know what to do with a cook, whom bad legs had thrown out of employment, and whom no hospital would receive. She, too, was boarded out with us until she was well enough to go to a place. A very respectable young woman who came to another committee in a sad condition might perhaps have been equally well sent to a home, but we could take her more promptly. She was friendless, and illness had eaten up her savings. Our fresh air restored her

strength, and a lady in this village found a situation for her.

The men might, most of them, have gone to a convalescent home, but they almost all, it is believed, preferred the boarding out plan. We had some difficulties to contend with, but not many. One man could not agree with his hosts, and had to be sent back; another was returned before his time, to our great regret, for a different reason. He had come from a home of great poverty, but was a very decent old man, apparently clean. But presently his hostess came in great horror to the committee, with the dire intelligence that his shirt was all—well, “a rhyme modern etiquette never allows ye,” as Ingoldsby turns it. No care on the part of those who send down cases can prevent such catastrophes, if the very poor are sent, who cannot be trusted to wash and change their under garments. Yet such accidents, if repeated, would be absolutely fatal to the boarding out experiment, since only the best and cleanest cottagers are selected as hosts, who will not put up with the importation in question. The poorest class of cases, therefore, should not be boarded out, but sent to homes where baths and other appliances are at hand. We had eleven men and a lad, and on the whole with very satisfactory results. Most of them struck up a great friendship with their hosts, and corresponded with them afterwards; one of them describing our village as “a perfect Arcadia;” another, a single man, liked the place so well that, when his time was up, he elected to stop on his own account. He was a house decorator by trade, found work here, and paid for the lodgings which we had procured for him when he was a convalescent. There he still is, and there he, being a judge of good quarters, seems likely to remain. It seems, however, that we made a mistake in paying the same for men and women. The men as a rule eat more, and give more trouble than a woman, and are not use-

ful in small domestic ways. She, for example, will make her own bed, and tidy up her room, all which falls upon the hostess in the case of a male guest. Probably if 10s. be paid for boarding a woman at least 12s. would be fairly required for a man; and this is understood to be also the opinion of a lady who has had much experience. But hitherto no systematic arrangements have been made for boarding out men; our small experience will, it is hoped, encourage the extension of the plan to them as well as to women and children.

We have usually insisted that convalescent patients sent to us to be boarded out should first pass through the inquiries of a C. O. committee, and probably we shall in future be rather more than less strict on this point. Some persons wish that the rule of investigation should be relaxed if not abandoned in convalescent cases, but to this the present writer at least is wholly unable to assent. It would be quite impossible to get respectable cottagers to receive such guests unless they can be assured that their character and cleanliness can be certified; and, speaking generally, we cannot be assured of this unless the applicant come from a C. O. committee. Some relaxation of investigation as to thrift may be allowed, but honesty, sobriety, and the like must be carefully ascertained. Besides, on more general grounds, it is essential that the circumstances of applicants should be discovered, since they or their friends ought to be made to pay what fair proportion of their cost—at least equivalent to their keep at home—should fall upon them. All this could be found out with no hurt to any but the most unreasonably sensitive feelings.

In many committees the honorary-secretary, or a member of the committee could himself undertake the investigation of a sensitive case. If there be committees who do not know how to conduct delicately a delicate

investigation so much the worse for those committees, and for the society of which they are parts. If this be anywhere the case there is doubtless reason for complaint, and, it may be added, for reform. But so far as we know, and on the whole, the investigation of the C. O. S. is incomparably the best to be had, and no boarding out system can afford to dispense with it.

There is much more to be said, but not here or now. The object of this short paper is to show what may be done, quite easily, with very little trouble, and with excellent results. In how many villages near London or other large towns are there ladies and gentlemen with nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in, and considerable charitable funds spent every year in ways of more than doubtful expediency? Here is an occupation than which none is more interesting, a charity than which none is purer. We may hesitate long about some forms of charity, or so-called charity,

and doubt whether the harm they certainly do must not be greater than any benefit they can possibly bestow; but to supply the needed interval between the sick bed and the workshop, the fresh air that brings back a healthy colour, the change which saves the over-worked from collapse—this is not doubtful charity, it is pure well-doing with no suspicion of a drawback. And those who will do—on a wider scale and better, let us hope—what we did last summer at Micklehead, will find their reward in a well-filled life in place of an empty one, in better acquaintance with their own cottagers, and in the knowledge that many a father is now supporting his family who but for them would have remained a burden, many a woman is bright and busy who would have dragged on a dreary, helpless life, many a child rosy cheeked who would perhaps have been in its little grave by this time, but for the care of the friendly cottager hosts in the country.

M. W. MOGGBRIDGE.

A DISTANT SHORE—RODRIGUES.

IN this, the winter season, the evenings, and even the afternoons, are deliciously fresh and cool in Mauritius, and no one could desire a more enchanting twilight hour than that of Saturday, June 25, 1881. We were standing on the deck of H.M.S. *Euryalus*, the splendid flag-ship of the East India Station, watching the crowded quays of Port Louis, its dingy high-peaked houses scarcely showing behind the wharves, and the deep blue and purple mountains which rose beyond them all, slipping slowly away from us. It was we who appeared to be steadfastly set and lying motionless on the quiet waters of the harbour, but in reality the great ship had gently swung round and was gliding out to sea, dwarfing everything she passed to the size of a yacht as she calmly threaded her way among the crowd of vessels from all parts of the world.

The smoke from her big guns had hardly melted away, and still hung in fantastic wreaths here and there, for the Lieutenant-Governor of Mauritius had just come on board, and been received with those honours and ceremonies which never seem so pretty and appropriate as on the deck of a fine man-of-war. The trim sailors—their fresh complexions and sturdy frames contrasting sharply with the sallow faces and spare figures we are accustomed to see—the gleam of scarlet and steel from the smart Marines drawn up as a guard of honour on the spacious quarter-deck—the groups of courteous officers in full naval uniform dotted here and there—the music of the “God save” (as our French fellow-colonists call the National Anthem) from the band—all had gone to make up a picturesque and cordial welcome.

We were bound for Rodrigues, a

tiny dependency of our own fair isle, lying about 350 miles to the north-east. For some time past the condition of this little “outlying farm” had given the Government of Mauritius many twinges of anxiety, owing to the reports of constantly recurring famines, and of seasons of distress among its inhabitants. Officials had been despatched thither from time to time to seek out the causes of such a state of things, and had duly reported on what they saw and heard. It was all melancholy enough, and hardly to be patched up by sending a ship-load of rice to the poor little fishing village on the coast when the accounts became worse than usual, which had been the only form of remedy hitherto possible. But F—— felt that nothing could be really undertaken for the benefit of this poor “distressful” little islet in the middle of the Indian Ocean until he himself should have visited it and found out the why and wherefore of its troubles, arising from the failure of its crops, the sudden scantiness of its fisheries, and so forth.

The trip had therefore long been determined upon; but as there is no communication between Mauritius and Rodrigues for more than half the year, and that communication is limited to a small—a very small—schooner of less than 100 tons, the difficulty lay in carrying out the determination. The home authorities, both in Downing Street and Whitehall, had expressed their approbation of the proposed visit, and had given every facility for its accomplishment, requesting the Admiral of the East India Station to despatch one of the smaller men-of-war under his command to Mauritius to convey the Lieutenant-Governor and his party to Rodrigues. The voyage would need to be made

during the winter months, when there would be no risk of hurricane weather. We were therefore expecting the arrival, sometime perhaps in September, of a man-of-war to take us across, when the unexpected advent of the *Euryalus* showed that the Admiral was determined to carry out the suggestions from home in the widest and most cordial spirit. A diplomatic mission to Madagascar, entailing a visit to the capital, was made to fit in with this projected trip to Rodrigues; so it had come to pass that the *Euryalus* had left her Admiral starting, a week before, for Antananarivo in *chaises à porteurs*, and had come down here to carry us comfortably and swiftly on this errand of investigation.

In spite of our national love of grumbling—a characteristic which thrives and brings forth fruit abundantly in the colonies—England is not such a bad stepmother to her colonial children after all. No sooner had the evil case of this little speck of a dependency—smaller than many a Scotch sheep farm—been brought before the authorities in Downing Street—no sooner had the earnest entreaty of the able and kind-hearted magistrate who rules Rodrigues, for help of a more substantial and lasting kind, been forwarded to the Colonial Office, without an hour's delay, by the Mauritius Government, than it made every effort, and gave every facility, for a thorough investigation of grievances which must have seemed minute indeed compared to the clamorous cries for aid and advice arising every day from all points of the compass. Whatever we may say to the contrary, no sooner does a real demand for help or assistance reach what we delight to call the "dull, cold official ear," than prompt is the action taken, especially when it is a question of hardship or oppression, and speedy the relief rendered. The feeble cry which had gone up from distant Rodrigues, barely three months before, had been met and answered with all possible speed, and in consequence we stood, a little

group of five landsfolk, on the poop of the stately *Euryalus* that halcyon afternoon, turning our faces seaward to meet the freshening wind.

One of the most pressing needs of the little island had been the visit of a clergyman of the English Church, to baptise the few Protestant children within its shores, and it had not taken our excellent Bishop an hour to decide on accepting an invitation to accompany the party.

As I have said, it was an absolutely perfect afternoon on shore as to colour and balmy beauty, and it had besides that touch of crisp sharpness in its evening hour so dear to the hearts of all tropic-dwellers. But as we left our lovely island-coast behind us and looked out to sea, some anxiety began to arise in our minds as to what that bright expanse of tumbling water—blue with the wonderful blueness of a turquoise sky reflected in its own sapphire depths—might have to say to us. I flatter myself that I am the last person to tell tales out of school, so I shall briefly state that, to me, its advice was speedily and emphatically given, to go below to my airy and comfortable cabin, and there remain in silence and solitude until such time as we got under the lee of Rodrigues, nearly three days later. During this period of penitential retirement, my one gleam of pleasure arose from the bulletins brought to me every now and then by the young lady of the party, touching the prostrate condition of the others. I took a positively fiendish joy in hearing of the heterogeneous remedies they had asked for, and of the tragic consequences of taking an orange and a cup of tea—side by side, so to speak—early in the morning. I could not look at anything except iced soda-water; so I revelled, if so feeble a sensation of mirth could be called revelling, in the idea of what woe must surely follow in the wake of repeated tumblers of weak, warm, and well-sugared brandy-and-water.

Fortunately one's mental emotions

are as pale and vapid as one's physical sensations during such awful days as I passed below, therefore I am not ashamed to confess that next to these gleams of fiendish joy came a sensation of peevish and spiteful wrath at this said young person's buoyant and beaming demeanour. She had but one rival in the proud distinction of keeping well among our eight selves (for the three servants were helplessly ill from first to last), and she vowed that no ballroom compliment ever sounded so sweet in her ears as the chuckling criticism of one of the blue-jackets, who declared that "the little 'un wor the best sailor o' the lot." I hope he included the whole ship's company, or else the sweet flattery must have lost half its honeyed point. It was horribly tantalising as I lay, silent and supine, "knowing no joy but calm," to listen to her ecstatic descriptions of the delightfulness of everything; how cool and fresh was the strong headwind, how blue and beautiful the big waves of this glorious Indian Ocean, how full of thoughtful care and courtesy our kindest of kind hosts, how screens from sun and wind rose up as if by magic whenever they were needed, how hungry she felt, how good everything tasted—in short, how perfect was the system of petting and spoiling and making comfortable which started into existence the moment we two ladies stepped on board.

The strong south-east trade wind, dead a-head, and the rough tumbling sea, lasted until the early morning of Tuesday the 28th of June, when Rodrigues was sighted, and we had threaded our way through the outer girdle of reefs and dropped anchor a mile or so from the shore before the water could be fairly called smooth. The hills of the little island looked green and peaceful beneath the lights and shadows, the swiftly changing sunshine and the scudding showerets of that April-like day. Still smaller islets dotted the shallow water to the south-west between us and the strip

of glistening beach, and the blue path of deep water to the little landing stage of Port Mathurin could plainly be made out as it twisted and twined among the dark-hued patches of shoal water and the white curling curves of foam which marked where the coral growth had pushed itself up to the surface. With no other land near to dwarf her proportions and to take away from the height of her softly rounded hills, Rodrigues stands out well between the blue brilliances of sky and sea. The little island is but a dozen miles long by five miles broad, but possesses much valuable land. The grazing ground, though the grass is coarse, is specially good along the beach, and gives ample pasturage for over 5,000 head of cattle. When one considers that there is besides a good deal of rough, jungle-grown country, farther back, where deer, guinea-fowl, and partridges abound, the feed must be good to maintain so many cattle in fair condition. The green hills rise to the respectable height of some 300 feet in the centre, and run down in deeply cleft slopes to the very edge of the sea. Although every little dell holds its thread of running water, no river or cascades break the sea view, and we felt almost indignant when we discovered that a fine waterfall apparently tumbling over a bold face of rock half-way up a hill-side, was nothing more nor less than a bucket of whitewash emptied over the cliff, and intended as a guide to vessels entering the roadstead.

Almost the instant the anchor had touched the ground beneath our keel the royal standard was hoisted at the main, and dozens of gay and fluttering flags and pennants flew out from stem to stern, it being the anniversary of the Queen's accession. A little later, at noon, a royal salute boomed out from our big guns, to the great joy and delight of the island folk on shore, who took it all as part of a glorious *jour de fête*. Nothing seemed to bring home to one the utter loneliness, the uneventful mo-

notony of life at Rodrigues, so much as the flutter of delighted excitement into which the arrival of the flag-ship seemed to have thrown every one in the island, to judge by the hurrying to and fro, the launching of boats and canoes, the stir and movement in the village, which could plainly be made out through our glasses.

So far as their "simple annals" tell, only two English men-of-war have visited these waters since 1813, when the whole British squadron rendezvoused at Port Mathurin, the principal village of Rodrigues, bringing down the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors after the capture of Bourbon and Mauritius. So high stood the reputation of the island in those days, that the English troops employed in both those actions were sent to Rodrigues and encamped there for some time with the best results in point of health. But during the last sixty-five years the island has only been visited by H.M.S. *Conway*, in 1845, and by H.M.S. *Shearwater* for surveying purposes, in 1874. Such a stately ship as the big *Euryalus* was indeed a novelty to the islanders, and from the pilot—a very important personage in Rodrigues—down to the two mild *condamnés* or prisoners, who represented the evil doers of the village, every one gave themselves up to the task of welcoming the new arrivals.

The magistrate's smart boat was alongside almost directly, and we had the pleasure of welcoming in him an old friend of former Mauritius days. The first point to be discussed was the official landing, which was finally fixed for three o'clock that afternoon. Of course, as happens in more civilised parts of the world, a mischievous zephyr at once stole out to play, and selected the tiny pier at Port Mathurin as a base of operations. Palm branches were whisked away, gay bannerets, meant to float out into space, were tightly twisted round their own poles, triumphal arches swayed hither and thither, and the Reception Committee was

driven nearly frantic by the wayward breeze, which every now and then died away to let a heavy shower fall. Still there is a limit even to meteorological malice, and the sun shone gaily out as the Admiral's barge touched the neat little jetty, soon after 3 P.M.

The scene looked bright and pretty to a wonderful degree, and it was hard to believe that such a weary silent waste of waters lay between Rodrigues and the nearest centre of civilisation. Every effort had been made by all—and one must remember the mass of the people are very poor indeed—to do honour to their Queen in the person of her representative, and the thought of how difficult it must have been to procure materials and arrange details, gave a significance to red cloth and mottoes of welcome which might easily be missed from more magnificent receptions. Here the welcome was at least genuine, and more delighted faces, just touched with a look of childish awe, the sun never shone on, than those which formed the background of the little official group round our cordial hosts of Rodrigues. Everything had been fitly arranged to do honour to the day and the occasion; and the band from the *Euryalus*, and the guard of honour of Marines ran each other hard for the first place in the islanders' good graces. Each were heard and beheld for the first time, and each attracted a crowd of admiring devotees. *Ces messieurs avec les trompettes* were indeed popular, but, on the other hand, the simple fisher folk gazed with all their eyes at the motionless red line, and their comments in wonderful *patois* made quite a buzz in the air. There was actually an address, and a very good address too, and it had to be replied to, so I had plenty of time to look at the smiling faces around. So clean and neat as they all appeared; the simple draperies of the women brightened by a gay handkerchief worn over the head, and all seemed decently and comfortably clothed. Of course I glanced at the children first, because

my mind was full of the stories of distress and hunger I had heard; but evidently the *mauvais saison* had passed and gone, for all the little people looked as fat as dumplings, and as glossy as so many purple plums! They did not seem a bit shy, and I observed the same gentle courtesy of manner in the people standing around, which is the characteristic of the French creole everywhere.

After a wonderful amount of hand-shaking and bowing, the official part of the reception is considered over, and we all stroll towards the magistrate's pretty house standing in its neatly-kept garden, shaded by filaos, a tree which looks very like a young larch. The gentlemen of course break up into knots, some to inquire about the prospects of getting up a *chasse*, some to arrange about our excursion to "the mountain," as the high land in the interior is called; but F—— and the magistrate at once plunge into details of business and walk off to the office of the latter, and are no more seen or heard of until it is time to return to our beautiful sea-home. I may as well mention here that the state of the tide and the depth of the water ruled and governed all our actions and movements during our stay at Rodrigues! Did the ever-hospitable magistrate press us to stay and dine? "You'll never be able to get back on board to-night if you do!" would come from some Cassandra-like voice. Was it a question of going on shore in the morning? "Pray be ready by 8.30 at latest, as there is no water after 9 A.M.," and so forth. At low water an ordinary ship's boat cannot get nearer than 400 or 500 yards, and one has to transship into a "dug-out" or "pirogue" or some other frail and unseaworthy craft, and finish the rest of the voyage standing on a big palm leaf at the bottom of a very leaky canoe. At the best of times the serpentine passage needs careful steering, and there are stakes fastened in many of the worst places to lessen the risk.

However, on this special afternoon, the tide accommodated itself to our wish of remaining on shore until dusk, and we ladies had a delightful tea in the pretty, fern-hung verandah of the magistrate's house, where his pleasant wife made us more than welcome. For my part I enjoyed, more than anything else, a game of play with her pretty fair-haired children, who seemed to lead exactly the ideal life of one's own childhood. There was a strong flavour of the *Swiss Family Robinson* about their play-place up a big tree, approached by a sort of ladder draw-bridge, and a *souppçon* of our beloved *Robinson Crusoe* in another play-room made out of an old boat half buried in the sand, beneath some wide-spreading branches. Then the playthings were so delightful and so superior to anything ever bought out of a shop. Wee tortoises who seemed phlegmatic, and not to mind a good deal of interference with the liberty of the subject; a bigger tortoise, apparently used as a pony, and ridden on by each laughing mite in turn; sweet little baby kids (a present from some mountaineer); parroquets, and lots of chickens and ducklings who were all being brought up, very literally, by hand.

Dusk and the falling tide came all too soon, and we had to fish F—— out of the office where he was quite happy, buried in papers, and take him back on board the *Euryalus* to a delightful tranquil evening, seated, after dinner, on deck, listening to the band, and hoping its strains could reach the shore and gladden the ears of the landsfolk. A lamp burns all night in the magistrate's office in true patriarchal fashion, and a policeman sits there; and, well content with this primitive provision for their safety and succour, the dwellers in the sixty houses forming Port Mathurin put out their candles and go to bed apparently about 8 o'clock. By 9 P.M. this solitary lamp was the only speck of light on shore, but the brilliant starlight showed us the sleeping island almost as plainly as in the day. It was quite

cold after sunset, and we needed to be well wrapped up on deck, although the southern cross hung above our heads, and we were supposed to be in tropic latitudes.

Next morning we were up and on shore betimes, but F—— was not to be torn away from the magistrate's office all day, and there were heaps of people to see him and talk about island affairs. We ladies strolled about under the guidance of the magistrate's wife, Mrs. O'H——, and paid visits to the school house and hospital (which by the way was shut up for lack of patients), and made acquaintance with the principal people of the village. The houses looked neat and comfortable, and were sufficiently furnished, but I was disappointed not to see more attempts at a garden anywhere. My eyes are so used to seeing flowers and foliage plants round every little house in Mauritius, that I quite miss here the refined look they give, and their absence is not due to any disadvantage of soil or climate. Alas! the constant cry and complaint is of the laziness of the people; their supineness, their shiftlessness. They are said to be good tempered and docile and gentle in the highest degree, but Mrs. O'H—— finds it fearfully difficult to implant the least spark of energy or tidiness, or love of home decoration in the breasts of the women. They are so folded away from everything and everybody, their life is so idyllic in its ease and repose, their wants so few and so easily satisfied, that they never look beyond the evening of the existing day, and carry their *laissez-aller* to an exasperating point.

However, it is no question of *laissez-aller* or of indolence to-day. Every one is bustling about, and the day, although supposed to be an "off" one as far as sight-seeing went, and devoted by F—— and the magistrate to the hardest possible office work, passed pleasantly and quickly. It is midwinter here, and consequently the weather is rather showery and unsettled — constant squalls coming

swiftly and darkly up over the lovely bay, and driving us all under shelter for a bit. But the climate is enchanting; deliciously cool, with that peculiar champagne-y feel of mountain air. Sickness is almost unknown, and the health statistics would make the Registrar-General dissatisfied with all his other returns. In this respect Rodrigues has the advantage over her elder and more grown up sister. (Rodrigues may fairly be considered "not out" yet!) The climate of Mauritius, for more than half the year, is delicious, and it is astonishing to find how low, in the upper parts of the island, is the temperature all the year round. Even in summer the thermometer seldom marks more than eighty-one, and the heat only becomes oppressive for an hour or two at the close of a long sultry afternoon. Except when a hurricane is brewing, the nights are always cool, and anything more enchanting than the evening verandah-life of Mauritius cannot be imagined. But it is too cold to sit in the verandah after dinner between May and October, and one is glad of a fire generally after dinner. So much for the over-abused climate of dear pretty Mauritius, which is only disagreeable in Port Louis. The causes for the unhealthiness of nearly the whole island must be sought elsewhere, but one has good hope of their being recognised and remedied. At present we are enjoying airs of Paradise blowing softly over the green hills of Rodrigues, and we say fondly and regretfully to each other, "What a pity Mauritius is not as healthy as this."

I forget at what hour the tyrant tide hurried us on board that night. All I recollect is that it got us out of bed very early on the following morning, Thursday, for we wanted to start betimes for "the mountain." We left the *Euryalus* soon after eight, taking with us both her captain and commander who had been invited by the good abbés to join our expedition; and it would be hard to find a merrier party than set forth, an hour later, from the

magistrate's house. The weather was perfect then and all day long, not a squall or drop of rain, only a fresh-feeling light breeze and grateful intervals of cloudy skies. It had, however, been very rough during the night. The procession seemed endless, and every one in it was laughing! We two ladies were carefully placed in chairs with long bamboos lashed to their arms, and, except for the moment of being hoisted up or lowered down, when everything in earth and sky appeared insecure and fleeting, in these improvised *chaises à porteurs* we were borne swiftly and steadily along. The track wound up and along the mountain sides for over five miles, and until we reached the latter part, called the "Magistrate's road," it was pretty rough walking for the gentlemen. Here and there we came upon a sort of steep staircase of slippery stones, over all of which our stalwart porters carried us without stumble or slide. At each turn of the zig-zag path we were fain to beg for a moment to turn round and look at the pretty scene below. A deep and wooded ravine divided us from the village nestled among its trees and palms; a few out-lying huts—*cases* they are called—each the centre of a garden ground, made a picturesque fringe to the neat borders of the little town. Large patches of rank grass, vividly green, however, stretched down almost to the water's edge, and it was but a very narrow strip of shining beach which the long heaving blue wash of water seemed to touch so gently. Beyond lay a dazzling expanse of sea and sky all golden and glowing, with changing tints under passing cloud shadows. The tan sail of a canoe, or whiter sheet of a fishing boat, glanced hither and thither, flitting about to catch the light breeze, but dwarfed into toydom whenever they come near the great war ship lying motionless in the offing.

* We had plenty of time, and no one was in a hurry. All the gentlemen walked, and many halts were called,

if not always to admire the view, then to gather the sweet limes and oranges which grew in uncultivated profusion around. I was not hot and thirsty, so I found them rather sour, but the walkers declared them to be excellent. A little pruning and grafting would soon turn all this wealth of useless fruit into a marketable commodity; as it is, it grows at its own sweet will, and is good for very little. We have neither oranges nor lemons in Mauritius, and there would be a ready sale for good ones. The principal tree we saw on our road was the *Latania* palm, which is the chief material used by the islanders for their dwellings. A house built of its trunk split into pallisades for walls, with only the principal supports made of wreck timber, gathered from the shore, and thatched with leaves from the same tree, all being bound together by a strong cord twisted out of the fibre, will last at least seven years, and be clean and weather-tight all that time. Then there are *Vacaas* palms, familiar to us in Mauritius, and used for making sugar bags and baskets, and all sorts of handy things, and the *Palmiste*, which doubtless has its uses, but is chiefly valued for the exquisite salad folded away within its green heart. I saw, and stopped to pick, many a lovely wild flower, and my lap was soon filled with trails of a blue ground creeper, of a pink and white clematis, besides boughs of fragrant orange and lime blossom.

At last a turn of the road, which had now become worthy of the name, having been made during the last famine to give employment to those seeking government relief, brought us in sight of the hamlet of Gabrielle, the highest inhabited part of the island. The clusters of palm-built houses with their "provision grounds" were built in the dips in the hill-side as though seeking shelter from the fierce hurricanes which sweep across this dot of an island in the summer season; but we left the *cases* behind, and held straight on for the chapel on

the top of the hill, with the priests' house just beneath, to which we were invited to breakfast. A few yards from our halting place the road had been spanned by an arch of palm-leaves, and made gay with flowers, and beneath this arch stood our kind hosts, Abbés Steraenon and Lainé, with all their people behind them. Such a crowd, and all smiling and delighted and welcoming. The chairs were put down, and we ladies got out and joined F—— and the gentlemen, who were already listening to a pretty little address of greeting. Then came a few bars of the "God save," rather weak and uncertain, but after that the whole mass of mountaineers, still led by their priests and the sacristan, burst into a hymn of welcome of their own. It was indeed thrilling, the *verve* with which they sang, the volume of voices, the lovely scene all around, the simple pastoral aspect of the people, and the lusty heartiness with which they shouted the refrain, "*et viva, et viva.*" Although the road was densely lined on each side, barely leaving room to pass, the crowd overflowed up the hill and down the hill, and stretched up to the very door of the good priests' modest dwelling. There an excellent breakfast of mountain fare awaited us, of goat and fowls and eggs and fruit. I am sure our genial hosts must have been gratified at the speedy way their hospitable board was cleared by their hungry guests, and over some absolutely perfect coffee all sorts of good wishes were exchanged. There was a little speech-making of course, but it was all very simple and practical, and then—it being still early—the real object and business of the day commenced. First of all, however, we went to see the humble little chapel, neat, and clean, and impressive in its homely simplicity, and then, under the lee of its sheltered side, for the breeze blew strongly up here, F—— called the people together to talk to them face to face, and hear what they had to say. It is all so vivid before me now, and yet it is so difficult to repro-

duce the scene in its picturesque unconventionality. The order and good behaviour of the crowd was beyond all praise. It was, as they said themselves, "*une vraie fête de famille.*" In the middle F—— stood for over a couple of hours, talking to the representative men among the mountain dwellers, the fathers of families, the old inhabitants, and so on. By his side was an interpreter chosen by themselves—an Irishman who might have walked straight out of a farce. He threw his whole soul into his translation, and caught up and repeated to the people with much emphasis and oratorical gesture all that F—— had to say in the way of inquiry or advice. On the other hand he listened carefully to the suggestions or statements—all in the broadest *patois*—of his clients, and reproduced them, with the richest brogue, to F——'s attentive ears. It is to be hoped that much good may result from this primitive parliament, where wants and wishes, causes and effects, were so fully and patiently gone into. Whilst it lasted, the crowd scattered itself to rest under the trees, well content to be represented by its leading members. H—— and I sat apart on some piled up stones and watched the pretty and patriarchal scene with great interest. Some 500 or 600 out of the odd 1400 inhabitants of the island must have been there assembled, and they all looked well fed and well clothed. Soon a bright-eyed little boy, finger in mouth, stole up nearer to look at the strange ladies, followed by another inquisitive urchin; then a laughing mother would come to capture and apologise for the runaway, but remain gladly to answer questions, until by and by nearly all the women and children in the place were gathered round us. We had to trust a good deal to signs, for the *patois* here is more unintelligible even than that of Mauritius. The great object of curiosity, next to our Christian names, was to know H——'s civil status. After five minutes of solid staring on the

part of each new comer the inquiry was 'sure to be, pointing at her, "*Ma'ame ou Ma'amzelle?*" "*Ma'amzelle,*" I would answer, for her; and this was evidently considered a great joke. Apparently "*ma'amzelles*" are scarce in Rodrigues, for certainly the merest slips of girls announced themselves to be married women. When conversation flagged, one needed only to ask their names, to revive it again. "*Moi, je suis Modeste,*" said one fat ugly woman, with a little coquettish air which was irresistible in its contrast with her negro type of countenance.

When everybody had talked themselves nearly hoarse, and the Irishman was reduced to flinging his hat on the ground to emphasise his points of argument, we began to say good-bye. It was a long business that farewell, for every one crowded round us, and shook hands heartily with each and all of our party; and then they sang their beautiful hymn again. After lots of leave-taking we all set out together, as far as our roads lasted, and I can never forget the affectionate adieux of those primitive mountain people. They crowded round F——, and thanked and blessed him for coming himself to see what their needs were; they kissed my hands with tears of gratitude, and gave me into the keeping of all their saints. For the first mile or two we all walked along together (leaving the chairs for the bad road), with the dear good Fathers by our side, and the crowd shouting and hurrahing, and crying "*au revoir.*" Then as the evening shadows drew quickly round us, and the young moon began to show clear and sharp in the saffron sky, we had to hurry our steps, and with incessant farewell waves of fluttering handkerchiefs our followers gradually struck off by the mountain paths, and we hastened down the hill again, our party enlarged by the company of the two priests, who were coming back on board the *Euryalus* to dine with the captain.

A day like that does not tire, and we all felt as fresh as possible next

morning, and quite ready for the *chasse*, which was to start from Malepasches Bay, a few miles higher up the coast, directly after breakfast. First of all we assembled at Port Mathurin, and changed into the magistrate's boat, as it drew less water, and then started afresh, followed by many other boats and canoes. We mustered a large and merry gathering, for many of the officers of the ship had been invited by the magistrate to join the party, and Mrs. O'H—— and the children came also. Our array of fire-arms and ammunition might have belonged to a relieving column, whilst the pile of hampers and cases would have carried us through a small siege. One or two of the principal fishermen had volunteered to act as pilots, so F—— took advantage of their presence to inquire into all the fishery troubles, and so get to understand them. As far as the picturesqueness of the site went, and the excellence of the luncheon, and the delightful commissariat arrangements generally, the *chasse* left nothing to wish for. But, unhappily, the small amount of game viewed made it rather a failure. Numbers of beaters had been out since daylight driving the deer; but a fine stag, and some does and hinds trotting leisurely across the smooth beach before us left-behind ladies, on their way from one hillside covert to another, were all that showed themselves; and though we constantly heard partridges and guinea-fowl calling to each other, none rewarded the *chasseurs*, who acknowledged themselves disappointed, though they seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed their scrambling walk. The reason of the shyness of the game, which is really plentiful, is not far to seek. The first lieutenant of the *Euryalus* was availing himself of our absence to have a thoroughly happy day with his big guns, and the consequence was, that this incessant thunder must have driven all the deer of Rodrigues into the backest of the back country.

Saturday, the 2nd of July, had to

be our last week-day at Rodrigues; but we certainly contrived to crowd a good deal into it. Soon after midday F—— and most of the gentlemen went on shore, having been invited to a luncheon, or rather a banquet. The little court-house was charmingly decorated with flags, and palm branches, and flowers, and within a really admirable feast was spread. You must live in Rodrigues and understand the culinary difficulties to appreciate half the trouble which must have been taken to produce so good a result. It is the old story, of course, about the cooks, for the island fare, as far as we could judge, is excellent. There are semi-wild goats, of which the flesh is delicious, delicate, and juicy; poultry also abounds, the turkeys being particularly fine. Wild guinea-fowl and partridges figured also at this feast; but what I heard most about was the praise of a certain salad *au cresson*, which was pronounced inimitable. When, in the course of my rambles round Port Mathurin, I noticed the quantity of chickens everywhere, Mrs. O'H—— said, "O yes, we have to keep them to eat the centipedes;" and as she spoke she turned over a stone with the point of her parasol, and showed me a wicked-looking, red, and many-legged creature. Before I had time for more than a glance, a chicken had also spied it, and darted forward to stab and divide it with lightning-swift pecks, and, the next moment, gobble it up. I believe these centipedes, which are very numerous, are the only malignant insects in sunny Rodrigues, except of course the inevitable mosquito. I did not hear of snakes, or any disagreeable creatures.

To return, however, to the banquet. We left-out ladies could hear, from Mrs. O'H——'s verandah, the applause which followed the speeches, and the laughter and the music of *ces messieurs avec les trompettes*, who were the centre of the admiring crowd outside the court-house. It must all have gone off exceedingly well, but

even when it had been brought to a brilliant and successful end, the labours of the Reception Committee were by no means over for the day. The wives and daughters had declared they would have a ball, and eight o'clock found us all re-assembled in what had been the banqueting hall, and was now turned into a gay, pretty little ballroom. We had a great turn of introducing first, and then dancing began, and went on merrily until the tide necessitated our leaving. This had to be rather early, as it was a squally night, and although the channel was buoyed out with lanterns, and every precaution taken, we were not allowed to run the risk of too low a tide. So we had to say good-bye to the pretty girls of Rodrigues much sooner than we wished, for it was a capital ball, and we were all enjoying ourselves immensely. The contrivances would have done honour to the most inventive genius; for instance, I said to one of our hosts, "What a pretty dressing-room you have arranged for me, and I was so glad of it after walking up from the beach." "Oh, that is the rice-store," he answered, "and your dressing-table was a barrel." I certainly never should have found it out for myself. Then I was much amused when I asked some one else if this little court-house represented all the public offices in Rodrigues, and was told, "Yes, everything is here; that young lady in blue is sitting on the Treasury!" The toilettes were wonderfully pretty, and every one looked smiling and happy.

Next day we had first a service on board, at which the Bishop officiated and preached; and, later in the day, a large christening service in the schoolroom at Port Mathurin. Here the Bishop christened many small children, to one of which I stood god-mother. My little godson of four years old behaved very well, and allowed me to present him to the Bishop, clinging with tight hold to one of my fingers all the time; but a

regular stampede or panic broke out among the rest of the children a little later. They roared, and screamed, and struggled, and protested, and nothing but our good Bishop's unfailing tact and patience could have restored order. Of course the babies were quite good; but the older children behaved in a very trying manner from sheer fright.

For once the tide was propitious next morning, and after an early breakfast we hurried on shore. The *Euryalus* was to sail at noon precisely, so we had a couple of hours for farewells, nor was it a moment too much. First of all there were adieux to be made to the upper class of Port Mathurin, the shopkeepers, &c., and all sorts of affectionate greetings and separate interviews with the dear mountain people. "Modeste" was there, with some eggs and oranges in a basket of her own plaiting; all the children were there, and the fisher-folk, and our porters; and it was long past eleven before we could get away from the garden of the magistrate's house, where all the more private greetings had been going on. Almost every one brought us presents of fruit and eggs, and we had quite a boat load at last. But the *Euryalus* is beginning to signal impatiently to recall her shore boats, and we must really make a start. Through a dense lane of hand-shaking, cheering people, we stroll slowly to the little pier for the last time, where F—— has to receive and answer one more address, and then we push off amid shouts and hurrahs which ring in our ears almost up to the big ship's side. There is a perfect flotilla of boats and canoes around her, led by the magistrate's boat; and so amid much waving and cheering

from the sailors, as well as our kind friends, the *Euryalus*, slowly at first, swiftly as a bird later, shakes out her great wings—for the wind is aft—and glides out and away to sea.

The homeward voyage was delightful, for we had all conquered our seasickness, and it seemed but a single day, instead of two and a half, when we dropped anchor again at midnight in Port Louis harbour. So ended our visit to that distant shore—a visit, which has left ineffaceable memories and regrets that communication is not easier between Mauritius and Rodrigues. A little coasting steamer would be the making of the island, which could then be cultivated to its full extent. We are getting so densely populated in Mauritius that an outlet for our numbers would be a great boon; and the climate of Rodrigues is that of Mauritius over again without its fever. Of course the great thing would be to attract modest capitalists to Rodrigues, which could easily be done if a market were within their reach. It could supply Mauritius with beef more easily than Madagascar does, and would grow sugar quite as well. With a larger white population, good schools and a church would soon grow up, and the life of the magistrate and his family would cease to be the utter exile it now is. All that energy and a great talent for organisation can do, is being done for the little place by its magistrate; and it is even collecting and sending specimens of natural products to an exhibition which is to be held in October at Port Louis. Dear, pretty little place! one can only wish it the prosperity it deserves.

M. A. BARKER.

THE STUDY OF CUSTOMS.

ONE main problem in the science of culture is simple to state, hard as it may often be to solve. How have groups or societies of people come to act according to common habits? In studying such common habits, or customs, we get rid of the peculiarities of the individual. From out of the chaos of conflicting thoughts and deeds, there shape themselves in wider outline ideas and usages which are products of society at large, results of tendencies of human nature, capable of being defined with some precision and traced to the causes which have brought them about. But this tracing of the causes of customs, though possible, and on some of its easier lines already done, is often a task of nicety and difficulty, and the more so because this nicety and difficulty have been underrated. It looks easier to reason on such familiar matters as salutations, or funeral ceremonies, or tenures of land, than to discuss subjects of mere technical science, such as the contacts of curves of the fifth order, or the atomic weight of a new metal. But in fact, when a mathematician or chemist has once gained the technical knowledge to face his problems, there is no denying that his systematic and exact methods give him far more perfect means of solving them, than the anthropologist can as yet bring to bear on the familiar puzzles of our daily life. The consequence has been that manners and customs, having to be dealt with somehow, have been much given over to imperfect speculative treatment—in plain English, to guessing. It is so easy to put ourselves in philosophic imagination in the place of others, to reckon that such and such things would have had such and such effects on their minds, and then to jump to the conclusion that we have explained some belief of old

philosophy, some maxim of barbaric etiquette. It may be that an explanation thus devised is the true one, and will stand the test of comparison with the facts; but ten to one it breaks down on trial, and goes the way of half a dozen previous interpretations, as plausible and as worthless. Even to make a theory from a suggestive fact or two, and to bring these in as illustrations, will not serve the purpose; we must do no less than frankly confess that the present methods of studying human nature are imperfect, and therefore to prevent mistakes the facts must be brought together in numbers, and criticised and compared most carefully. Now that people are becoming more alive than heretofore to the importance of understanding their own social ways and rules, the time has I think come for calling attention to the proper method of carrying on this study, and especially for raising the question whether speculative philosophy is strong enough to deal with it. It would not be of much use to discuss this in general terms, but the matter may best come forward in a tangible form. One of the latest books on the subject is Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Ceremonial Institutions*, in which, as part of a series of works setting forth the evolution of the universe, man's conduct is explained on first principles, and systematic solutions are propounded for a whole net-work of customs, social and political. The apparent ease with which the author extracts from laws of nature the reasons how and why men do all things, gives excellent opportunity for trying whether the method which thus settles everything is sound or no. My own impression is that our knowledge of the principles of human action is far from being ripe enough for thus constructing man's

rules of life from the inside, as though one were demonstrating the action of a machine from accurately-known mechanical laws; and in particular I think Mr. Spencer's method quite inadequate to the task he has put it to. That it may be estimated by its results, a few of his explanations of customs will now be given, with such facts and remarks as may be needed for judging them.

At page 174-5, having remarked on the victors in war taking the weapons of the conquered as trophies, and also wearing parts of their bodies (such as scalps) as badges, he proceeds to explain as follows the Japanese custom of wearing two swords:—

“That swords are thus transformed from trophies into badges, if not directly proved is indirectly implied. In Japan ‘the constant criterion [of rank] turns upon the wearing of swords. The higher orders wear two . . . the next in rank wear one . . . To the lower orders a sword is strictly prohibited.’ And since a practice so inconvenient as that of carrying a superfluous sword is not likely to have been adopted gratuitously; it may be inferred that the ‘two-sworded man,’ as he is called, was originally one who, in addition to his own sword, wore a sword taken from an enemy; in which case what is now a badge was once a trophy.”

This is a highly ingenious explanation, but unfortunately seems to have been devised without looking at the real weapons of the Japanese *samurai*, or consulting the books where they are described, such as Alcock's *Capital of the Tycoon*, or Wood's *Natural History of Man*. Since the two-sword man has been disestablished in Japan, his weapons are often to be seen in England, and the first glance shows that far from either being superfluous, they are two different instruments carried for different purposes. The one is a one-handed weapon like a heavy carving-knife, the other is a two-handed cutlass. Each has its proper name, use, and mode of wearing. The one-handed short sword, called *waki-zashi*, was worn across the body in front, and in fight it served for cut-and-thrust at close quarters, and for hacking off the head

of a fallen enemy. Its owner might even have to use it in performing the *hara-kiri*, holding the hilt in his left hand, while, with the right hand grasping the blade near the point, he made the fatal cuts across the abdomen which gave the signal to a swordsman behind to strike his head off. The long two-handed sabre, called *katana*, was worn with its sheath so fastened at the girdle as to stand out behind, and one startling way of using it was to unsheath it suddenly with a sweeping stroke so as to bring its point across the face of an unwary bystander several yards off. Were it not for its well-adjusted balance, the two-handed sword would be cumbrous for the small stature of the average Japanese, but their swordsmen used it with tremendous effect, lopping off a limb or head at a blow. The Japanese are curious in swords, and one finds mention of special forms, such as ceremonial court swords, and short swords or dirks worn on the right for a man to draw with the left hand when he is down; and there has been variation in the relative lengths of the two swords since the habit of wearing them came in, which appears to have been only a few centuries ago. But though I have consulted H. E. the Japanese minister, and more than one English friend who ought to know, no one has ever heard of a Japanese warrior carrying two swords of the same kind. Reading Mr. Spencer's lively fancy of the original man with one sword gaining his second sword as a trophy, one may ask whether this ideal warrior, having a two-handed sword to begin with, was careful to fall on a foe armed with a one-handed sword, or was it the little weapon-of-all-work that got the better of the cumbrous sabre, and carried it off in triumph? Or may we not rather say that the Japanese swordsman was a practical man who knew what he carried both his weapons for, better than the modern philosopher with his theory about trophies. It is true that Mr. Spencer's theory of trophies serves

a further purpose, as appears from his remark which follows, on the negro king of Uganda habitually bearing a couple of spears, "a duplication of weapons again suggestive, like the two swords, of a trophy." Here the pair of spears really are duplicate weapons, but here again we must ask why they should be suggestive of a trophy? Carrying the couple of spears was one of the frequent habits of ancient warlike life, as may be seen in the Egyptian pictures of the neighbouring nations, or on Greek vases showing the Homeric heroes sitting even at draughts with the pairs of javelins in their hands. To those who take a merely commonplace view of such things it may seem a sufficient reason for a warrior's carrying two spears, that when he has thrown one he sometimes finds it convenient to have another left. At any rate, this would be a more practical way of explaining why an archer carries a dozen arrows in his quiver, than to consider that one arrow was carried for use, while the other eleven represented trophies taken by an ancestor. If it at first seemed to any reader that this criticism of the speculative method was needlessly aggressive, they will, I think, already admit that there must be something wrong about a system which so easily finds an explanation for facts that turn out to be no facts, and discovers suggestions of ancient useless ceremony in ordinary and purposeful acts of life.

At p. 135 of the work in question will be found a new interpretation of the familiar observance of shaking hands. It is founded on the following extract from Niebuhr's *Arabia* :—

"Two Arabs of the desert meeting, shake hands more than ten times. Each kisses his own hand, and still repeats the question, 'How art thou?' In Yemen, each does as if he wished the other's hand, and draws back his own to avoid receiving the same honour. At length, to end the contest, the eldest of the two suffers the other to kiss his fingers."

[On this Mr. Spencer continues] "Have we not here, then, the origin of shaking hands? If of two persons each wishes to make an

obeisance to the other by kissing his hand, and each out of compliment refuses to have his own hand kissed, what will happen? Just as when leaving a room, each of two persons, proposing to give the other precedence, will refuse to go first, and there will result at the doorway some conflict of movements, preventing either from advancing; so, if each of two tries to kiss the other's hand, and refuses to have his own kissed, there will result a raising of the hand of each by the other towards his own lips, and by the other a drawing of it down again, and so on alternately. Though at first such an action will be irregular, yet as fast as the usage spreads, and the failure of either to kiss the other's hand becomes a recognised issue, the motions may be expected to grow regular and rhythmical. Clearly the difference between the simple squeeze, to which this salute is now often abridged, and the old-fashioned hearty shake, exceeds the difference between the hearty shake and the movement that would result from the effort of each to kiss the hand of the other. Even in the absence of this clue yielded by the Arab custom, we should be obliged to infer some such genesis. After all that has been shown, no one can suppose that hand-shaking was ever deliberately fixed upon as a complimentary observance; and if it had a natural origin in some act which, like the rest, expressed subjection, the act of kissing the hand must be assumed, as alone capable of leading to it."

Throughout the characteristic argument here quoted at length, its author does not mention the fact that the peculiar habit of hand-shaking is only one variety of a wide group of observances belonging to the gesture-language of mankind, in which the essential act consists in joining the hands, and which convey the meaning not of subjection at all, but of compact, union, peace, friendship. Our present fashion hardly appears to have been usual among the ancients, indeed to shake hands can only be expressed in Greek or Latin by a circumlocution. But other modes of joining hands were habitual in the early civilised world. Among the Aryan nations the hand-grasping (Sanskrit *pānigrahaṇa*) was the act of solemn compact, especially of marriage, like the *dextrarum junctio* of the Romans, and such it remains in modern marriages. Many expressions indicate the hands being struck together in an emphatic way, as among the Israelites: "Be not thou of them that strike

hands, of them that are sureties for debts;" or in old Teutonic law where the *handschlag*, or striking hands in promise or compact, was a solemn and binding act. When giving "the right hand of fellowship" passes into a ceremony of salutation, it takes many forms. On classic Greek funeral monuments, where the living seem to be taking a long farewell of the dead, they hold hands with a firm but gentle grasp of most pathetic meaning. Hand-shaking among ourselves may be anything from the boisterous smack and wring of the top-booted farmer on the stage, to something like the mere touch of the palms which satisfies ceremonial requirement among the Arabs. As to the meaning expressed by shaking hands, it may be seen from Shakespeare to be just what is meant by other varieties of hand-joining, as "they shook hands and swore brothers;" "let me shake thy hand, I never hated thee;" "I hold it fit that we shake hands and part." It is not necessary to write a whole treatise on shaking hands, for this is enough to prove that it belongs to ceremonies of fellowship, and must not, without cause shown, be taken from this its proper place, to be fancifully derived from the struggle of two people to perform a gesture of quite different meaning.

The question of what amount of real proof must be given in support of theories as to the origin of customs, may be well brought into view by Mr. Spencer's explanation of tatuing, p. 70-6. Put briefly, this is that whereas many peoples, as an act of mourning for the dead, scratch or cut themselves till the blood runs down, and cuts leave scars, such scars made by blood-letting to propitiate the spirits of dead chiefs become signs of subjection, and thence pass into tribe-marks. If a tatued tribe conquered a tribe not tatued, the skin-patterns might become aristocratic marks; and besides this, scars of battle-wounds being signs of prowess, would give rise to artificial scars being

made for distinction and ornament. Now the question here is not to determine whether all this is imaginable or possible, but what the evidence is of its having actually happened. The Levitical law is quoted, "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you." This Mr. Spencer takes as good evidence that the cutting of the flesh at the funeral develops into a mark of subjection. It shows us, he says, the usage in that stage at which the scar left by sacrifice of blood is still a sign partly of family subordination and partly of other subordination. But, granting that the Jews had the two practices of cutting themselves for the dead and tatuing or marking their bodies, we have next to ask for proof that these two practices had anything to do with each other. Try the point for instance among the New Zealanders, who had both the customs forbidden by the Jewish law. They were an elaborately tatued nation, and were also in the habit of tearing and gashing their bodies as a mourning ceremony, but as at present informed we have no reason to believe that either of these kinds of mutilation was derived from the other. The latter is superficial wounding done for the sake of the bloodshed, and soon healing, while in the former the bloodshed is only incidental, and the purpose that of leaving an indelible mark. Such indelible body-marks, whether they are patterns on young warriors and marriageable girls, tokens of distinction, tribe-marks, pictures of fetishes, or miscellaneous ornamental designs, are among the most universal kinds of picture-writing done by man, and most difficult to trace to their absolute origin. Still, two motives stand out from among the crowd of details, that the scars and tatu-marks are made sometimes for signs and sometimes for decorations, or for both at once. Indeed these two motives come out as plainly in modern England as anywhere else, to judge from a fact lately told me by a military

friend. When deserters used to be marked by tatuing a D on the left breast (as was done till 1871) it was a very common thing for a man thus marked to get a further device tatued on his breast, in which the D usually came in as the hilt of a sword; a significant mark thus passing into an ornament. From savagery upward, a body-mark may be made as a memorial of any kind. Thus a Tahitian might have a black spot pricked on his tongue in mourning for a friend, or a Bechuana would have lines drawn down his thigh to show how many enemies he had killed in battle. These were on the face of them record-marks, nor is there any proof that they were originally, as Mr. Spencer supposes, derived from wounds made in mourning and battle. Nor does it serve any better to bring in the stories of Scandinavian heroes on their death-beds being scratched with the spear-point to save them from the shame of the straw-death, that they might enter Walhalla. Admitting such a ceremony to have really existed, the obvious meaning of these bleeding scratches lay in their passing for real battle-wounds the dead man died of. Before reaching the end of his chapter on mutilations, Mr. Spencer's speculation how tatuing might have arisen from self-bleeding grows into a positive statement that it did so arise, and yet of cogent proof there is simply none.

The last lines of the chapter must be noticed as showing another of the pitfalls which beset the path of the explainer of customs:—

“And it is significant that in our own society, now predominantly industrial, such slight mutilations as continue are connected with that regulative part of the organisation which militancy has bequeathed: there survive only the now-meaningless tattooings of sailors, the branding of deserters, and the cropping of the heads of felons.”

As a matter of fact, what is sometimes called branding deserters was the marking or tatuing just mentioned, and even this does not survive, having been abolished years be-

fore the above passage was published. But while it lasted, it and sailors' tatuing might fairly be considered surviving remains of ancient custom. With “the cropping of the heads of felons,” however, the case is different. It is true that this was a shameful punishment inflicted on thieves under old German law—“*crinibus turpiter abscissis, virgis excoriatur.*” Thus it may also have existed in ancient England, but if so it disappeared and was forgotten long ago, and nothing has been shown to connect it with modern English law, where cropping the hair is unknown as a punishment. Nor indeed would it have the purpose it served in old times when the free-man's hair was worn long, and the cropped criminal was left at large to suffer public shame. The chief purpose of the actual haircutting in gaols is sufficiently evident, but as Mr. Spencer has propounded it as a remnant of barbaric mutilation it may be worth while to notice in what light it appeared to the philanthropic reformers of prison discipline. John Howard, in his proposed Regulations for Penitentiaries, has “towels, sinks, &c., in proper places—heads shaved—encouragements to the most cleanly;” and Fowell Buxton, describing the deplorable state of many English prisons, selects for high praise the rules of Bury Jail, where “Health is preserved and improved by the cleanliness of person, apartments, and yards. Prisoners, when they arrive, have their hair cut short, and this is so continued. They must wash well every morning,” &c., &c.

The existing law prescribes that “the hair of male criminal prisoners shall not be cut closer than may be necessary for purposes of health and cleanliness;” and to avoid the hardship to the criminal of sending him out into the world with anything to show he is just out of gaol, his hair is allowed to grow for the last weeks before his liberation. There are enough barbaric abuses needing reform among us, but this hardly seems to be one.

As a last instance of Mr. Spencer's method, a note at page 132 of his work may be quoted:—

"Tracing the natural genesis of ceremonies leads us to interpretations of what otherwise seem arbitrary differences of custom; as instance the use of white for mourning in China, and of black further west. A mourning dress must have coarseness as its essential primitive character: this is implied by the foregoing argument; and for this there is direct as well as inferential evidence. By the Romans, mourning habits were made of a cheap and coarse stuff; and the like was the case with the mourning habits of the Greeks. Now the sackcloth named in the Bible as used to signify humiliation and mourning, was made of hair, which, among pastoral peoples, was the most available material for textile fabrics; and the hair used being ordinarily dingy, the darkness of colour incidentally became the most conspicuous character of these coarse fabrics as distinguished from fabrics made of other materials, lighter and admitting of being dyed. Relative darkness coming thus to be distinctive of a mourning dress, the contrast was naturally intensified; and eventually the colour became black. Contrariwise in China. Here with a swarming agricultural population, not rearing animals to any considerable extent, textile fabrics of hair are relatively expensive; and of the textile fabrics made of silk and cotton, those of cotton must obviously be much the cheaper. Hence for mourning dresses cotton sackcloth is used; and the unbleached cotton being of a dirty white, this has, by association, established itself as the mourning colour."

What, one asks in surprise, is then the reason why so many peoples all over the habitable globe use black as the sign of death and mourning? Why is this a familiar custom among unclothed tribes, like those of South America, who on the death of a friend give up the red and blue stripes which generally ornament their bodies, and take a coat of black paint all over? Did the ancestors of these naked savages wear mourning garments of dingy hair, and were they thus led to that association of blackness with night and death which in all quarters of the world lies so deep in the symbolism of the human mind? Or is the likeness between the black mourning of the Brazilian and the Greek an accident to be passed over without notice? Next to black, white is perhaps the mourning colour oftenest

met with, and doubtless a clothes-philosophy might be devised to account for the custom of those West Australian tribes where the men blacken their faces with soot, while the women whiten theirs with pipe-clay. Fortunately we have the means of putting to a direct test the theory that Chinese white mourning was derived from wearing cotton. It is a simple question of dates. White mourning is very ancient in China, as witness the following verse from a Chinese ode translated by Professor Legge:—

"O, that I saw the mourning robe of white,
Assumed when two years from the death
are o'er,
And earnest mourner's form, to leanness
worn!
Not seeing this, my heart with grief is
sore."

This is from the Shi-King, and is considered to date as far back as the ninth century B.C. But the Chinese did not wear cotton clothing then, nor for many centuries afterwards. Plath, an excellent authority, shows that hemp and silk were well known in ancient Chinese literature, but not cotton; M. Terrien de Lacouperie confirms this, and thinks that cotton did not come into common use and cultivation in China till the middle ages, probably the tenth century.

A philosophic method, which thus easily brings an effect to pass one or two thousand years before its cause, may be considered to have fairly measured its own trustworthiness. In examining it at length, it has not been my object simply to find errors. Every student in this obscure and perplexing research knows of blunders he has made, and may suspect many more not yet found out. But the mistakes which are the accidents of the careful inquirer's work are the necessary incidents of a system where general theories of sociology are too confidently relied on for explanation of some group of human actions which would take months to examine properly, and very likely then would leave the student unable

to make up his mind, and waiting for further information. What has been said of course does not apply to all the contents of *Ceremonial Institutions*, much of which embodies ordinary and accepted opinions, while the illustrations of many old points and the working out of many new ones are valuable contributions to anthropology. It is the looseness of the method, with its too-ready explanations and want of a strict criterion between right and wrong, that vitiates the whole argument. Those who have spent years on the study of customs, in spite of the extreme difficulty of getting at trustworthy results, do not regard the labour as ill-spent. But there is fear of damaging a growing science if a treatment of it is encouraged and imitated, which may end in the investigation of men's rules of conduct being thrown into the realm of happy-go-lucky speculation. In speaking plainly about this, I shall not lay myself open to the charge of attacking an inconspicuous student, without followers to defend him and unable to take care of himself. Mr. Spencer's genius and industry, the value of his work in leading the present generation to the idea of natural development in the universe and man, his rhetorical skill, his extraordinary power of devising explanations and illustrations of the laws of nature and human conduct, are known to all. But this only strengthens what I maintain, that power of imagination and skill in building up hypothesis, though qualities highly useful to the anthropologist, are not capable of creating anthropology, which can only be made by the minute and laborious process of collecting and comparing facts, tested by close criticism and arranged by definite rules.

The foregoing examination has sufficiently brought out the critical side of the study of customs, so as to show the necessary precaution of trying whether the alleged facts are real and how they fit with other facts. It is now proposed to take up some

problems on the origin of customs, with the view of showing the sort of evidence which the student is apt to meet with, and the most convenient ways of dealing with it. None of them are examples of rigorous certainty, which indeed is a rare commodity in this branch of knowledge, but at any rate they are fair arguments leading to probabilities of different degrees. The three kinds of argument they illustrate may be called the historical method, the geographical method, and the inferential method. As an example of the historical method we will look into the ceremony still practised at a military officer's funeral, of leading the horse in the procession, as is remembered by thousands who saw it in the streets of London at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, where all said the most touching incident was that of the old groom leading the charger with the boots dangling in the stirrups.

Archæologists have long taken this ceremony as a survival from the barbaric times when the warrior's horse with its trappings, as well as his armour and weapons, were actually buried with him or burnt on his funeral pile. In my educational manual of Anthropology, published last year, I put this as a matter of course. An eminent historian, however, objecting that the explanation as a survival was carried too far, suggested that both the led horse and the sword and helmet placed on the coffin might be merely a natural expression of sentiment. It is true that I had other evidence of the sacrificial character of the act, which had not come before my friendly critic, but his remark opened my eyes to the inconclusive way in which the subject had been treated. Since then I have taken trouble to trace the custom to its source, and, though not fully successful, can now come nearer to giving the whole story than has been done before. If, in the first place, we look back to accounts of funerals of great personages two centuries ago, it is seen that the war-

horse was not the only one led. Thus in the procession of George, Earl of Kinnoul (Balfour, *Ancient Heraldic Tracts*), there went "The defunct's parliament hors, deckt with hes ordinarie footemantle, led by tuo Lackeyes, in Liueray and Mandeills," then were borne the spurs and gauntlets, and afterwards came "a horsse in doole, led by tuo lackayes in mourning," then were borne the sword, targe, crest, helmet, parliament robes, coronet, &c. The led horses appear even in the funerals of ladies, as at the interment of the Countess of Wigton (1636): "The horsse of stait, with a crimpson velvet woman's sadell, led by a lackey in the defunct's liuery," and afterwards, "a horsse in doole, led by a lackey in mourning." Looking further back into the middle ages, the led horses appear in the regular custom of the Roman Church, not going in the procession for sentimental reasons, but for the more material purpose of being given to the Church at the grave as a "mortuary" offering, apparently the "soul-shot" which in Cnut's Laws is to be offered at the open grave. Sir W. Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, discourses learnedly on these mortuaries, being led to them by one John Arden's will—"Item, I bequethe for my Mortuaries, or Cors presentè, a black Gildyng ambling, that allmighty God may the rather take my soul unto his mercy and grace." He quotes other old wills, such as that of John Marclefeld, Clerk, in 9 Hen. V., "Item, lego Equum meum vocatum le Bay aumbler, ut offeratur ante corpus meum in die sepulturæ meæ nomine Principali." The judgment of this solid old antiquary will hardly be questioned, where he derives from such mortuary horses the horses led in his time (he was Garter King at Arms in Charles II.'s reign) at the funerals of great persons, which (he says) perhaps most men suppose to have been rather as a badge of their military services. Taking this as proved, we come to the older and harder question, why the mortuary

horses given to the church should have been led in the funeral procession at all. The answer that the church-offering of the horse was itself a survival from the præ-Christian times when the horse was led to the grave and killed for its master, was stated a hundred and fifty years ago by another old-fashioned antiquary, Saint-Foix, who in his *Essais Historiques sur Paris*, describes the *cheval d'honneur* at the funeral of Charles VI. with its velvet saddle and gilt stirrups, led by two squires in black, with four grooms bearing the corners of its caparison. These, he says, much resemble the horse and servants who were killed and buried with the kings of the first race before they embraced Christianity. He goes on to show that such horses and trappings were offerings to the church where the funeral took place, mentioning especially Edward III.'s offering of many horses at the funeral service of King John of France, and the service for Bertrand Duguesclin at St. Denis, in 1389, where the four best horses from the king's stables, caparisoned in black, were ridden to the gate and presented to the bishop, who laid his hand on their heads, after which they were compounded for in money. "Il n'est pas douteux que ces cérémonies étoient de tradition. César et Tacite rapportent que les Gaulois et les Germains brûloient, ou enterroient avec le mort, ses armes et son cheval. Les Druides auroient pu sauver la vie à tant de pauvres chevaux, et les tourner à leur profit: étoient-ce les ténèbres du paganisme qui les empêchoient de voir clair à leurs intérêts?"

This transition from the heathen sacrifice of the warrior's horse to its Christian offering, though probable, is the point not quite proved. The records of the actual sacrifice in the barbaric world are plentiful, perhaps the most perfect being the Scandinavian saga of the burial of King Harald, who was slain at the battle of Bravalla; they drove the chariot with his corpse right into the burial mound, and

killed the horse there, and King Hring gave his own saddle besides, that the dead Harald might ride or drive to Walhalla as it pleased him. Such sacrifice prevailed in northern Europe up to the introduction of Christianity. Grimm cites an interesting record of the solemn promise made in 1249 by the newly-converted Prussians to their conquerors the knights of the Teutonic order, "that they and their heirs will not keep up the rites of the Gentiles in burning or burying the dead with horses or men, or with arms, or garments, or any other precious things, or in any other matters soever, but will bury their dead after the manner of Christians, in the cemeteries, and not without." On the whole, there is a good deal to countenance the opinion that the sacrifice of the horse did really pass into an ecclesiastical offering. It was quite according to the usual policy of appropriating the temples and offerings of the old religion to the new. For instance, the heathen custom was to bury part of the dead man's property with him, but afterwards, though the dead man still had his share (*la mort eût la vne partie*), this went to the Church. All this, however, is not the direct proof which may be reasonably demanded for a public and legal custom lying fairly within the history of Christendom. Perhaps this mention may bring from some historical inquirer the details required to complete the whole subject. It is plain that to derive the Duke of Wellington's funeral horse directly from King Harald's would be a faulty argument, as omitting the centuries of ecclesiastical custom lying between. But at any rate it is fairly probable that the duke's charger which went with his master's body to St. Paul's and came back to his stable, did represent the horse which six centuries before would have been offered at the church door, and six centuries yet earlier would have been slaughtered for his master's ghost to ride to the warrior's paradise.

Quitting now this problem, and
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turning to a very different subject for an illustration of the geographical method of treating customs, it may be noticed in what districts on the map of the world is found the curious habit of playing the pipe or flageolet, not with the mouth but with one nostril. In India, the little flageolet of soft and plaintive tone, known as Krishna's pipe, is so easily filled, that some blow it with their nostrils; we hear of pipes or flutes being thus played at religious festivals, but they are now mostly used by the snake-charmers. Out of India proper, the nose-flute is played in Siam, thence it may be followed into Borneo, and across to Fiji, the Society, Friendly, and Hervey groups, and down to New Zealand, while it has been even met with near Port Essington in North Australia, where it had probably been brought by Malay trading canoes from the other islands. Looking on the map at the region of which these are principal points, it is plain that we have before us a district of diffusion, such as that from which a botanist or zoologist would infer the spreading of a plant or animal from a single centre. If so, this odd habit of playing the flute with one's nostril may fairly be traced to the place where it has a meaning and purpose, a *raison d'être*. It is hard to imagine its having been invented anywhere for practical advantage; not that the nose-flute is a bad instrument musically, for, on the contrary, its soft melancholy notes are rather pleasing, but it seems impossible that its tones should not be produced as well or better with the mouth. In India, however, there is an alleged reason of a different kind. Dr. Carl Engel explains the nose-flute as being used because a Brahman would defile himself by touching with his mouth what a low-caste man had touched with his. On my inquiring of the best judge of native music in India, Dr. Sourindro Mohun Tagore, he answers: "The object of blowing with the nose some of the wind instruments of India is as you have correctly pointed out, to preserve them from

defilement. The instrument-sellers are invariably of the lower classes, and according to the custom of the country, based on caste-rules, it would be highly improper on the part of men of the higher denominations to touch with the lips anything that might have been previously so touched by people of the lower castes." If, then, it is inferred that the nose-flute, originating in India for caste reasons, spread hence over a vast continent and island district, this is conformable to what is known already of the diffusion of culture, for not only did Brahmanism and Buddhism thus distinctly travel ages since into the great Indian islands, but there is evidence that this drift of Indian culture spread much farther over the ocean, even to Tahiti and New Zealand. On the whole, then, this is a reasonable explanation conformable to the facts, and may claim to stand till a better is proposed, which after all is the ordinary tenure of scientific theories.

It remains to give an example of the inferential method, which consists in judging how a custom is likely to have arisen out of a set of circumstances suited to produce it. The method may be tried on the problem of the days of the week. This old and curious inquiry is still by no means settled, but several points of evidence are now available which bring it nearer to a settlement than hitherto. As to the seven-day period or week itself, the suggestion has often been made that though it is not a natural period, like the day and month, it comes so near to a natural period, the moon's quarter, that it may have originated from it. Taking the lunation from one new moon to the next as $29\frac{1}{2}$ days, and the quarters as each 7 days 9 hours, which is sufficiently near for the present purpose, the supposition is that dropping the odd hours, the seven days came to be used as a fixed period. It is however better than mere conjecture to see what people have practically done in dividing time by the moon's quarters.

Passing over some rude tribes said to measure their time in this way, the Buddhists show the system perfectly. Their days of fasting and confession are not uniform all over the Buddhist world, but they are always fixed with reference to the moon's phases. Some Mongols who keep three sacred days crowd them all together at full moon, apparently because their nomade life makes it too troublesome to assemble every few days at some distant temple or monastery, while others keep three monthly fasts, the 8th, 15th, 30th of the month. In Ceylon the poya or worship-days are all four changes of the moon, viz. : 1, new moon ; 2, eighth day after ; 3, fifteenth day or full moon ; 4, eighth day after. However the four moon's quarters may have become sacred days, Mr. Rhys Davids finds evidence that they were kept in India even before the time of the great schism or reformation, when Buddhism broke away from Brahmanism. Now a lunar month thus divided about the 1st, 8th, 15th, 23rd days is in a rough way so like a series of weeks, that one cannot wonder that Koeppen, in his *Religion des Buddha*, should speak of them as "the days at once of fasting and divine service, the Buddhist Sabbaths or Sundays." This however is only an illustrative expression, the period between them not being a real week, but an interval of seven or eight days so arranged as to bring the sacred day round to the next new moon. A similar arrangement appears among the Parsis, representatives of the ancient religion of Persia, in whose thirty-day month the 1st, 8th, 15th, 23rd are sacred to the good deity, Ormuzd. So far as I know, this close likeness between the two religions has not been noticed, but whether it is due to historical connection or not, there is no reason to think that either the Buddhist or the Parsi system of moon's quarters has any historical connection with the week proper. But they have an instructive bearing on the week-problem from their likeness to another system

of sacred moon's quarters, from which the week may have been really derived.

This was traced a few years ago in the cuneiform writings of Babylonia-Assyria, and its importance recognised as a clue to the history of the week. It is described by Professor Sayce in *Records of the Past*, vol. i. p. 164, vol. vii. p. 157. In the Assyrian calendar the 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th of the thirty-day month were termed days of *sulum* or completion (of labours), on which certain works were forbidden to be done (the 19th was also such a day, but seemingly for reasons which do not concern the present question). The Assyrian term for these days is the translation of a term signifying *dies nefastus*, unlawful or inauspicious day, in the Akkadian language of Babylon, the institution reaching back into earlier ages of Babylonian antiquity. The following extract shows the prohibition of work on these days:—"The 7th day. A feast of Merodach and Zir-panitu. A festival. A sabbath. The prince of many nations flesh and cooked fruit eats not. The garments of his body he changes not. White robes he puts not on. Sacrifice he offers not. The king in his chariot rides not. In royal fashion he legislates not," &c. Professor Sayce translates these unlawful days as *sabbaths*, because this word (*sabattu*) was in use among the Assyrians, and is explained as meaning "a day of rest for the heart." It is an interesting historical fact thus to find the day of prohibition of labour forming part of an ancient Babylonian system which was not the real week, but a kind of imperfect or quasi-week, marked off by the 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th days, with a longer interval to bring the reckoning round to the next month. It is now thought probable that this is the early calendar, or something like it, out of which arose the seven-day week with its sabbath. The argument, which however has still gaps in it, is that the seven-day period came to be used continuously without further reference to the moon; the principle thus becoming

different from that of the Babylonian moon's quarters, though the resemblance in form remained. Thus, according to this view, the seven-day week started on the course it has followed for so many ages, carried on from Judaism into Christianity, and moving onward regardless even of leap-years and reformations of the calendar to this day.

Passing from the week to the names of its days, these are of two distinct kinds, and have come down along two historical lines. Beginning with those taken from Jewish-Christian institutions, some well-known points have to be briefly mentioned for the sake of completeness. The name of the *sabbath* now prevails far outside the Jewish world as the ordinary name of the seventh day, as in Greek *sabbaton*, Russian *sybbôta*, Italian *sabbato*, and the broken-down French *samedi*, and German *samstag*. The conservative Greek Church keeps another link in the chain between Judaism and Christianity by still calling the sixth day the *paraskheuê* or "preparation"; the modern traveller makes an appointment with an Athenian for the day of preparation at the ninth hour, in much the same terms as Paul might have done. The Christian term *Lord's Day*, Greek *kyriakê*, Italian *domenica*, French *dimanche*, &c. (the Russians call it *voskresenie*, "resurrection"), names the first day of the week over a great part of Christendom. For other week-days, the Greek Church follows the Jewish custom of calling them by numbers, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, to which custom the Quakers made an effort to return in their dislike to using the names of heathen gods; and the Russians number their week-days also, though not quite in the same way. Not to mention other variants of little interest, curious local names now and then crop up, derived from what is done on particular days of the week. Such a term as "fish-day" for Friday among the modern native tribes of Brazil carries its own explanation. The custom of cleaning-

up at the end of the week has marked itself more than once. Among the Scandinavians, Saturday early came to be known by a term meaning "wash-day" or "bath-day," which is still in regular use among the Swedes as *lördag*. Lately the same thing happened among the Christian Maoris, who took to calling Saturday *te ra horoi*, "washing-day"; nor did they stop here, but made a name for Friday from the pig-killing which they noticed was customary among the English, who killed the pigs on that day so as to get them cut up on Saturday.

More widely spread over the world even than the Jewish-Christian names of week-days, is the complete series of astrological names taken from the ancient "seven planets." Our English week-days remain as a remarkably perfect set of this astrological kind, taken from the Latin list of planet-days, only substituting English gods to represent four of the classic deities whose names the planets bore:

Dies Solis.	Sunday.	Sun.
„ Lunæ.	Monday.	Moon.
„ Martis.	Tuesday (Tiw).	Mars.
„ Mercurii.	Wednesday (Woden).	Mercury.
„ Jovis.	Thursday (Thor).	Jupiter.
„ Veneris.	Friday (Frig).	Venus.
„ Saturni.	Saturday.	Saturn.

Of course the question is how the seven planets got into this artificial order. Their natural or astronomical order is, on the ancient theory of the central earth,

Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, Moon.

This order was well known to the Greek astronomers, who may, as is commonly thought, have learnt it from their teachers in astronomy, the Babylonians. If we can rely on Sir H. Rawlinson's examination of Birs Nimrud, the ruined pyramid-temple of the seven planets, the astronomer-priests of Babylon there set up on a grand scale the astronomical planet-order as represented by the colours of the seven terrace-walls, from the silver stage of the moon at top, down to the black stage of Saturn at the base.

Though old traces of the week-order of the planets are not entirely wanting in Western Asia, and by the first century such expressions as "Saturn's day" begin to appear in classic literature, it is only in the third century that accounts are given of the origin of the planet-names which seem at least to put us fairly on the track, and that track an astrological one. In the important astronomical treatise of Paulus Alexandrinus, called the *Eisagōgē* or "Introduction," the rule is given how the seven planets in their astronomical order influence the twenty-four hours in succession, the planet of the first hour of each day being the lord of that day. So it is explained in a well-known passage of Dio Cassius, how if the first hour of the first day belong to Saturn, and the planets be counted on in order through the rest of the twenty-four, then the first hour of the second day will belong to the Sun, of the third day to the Moon, and so on through the order of planet-names in our days of the week. The astrologers, excellent if unpractical preservers of old tradition, hold still to this scheme of governing-planets, which may be found in mediæval England in Chaucer's *Treatise on the Astrolabe*, and is generally and reasonably accepted as the explanation of the planet-names of the week-days. To understand the scheme thoroughly, however, it ought to be shown in the complete shape in which astrology hands it down. According to the astrologers there are not only day-planets but night-planets. As the reckoning of these belongs to a kind of process in frequent use both in magic and chronology, and which yet has no convenient name, I propose to call it "cycling," and to take the day and night planets as examples of the convenient way to work it. To begin, the planets have to be arranged in their astronomical order. If all that is required is to find the day-planets of the week, then these are twenty-four hours apart. But not to go through this tedious process of counting, inas-

much as at the end of every 7 hours the reckoning comes back to where it started from, the 7's may be cast out of 24, leaving a remainder of 3 to operate with ; that is, if we start with the planet of any one day, say Saturn for Saturday, the planet of the next day will be three further on, namely the Sun for Sunday, and so on through the week-days. If, however, we require the night-planets as well, then if we begin the first day with Saturn, the first night beginning twelve hours later will be ruled by Mercury, twelve hours afterwards the second day will begin with the Sun ; the second night with Jupiter, and so on. In practical counting, the 7 would be cast out of the 12 hours and the remaining 5 counted forward, or rather 2 backward, which comes to just the same thing, so that, in fact, to get both day and night planets of the week in order, all that has to be done is to count along the row of planets, shifting two steps back each time, thus :

<i>Astronomical Order.</i>	<i>Planets of Days.</i>	<i>Planets of Nights.</i>
Saturn.	Saturn.	Mercury.
Jupiter.	Sun.	Jupiter.
Mars.	Moon.	Venus.
Sun.	Mars.	Saturn.
Venus.	Mercury.	Sun.
Mercury.	Jupiter.	Moon.
Moon.	Venus.	Mars.

Among astrologers the planets of the nights are still well known. Sibly's ponderous quarto on the *Occult Sciences* sets down Mercury as governing Saturday night, &c., and if one consulted a Mohammedan astrologer at Delhi he would be found to follow the same traditional rule, handed down by the Arabic masters of the art. How far back the night-planets reach in the antiquity of star-craft is not exactly known, but they show how thoroughly the origin of the week-days is ingrained in the astrological mind. Had the public held with the astrologers, we might be now calling Sunday night "Thursnight," and Wednesday night "Sunnight." But it seems that the public of the Roman empire were con-

tent to borrow from the soothsayers what they found practically convenient, a set of names for the seven days, without troubling themselves with the rest of the nonsense of the ruling planets of the hours.

To take it in this way is to assume that we have the origin of the planet-order of the week-days in some astrological combination of the seven planets with the twenty-four hours, even though it may not have taken place precisely in the way recorded. It is seen that the arrangement turns on a simple arithmetical rule, which it is possible to work in other ways. Thus Dio Cassius suggests another rule, taking the seven planets as representing the seven notes of the octave, so that beginning with Saturn and proceeding by musical fourths, the other planets follow in the order of the week-days. Or again, it has been suggested that the week-order may be arrived at by distributing the seven planets over the twelve signs of the zodiac, which of course comes to the same thing as distributing them over the twelve hours ; but what have the signs of the zodiac to do with the week-days ? The most serious competitor of the twenty-four hours theory was put forward some years ago by Sir H. Rawlinson, who pointed out that if the day were divided not into twenty-four but into sixty hours, as it is in India, and each planet had its hour, then if the planets be reckoned in the reverse natural order from the Moon to Saturn (which may fairly be done), we get the seven days of the week.¹ This does in fact come to just

¹ Sir H. Rawlinson, in notes to G. Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, i. c. 98 ; see also J. Brandis on the "Seven Gates of Thebes" in *Hermes*, vol. ii. (1867). Sir H. Rawlinson's argument that Herodotus's description of the city of Ecbatana with its seven concentric battlements of planet-colours is a record of their week-order being known, requires too serious a manipulation of the historian's text for it to be relied on here. Yet the probability for it is strengthened by Celsus's description of the Mithraic mysteries (*Origen adv. Cels.* vi. c. 22) where the soul had to pass seven planet-gates of the appropriate metals,

the same as counting by twenty-four hours. It is true that the Hindu sixty-hour day is of no high antiquity, being only borrowed from the Greek astronomers, who sometimes divided the day into sixty "day-minutes," but then it is probable that this plan was adopted, with the similar sixty divisions of the hour still in use among us, from the Babylonians. Astrological tradition is for the twenty-four hour theory, while the sixty-hour theory has no such support; still it remains as a possibility, and as an example of the anthropologist's difficulty in judging how a custom came into existence, when there is more than one way in which this may have happened.

The examples here given will not only have shown the historical, geographical, and inferential methods of examining customs, but also how they combine in any special inquiry. By such trials we may realise what the

arranged in week-day order. The objection made by Rawlinson to the natural order of the planets in Dio Cassius as being inverted, seems untenable; it is the order in which the Sabæans are recorded actually to have worshipped the planets day by day (Chwolsohn, *Die Ssabier*, vol. ii. p. 611). Here it may be worth while to mention that importance has sometimes been attached to the occurrence of the seven week-days with their planet-names in India, and even far into Tartary and in China. These have been thought to throw light on the early history of the week and Sabbath, but they are now known to have no such high antiquity, being merely borrowed from Greek astrology.

state of the subject at present is. It is only by the slow method of trial and error, the gradual process of sifting the evidence and bringing it into comparison with fresh details, that we can hope to reach a solution. Yet it is possible in this way to work up to an accumulated probability in favour of one view which sometimes persuades us of its positive truth, and more often justifies us in treating it as a good temporary explanation, very likely requiring correction, but having in it the essential points of reality. This is the sort of working theory which has generally to be received as the nearest approach to be had to absolute knowledge. And though perfection may be out of reach, it is important to understand that such approach to it as may be thus worked up to, if only a distorted image of the truth, has at least that analogy to it which a distorted image must have to its original. It enables us to judge in what kind of way many customs arose. Now if there is one point in which barbaric, stationary peoples contrast with civilised, progressive peoples, it is that the lower nation, unable and unwilling to study its customs, resists improvement in them, while the higher nation studies and improves. The future of the world lies with the nations who study their customs, and they are bound to carry on the study in a careful, solid way, although results may be slow and sometimes disappointing.

E. B. TYLOR.

A LOST LEADER.

IN MEMORIAM T. H. GREEN

Of Balliol : died March 26, 1882.

STRONG, silent soul;
 Silent and seeming stern!
 Now thou art gone we miss our nobler guide.
 Far lies the goal;
 And whither shall we turn,
 Seeing that Death hath robbed thee from our side!

Strong for the right;
 Stern against every wrong;
 Thy larger heart could feel for human pain.
 Through youth's dark night
 Of doubts and fears that throng,
 Thy silent deeds were potent to sustain.

Yea, though we miss
 Thy steadfast, helpful glance;
 Hear not again the rugged, rock-hewn speech;
 Death leaves us this,
 Through failure and mischance—
 Pride in the man; the loyal friend to each.

Warm human heart!
 Upright thyself, to be
 Pillar and prop for feeble steps that trod.
 Yea, though we part,
 It must fare well with thee,
 Victor of Death, immortal soul with God.

NOTE.

THOMAS HILL GREEN, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, was a contemporary, but not a relative, of Mr. J. R. Green, the eminent historian. How great a loss has been sustained in Professor Green's death is felt by all who have taken an interest in the University during the last fifteen years. Those who knew him the most intimately revered him the most deeply.—EDITOR OF "MACMILLAN."

NATIONAL SURPRISES.

It is very necessary that the question should be thoroughly investigated, whether there is any warning of war which a nation has reason to expect before it is attacked by one of its neighbours. To judge by what is repeated continually in private conversation, all Englishmen take for granted that it has never happened except by the rarest accident, and by some exceptional act of perfidy, that one nation has attacked another by pure surprise and during peace-time.

On the other hand, some investigation on the subject to which I have been led by the recent discussion which has been raised by Sir Garnet Wolseley, has convinced me that the direct converse is the truth. It would be impossible within the space of such an article as this to do more than indicate the necessity for a full report on the subject; but I have made out at least thirty or forty cases of purposed and successful surprises within the last hundred years, and I have been startled by the number of instances which I have hit upon within the period of peace which is supposed to have followed 1815. Sir Garnet Wolseley has referred in an article elsewhere to a few of these, such as our seizure of the Danish fleet and bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, because Canning had discovered the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit; the Portuguese seizure of Spanish Montevideo in 1816, when all the Great Powers of Europe solemnly scolded Portugal, but none of them took a single step to assist Spain, though Spain had specially deserved their good graces, because, relying upon the effect of the joint authority of Europe, she had omitted to take any step whatever to revenge herself or to recover

her province, which she accordingly lost. But these and one or two others which he has mentioned are not exceptional cases, but, so far as I have been able to ascertain, fair specimens of what has been again and again repeated by every European Power.

Before leaving the case of 1807, it will be as well to recall the fact that not only had Denmark at that time committed no aggression against us, but that we were on the friendliest possible terms with her, her ships in our ports, our ships in hers. Sir Arthur Wellesley carried all the fortifications and conquered the island before any assistance could arrive from the mainland, from which moreover the capital was completely cut off by our fleet which had surrounded the place before any hint of the coming war had reached the Danish court.

Frederick's invasion of Silesia in the first Silesian war has been so often cited, that though it occurred rather before the period of the last hundred years to which I have more particularly referred, it may be as well to say this much about it: that completely as for six weeks or more he succeeded in fooling all Europe as to his intentions, and perfectly as during all that time he outwitted the cleverest diplomatists and wits of the day, including Voltaire, it is even as regarded himself only one case out of three of complete surprise which he inflicted on his neighbours. In the case of the second Silesian war no doubt he made an announcement at Vienna that might have given Maria Theresa warning, for he told her that he was *not* going to war with her, but that he felt it his duty to send auxiliary troops to the aid of the Emperor of Germany her rival. But in the first place the

Emperor of Germany had no troops at all in Bohemia, and Maria Theresa might have assumed that the announcement, that he was not going to war with her, and that he solemnly pledged himself anew to observe the treaties he had made with her, if it had any meaning at all, meant that he would not on his own account, and separately from the Emperor, invade her territory. And in the second place the distance from Vienna to Saxony through which Frederick at once burst into Bohemia was so much greater for practical purposes then than it is now that Frederick's warning, if warning it was, and not in itself an attempt to deceive the Empress as to the direction in which he intended to move his troops, was too short to be of the least value to Maria Theresa. Moreover she had placed her armies and Vienna at his mercy by the reckless manner in which she had pushed all her forces up to and beyond the Rhine in implicit reliance on his faithful observance of his treaties with her.

No doubt his equally sudden seizure of Saxony at the commencement of the Seven Years' War was justified, like our seizure of Copenhagen, by the supreme necessity he lay under of anticipating the blows which Austria, Russia, France, and probably Saxony, were intending to deliver against him without warning; but the whole story suggests a universal European diplomacy of which "diamond cut diamond" was the only acknowledged maxim, and shows what at that time any country had at any moment to expect from its neighbours. The point which is really of most interest in all these cases is the evidence which they afford, that under all ordinary circumstances in those days nations and statesmen had just as much tendency to repose almost unlimited faith in the value of treaties and international guarantees as they have now. Their continual and cruel disappointments are for this reason real warnings for ourselves. Never did any monarch make greater efforts than Charles

VIII. employed to have the universal guarantee of the civilised world attached to the Pragmatic Sanction. No one who has ever sung, written, or spoken of the value of superseding the arbitrament of the sword by the rule of the "common sense of most" trusted more implicitly that any "fretful realm" that might dispute the succession of his daughter would be kept in awe by the innumerable guarantors for whose signatures he had successfully intrigued. Yet when the petty princeling, as Charles would have thought him, of Brandenburg stepped into the arena to challenge the value of the Pragmatic Sanction, none, or scarcely any, of its signatories made one effort against him, and most of them joined in attacks against Maria Theresa.

But to come down to more recent times. In 1782, one hundred years ago, the American War of Independence had not come to an end. Both France and Holland had during the course of that war, without giving us any notice, secretly signed treaties of alliance, hostile to us, with the revolted colonies. France, in 1778, had sent out reinforcements of men, officers, arms, and supplies, and a regular naval expedition, expressly in order to surprise us before war was declared. We had the good fortune in 1778 to discover by a lucky chance the treaty which Holland had contracted, and we therefore returned the compliment of surprise by seizing St. Eustacia, that colony being utterly unprepared for war, and having had no warning that war was about to break upon it.

Our war with Holland was hardly over before the German emperor surprised the unhappy Dutch by a sudden inroad, and dictated his own terms. A few years later (1787) the same emperor seized, without any kind of warning of war, a number of Turkish fortresses, and thereupon commenced a war.

Whilst speaking of attacks on Turkey, it should be mentioned that

the Empress Catharine possessed herself of the Crimea without any notice of war to the Porte.

In 1791 the Spaniards, apparently for the mere pleasure of surprise, seized upon our settlement of Nootka Sound, without any kind of warning. Fortunately they begged our pardon, and gave it up; but the surprise and the success of the capture were complete.

The French Revolutionists had a convenient mode of seizing a country by surprise. They flooded it with "citizens" who induced political movements which gave excuses to the French army to invade, under colour of assisting that portion of the country with which France sympathised. There was therefore no need for declaring war, because France was at peace with those whom she chose to consider as the proper representatives of the country. Nevertheless, all the ordinary conditions of conquest followed. Heavy fines were levied in all directions, objects of art pillaged, the fortresses occupied, imperious orders issued, to resist which, when too late, the unfortunate inhabitants rose in vain after a complete national surprise had come upon them. It was in this way that that conquest of Switzerland, which made Coleridge in 1797 give up in despair the admiration he had till then cherished for Republican France, was achieved. The lines—

"Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent,
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!"

* * * *

"To scatter rage and *traitorous* guilt!
Where Peace her jealous home had built!"

* * * *

"To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From Freemen torn! to tempt and to betray!"

and the whole of the famous Ode are worth recalling just now, when in certain quarters one hears it freely

suggested that a Republican form of government in France promises us a special immunity from these dangers.

It was thus, or much in this way, that Venice and the other Italian Republics fell. Nor in more formal international surprise can the Republicans be said to have shown any want of vigour. In 1798 they seized Malta, with which they were absolutely at peace, by surprise. Egypt they surprised and seized from their most faithful ally the Porte, without giving him a hint of their intentions till they were masters of Alexandria and of most of the country.

But though Republics are by no means specially exempt from these tendencies, they have certainly enjoyed no monopoly of them. Our own proceedings in 1801, though they scarcely attained to the vigour of those of 1807, referred to in the beginning of this paper, were very respectable as surprises go. The Northern powers had had the audacity to form a league of armed neutrality; and though we could scarcely treat this as equivalent to war, we did despatch a powerful fleet to the North with authority to treat anything that might happen conveniently as a virtual declaration of war, and thereupon to attack any of the powers that could be detached from the rest. In that way our attack upon Copenhagen in that year and Nelson's famous action commenced. We successfully isolated Denmark, and obliged her to detach herself, at least for the time, from active participation in the Northern league. The suddenness and unexpectedness of our movement effectually dissipated the danger.

Our not very brilliant or successful expedition against Egypt in 1807 was commenced whilst negotiations were still going on between us and the Porte.

The whole story of Napoleon's seizure of the Spanish fortresses in 1807 would be well worth a detailed report. Almost every incident of it is of interest. The variety and inge-

nunity of the devices by which his several marshals secured complete possession of the whole range of powerful fortresses which guarded the frontier of Spain have perhaps never been surpassed, and the mode in which the fortresses were lost is a severe lesson as to the danger of depending on such security for national life. France at the time was not only at peace with Spain, but in armed alliance with her against England, Portugal, and other powers.

In 1812, the United States taught us that France was by no means the only country which, under a Republican form of government, could carry out a very effective surprise. For a whole month after the United States had commenced an attack upon our fleet, and endeavoured to surprise it, we had no idea that war had been declared. In 1818, the States taught Spain the same lesson, by the effectiveness with which they, whilst at peace with Spain, surprised Pensacola, and St. Mark's in Florida, and virtually conquered the country which they subsequently secured by treaty.

But if any lovers of monarchy are anxious to treat these acts as the exceptional product of Republican institutions, their attention may be commended to the action of France in 1823, under the Government of Louis XVIII. with M. de Villèle as minister. The high aristocratic and monarchical chamber, when it met to receive the announcement of war against Spain, showed that it had been so eager during the previous months for the surprise of Spain before war was declared, and that it was so likely to be indignant unless its susceptibilities in this respect could be allayed, that M. de Villèle was obliged to explain that, though, in consequence of the condition of the French armies, he had not actually sent them into Spain before war was announced, he had yet really done his best to carry out against Spain every form of surprise that was possible under the existing circumstances.

In 1826, after the absolutist monarchy of King Ferdinand had been set up in Spain by the war of which M. de Villèle's surprise was the commencement, a series of actions of the same class followed from Spain against Portugal.

It is scarcely necessary to recall the battle of Navarino, in which England, France, and Russia, whilst at peace with Turkey, destroyed her fleet.

The sudden entry of the French into Belgium in 1831 was certainly a most effectual surprise for the King of Holland, who had just completely crushed the revolt of the United Provinces, and who was not at war with France, though no doubt he had every reason to know the warmth of French sympathies for Belgium and her recently elected king.

In 1832 the French suddenly appeared before the town of Ancona, then belonging to their ally and friend, the Pope, and seized it by a pure surprise. France was at the time not at war with any power in Italy, but appears to have acted from a simple wish not to allow Austria to be a power in that country unless France also had a finger in the pie. In any case the aggression against the Pope was absolutely without pretext, and was preceded by no warning.

In 1836 the United States dealt with Texas very much in the same way as the first French Republic dealt with neighbouring states. Texas was filled with swarms of citizens; armed insurrection was then commenced; the President of Mexico was defeated; a Texan government was set up, and finally, within a few years, Texas was received into the Republic. Considering the condition of Ireland, it is as well to remember that we have suffered from repeated inroads into Canada, some, not all of them, Fenian, but all taking place during complete peace with the government of the United States, so that our immunity from actual surprise has been simply a question of the vigilance of our own officers, and by no means necessarily due to our

receiving warning beforehand from the States. The first of these raids took place in 1838. At least three other regular Fenian raids have taken place of late years.

In 1840, Russia, England, Austria, and Prussia virtually agreed to surprise Egypt. Orders were sent to the admirals to act at once against the Egyptian forces on receipt of the orders.

In 1848 Prussia invaded Holstein, without any attempt to warn Denmark of the intended aggression.

When in 1849 the French arrived before Rome, the Romans had no reason whatever to anticipate a hostile movement on the part of France, and did not anticipate it till it occurred.

The familiar case of our action towards Greece in 1850 has been fully recorded by Mr. McCarthy, in his *History of our own Times*. No doubt there are at present plenty of politicians among us who are anxious to repudiate Lord Palmerston and all his works, but no one ever more fully for the time being carried his countrymen along with him; and it may be a matter of doubt whether the fact that we have changed our minds since his days, would be considered by foreign statesmen as quite a valid reason why they should not treat as precedents against us acts, which, as a nation, we approved when he ordered them. In any case it is as well to remember that in 1850 the French Chamber, when they heard of our summary procedure in Greece, and when some orator used the phrase which has been employed to denounce each one of these transactions at the time that it happened, "Was such violence ever used in peace-time before now?" shouted at once, "Yes, at Copenhagen, in 1807." The Republican aggressions upon Malta, Egypt, Switzerland, and Italy; the Napoleonic aggression upon Spain; the principles propounded by the divine right monarchists of 1823 were all forgotten. Virtuous France felt that guilty

England stood for a second time at least convicted before her, and at any subsequent date would have felt herself justified in any sudden aggression by way of reprisal.

It is scarcely worth while to go over the incidents which preceded the Crimean campaigns. The successive acts by which the various combatants then slipped into war were each regarded by the opposing power as high-handed deeds which without warning or excuse broke treaties or agreements. The chief combatants were separated by too wide an expanse of sea and land; England and France were too little ready for war, for any very important act of aggression, to anticipate formal war; but many acts were done which provoked in the assailed power as vehement an explosion of wrath as any seizure of a border fortress would have done.

In 1859, when Austria and France went to war, movements of troops on either hand were alleged on both sides as the occasion for war, and as the moment at which the Austrian troops crossed the Ticino or the French entered Italy were questions determined entirely by the cabinets respectively of Vienna and Paris, it is clear that either would have considered itself justified in seizing a border fortress with as little warning as was actually given before the troops moved.

It was of course of the very essence of all the movements by which Garibaldi created the Italian kingdom, that they were a series of successful surprises during peace-time.

The Austro-Prussian war of 1864 against Denmark commenced by a "federal execution," which avoided the necessity of declaring war, and though the two powers had no motive for military surprise, the principle of acting without giving warning was fully sanctioned by their action.

In 1866, while Prince Frederick Charles accused Austria, in a proclamation to his army, of having invaded Prussia without giving her warning

of war, Prussia herself seized Hesse Cassel and Leipzig and crossed the borders of Hanover before war was declared.

The sudden disclosure, in 1870, of the secret treaty by which the Emperor Napoleon, through his agent, M. Benedetti, had been proposing to possess himself of Belgium, has surely not yet been forgotten by Englishmen. From 1866 down to 1870 the Emperor Napoleon, whilst nominally in warm alliance with England, had been proposing, by an arrangement with Prussia, to seize and possess himself of Belgium, in defiance of all treaties with us, and with the clear understanding that the seizure of Belgium was an act of war against England.

But it may well be doubted if it is possible to bring home the real significance of these facts to those who have just passed through the experience of the year 1881, and yet imagine that no attack by armed forces is ever made during peace-time.

Has the Boer attack upon the 94th been already forgotten? Has it not followed the fate which appears to attend all these incidents, that of being received at first with storms of execration as a piece of treachery such as the annals of time nowhere record before, and then being consigned to oblivion lest it should disturb the calm assumption that the slumbers of peace are never awakened by the sudden shriek of war?

Or is it already forgotten that during 1881 our good friends across the Channel traversed the border of Tunis in pursuit of some banditti bands, which *their* good friend the Bey had hardly had strength sufficient to deal with? Is it already forgotten that France absolutely deluged Europe with assurances that no steps towards annexation would be taken in consequence of the unfortunate necessity which compelled her, in pursuit of the disturbers of peace, not to pay too nice an attention to shadowy frontier lines? Has it already been forgotten with what rapidity and suddenness

forces sufficient for the conquest of Tunis were sent off whilst these despatches were being read? Have we no knowledge at this moment of the actual condition of Tunis? To whom does it in fact belong, to the Bey or to France?

Surely in 1882 Tunis had an independent Bey. When, then, did France give the warning of war which has transferred Tunis to France? O! but there was no fortress to be seized! Very well! But during the 100 years I have been dealing with at least five-and-twenty fortresses, and at least as many more forts of the size of Dover Castle, or the Western Heights, have fallen *because* of the sudden outbreak of war. It would be idle in the space of an article to attempt to describe the circumstances under which they have fallen, but those circumstances would be well worthy of full record. When an objection of this kind is made against the relevance of such a citation as that of the invasion of Tunis by France, it must be assumed that the moral aspect of the question is surrendered; that it is admitted that if a fortress or a fort can be seized during peace-time, we must be prepared to anticipate the fact that it will be so seized. The whole question, then, is whether a fort can ever be seized by surprise. But then, if that is so, not only are all the many cases in which fortresses have actually been seized on the outbreak of war relevant to the issue, but the whole history of war itself is relevant. For surely it will not be pretended that if fortresses have been surprised during war, it would not have been incomparably more easy to surprise those fortresses before the warning of war had reached their garrisons. Now the whole history of war is a history of surprises under one form or another. Every text-book of fortification, every study of the handling of armies, every soldier's pocket-book is concerned with those points of human nature as applied to war, to those physical features, to those circumstances of weather, &c.,

which have in past times, and may again, facilitate surprise.

Moreover, all the circumstances of modern times tend to tempt nations that have secretly resolved on war to act in this way more frequently than former generations did. To test this by the case of the Tunnel which originally raised this discussion. No doubt if you put yourself in the times of Frederick so far as the circumstances of the aggressor are concerned, and in the year 1882 so far as the defender is concerned, you may easily argue that Maria Theresa had hints enough, before Frederick moved, to blow up twenty tunnels. But Frederick needed all the six weeks of secret preparation to be ready to move a corps of thirty thousand men. It answered his purpose better to take no overt action till all his preparations were made. His successor at this day could—without a sound passing, except from one end of a telephone to another—move on the spot ten corps of thirty thousand men each, and could support them within nine days by thrice that number of men. Every nation of the Continent stands in the same condition of readiness for war. Nothing has, I confess, seemed to me more suspicious in this matter than the eagerness of military writers in France, who must know that they are talking nonsense, to persuade a non-military nation like our own, that a concentration of troops somewhere or other is necessary before a great movement by railway could take place. In the days of Frederick, such a concentration was a necessity. In our days it would not facilitate, but would interfere with the rapidity and orderly movement of trains filled with troops, whether for sudden embarkation at a French port, or to reinforce an advance already in possession of Dover. All the talk about the necessity of moving troops in plain clothes is also a mere blind. Who is to distinguish between a train filled with soldiers and a train filled with civilians, when an express rattles through a French station, if the simple precaution of

drawing down the blinds is insisted on, even supposing that the movement took place by day and not by night; or furthermore, if a few troops are seen by a chance Englishman in France to pass by train, is that an event so uncommon that whenever you hear of it you will blow up your tunnel? The notion of lifting the trains by hydraulic power as an abstract possibility sounds very pretty, but does any promoter pretend that every passenger train will go through this process? If so, where is the boasted comfort and facility of travel? If not, at what particular stage are you going to stop your train full of soldiers and blow up your tunnel? Do you think that an armed force will allow itself to be stopped by a few guards? Do you think that you will always have guards so heroic, that when they discover the soldiers in the middle of the tunnel even if they are not overpowered at once, they will warn you to blow up the tunnel and overwhelm them and the soldiers in a common overthrow; for it is to be feared that your dynamite would be no respecter of persons, and that your inrushing waters would drown the warning guards as well as the dreaded invaders. But if the train is to be stopped where the railway guards are not in danger, to what danger do you then expose the train?

It is necessary to make these remarks in order to bring the records of surprise with which this paper deals into fair comparison with modern times. For every captured fortress taken by force, whether in peace or war, represents the passage of soldiers over a far more deadly breach than any you can possibly devise for your tunnel trains. The very idea of the words "a forlorn hope" seems to have been forgotten in these days. A "forlorn hope" is the body of men which leads the way through that path in the walls of a fortress which has been carved out by the besiegers' guns. It is a path far more narrow than your tunnel at its very narrowest.

It is not a pathway which is designed in the first instance to render easy the passage of peaceful travellers, and yet may be, at some moment in which no one believes to be possible, turned to the destruction of a surreptitious enemy. It is, on the contrary, a pathway which is always assumed to be mined; to the destruction of which, at the moment when the largest possible number of soldiers are passing it, the energies of the garrison have been wholly bent. The whole resources of a civilised state have during peace-time been devoted to furnishing the garrison with every facility which modern science affords for blowing into the air the on-rushing assailants. Behind the breach, knowing well the time when the assault will be delivered, stands the whole power of the garrison, ready, watchful, trained by the conditions of the siege to indifference to life, knowing well that their own personal safety depends on driving back men who, if they enter, will enter with the fiercest passions known to human nature. Yet for this task, for this risk, never yet was there any difficulty in finding men among any army not utterly demoralised. A place among the forlorn hope has always been an object of competition among soldiers worthy of their salt.

This is the answer to the not too generous question which has been in this controversy put more than once to Sir Garnet Wolseley—"Would you, if you were intrusted with an expedition, venture to send any men through the tunnel with a view to surprise?" The horns of the intended dilemma are simple, but it may be convenient to state them with the naked simplicity with which they presented themselves to the mind of the questioner. "If you venture to say you would incur such a risk, then you will be held up to all England as a dangerous and reckless commander. If you do not say so, then your contention falls to the ground." The answer is, that the whole history of

war, which has here been briefly touched upon, is full of far greater risks than any you can devise. For whereas the whole energies of nations entirely devoted to war have been expended during peace-time in preparing such risks for the assailants of fortresses, unhampered by the condition of securing that peaceful citizens shall continually be passing over the same ground without incurring any risk, no commander has ever yet taken a fortress by storm without calling upon his troops to face these dangers, and the very essence of the military spirit in an army has lain in its readiness to respond to such a call.

But while the whole history of war is full of such calls and such responses, there is no case in all the history of war in which the end to be gained was so worthy of the risk. There is no other case in the history of the world of one of the great powers of it, the guardian, if any is, of all its liberties, which has exempted itself from all the conditions which weigh down other nations, from compulsory service, from huge standing armies, from virtual military ascendancy, and which has become so unconscious of the causes which have enabled it to maintain its freedom without undergoing the toils which are forced on other nations if they would preserve theirs, that at the last it stakes its existence, like its neighbours, on the capture of a fort or two, but, unlike its neighbours, continues to remain unarmed, while its preachers and its members of Parliament are permitted to deliver, from their pulpits and their temperance platforms, warnings to young men not to enter the army, which its Government is endeavouring to fill by an open competition in the best-paid labour market in the world.

One word in conclusion. To any Englishman who glances over these incidents of the past, nothing comes home more painfully and more forcibly than the sadness of the delusion in which Englishmen live, that the armed

powers of the world love England so well that she has nothing to fear from any grave malice of theirs. When Milton "hailed it as an omen of happy augury" that he heard England spoken of as the land of liberty, he was sitting among "the wits and poets of Italy." Had he been sitting among the courtiers of the Pope or of the Emperor, the tone in which the land of liberty would have been spoken of would have been startlingly different. Between the times of Milton and our own every power of Europe, with the single exception perhaps of Austria, has again and again conspired with others for our overthrow. The system of secret treaties has come down to our own day, and has preceded each of the most recent wars as regularly as it preceded those of the days of our forefathers.

We hear with a proud disdain the words "*perfidie* Albion," muttered on the Continent, knowing that in our own intention and our own belief we are absolutely innocent of the charge. It is as well, however, to remember that whether the interpretation which is put upon the facts be just or not, the words represent certain definite acts of ours, which we most assuredly intend to repeat again and again, and which, whenever they are repeated, will appear to foreign nations in the future, as they have done in the past, to merit the charge of perfidy. For the acts which bring down these charges upon us are simply those reversals of foreign policy which with us constantly attend a change of ministry. Not to touch upon modern instances, in order not to awake any semblance of party spirit in a matter which surely ought, if any is, to be purely national, it may be convenient to remember that when in 1807 we asked Denmark to trust us temporarily with her fleet, and pledged ourselves to return it intact when

peace was made, the answer of the Crown Prince of Denmark was, "You offer us your alliance! Do we not know what it is worth? Your allies, vainly expecting your succours for an entire year, have taught us what is the worth of English friendship." The words referred to an actual fact. The Emperor Alexander himself attributed his defeat at Friedland to our sudden failure to continue the subsidies we had previously paid him, and which, in consequence of a change of ministry, were withheld. Similarly, after having incurred all the cost of finding Frederick year after year money for the Seven Years' War, we withheld it just when Frederick was in the direst need of it. So after Marlborough and Eugene had fought side by side in one campaign after another, we, on a change of ministry, made a separate peace with France, and, marching our troops out of the allied camp, left Eugene to the defeat which he immediately afterwards sustained.

These changes of policy¹ may be most right and wise. They are at least inherent in the nature of our institutions, and seeing that we are certain to repeat them in the future as we have repeated them in the past again and again, it is as well to face the fact that, whatever we may think of them, foreign nations will regard them as acts of treachery which justify them at any moment in visiting us with sudden surprise.

In a few pages like these it is only possible to indicate the nature of these facts. They would be well worthy of exhaustive treatment, with full references to authority, a brief citation of all the instances that have occurred, and a full statement of the circumstances of the more important incidents. Scarcely any subject would have in it more elements at once of popular interest and of political importance.

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JUNE, 1882.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH JACK AND BRYAN ASSIST AT A GRAND WILD BEAST SHOW, AND DISCUSS CERTAIN ABSTRACT PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTIONS.—JACK'S APPEARANCE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

THE two comrades, with Tom Byrne in attendance, shaped their course for San Francisco; for it was Bryan's purpose to make for England by way of the Pacific instead of the Atlantic; and in those days of no railroads the route selected was no doubt less perilous and possibly quicker than the other. Moreover, Bryan liked to put a girdle round the earth, and liked it none the less for having done it once before; and as for Jack, he was well content to follow his new friend's advice and guidance. So they rode onward over hill and dale, through forest and cañon, and along the ridges of the mountain range; not hastening themselves unduly, and neglecting no fair chance of hunting or adventure; though Jack, owing to the state of his ankle, was unable to bear his full part in the latter diversions. One day they came upon traces of buffalo; and leaving their horses tethered at the noon camping-ground they—that is, Jack and Bryan—followed these traces for a mile or so due southward. In an open space

extending from the subsidence of a low spur of the hills they saw a belt of timber, which seemed to surround an interior plot of ground not more than an acre or two in area. As they looked from the cover of the bushes and tall grass that environed them, they perceived three buffalo bulls pass along the side of this belt, and enter it by a trail with which they were apparently familiar. Doubtless there was a spring of water within. The spot was not more than two hundred yards distant. The two friends at once began to advance, Bryan (who alone carried arms), hoping to get a shot at the bulls while they were drinking. Jack followed, limping cleverly along with the help of his two cross-handled staves, in the use of which he had become expert.

In five minutes they were at the confines of the timber-belt, and could hear the snortings and mutterings of the bulls within. Cautiously picking their way from tree to tree, they soon came in sight of the group, who were gambolling ponderously about, shaking their vast heads, and occasionally crashing their shaggy fronts together in mock combat, though the impact seemed heavy enough to demolish a stone wall or bear down an oak tree. One of the bulls was much larger than the others—a monster some seven feet in height from hump to hoof, and

who, as he stood knee-deep in the grass, with his head hanging low, looked not unlike a minor reproduction of one of the steep pine-clad hills that abounded in this region. He did not take part in the play of the two younger bulls.

"That's the fellow for me," muttered Bryan, as he cocked his rifle, "though it doesn't seem as if anything less than a battery of artillery could make him look round. However, if he'll only set a little more broadside on——"

"Wait a moment," said Jack. "What a good time they're having! It's a pity to interrupt them. That old fellow might live twenty years if you'd let him alone."

"As well say there'd be no night if the sun didn't set. His hour has come. Fate will have its way. If I didn't shoot him, he would die of heart disease in the next minute—if nothing else finished him. We are puppets, Jack, pulled by strings we don't see. Good-bye, bull!"

He raised his rifle to his face. Suddenly Jack laid his hand on his arm, at the same time pointing to the opposite side of the glade. Bryan, after glancing in that direction, immediately lowered his rifle and drew back a little within the cover of the trees.

On no stage built by human hands was ever represented a scene more brutally impressive than this. Crushing through the underbush opposite came straight onward a gigantic creature. He was not so tall as the great bull, but his body was longer, and moulded in every part in forms of irresistible and massive power. He was covered all over with deep coarse fur of a peculiar hue, neither brown nor black, and grizzled here and there as if from age; yet the animal was manifestly in the prime of life and condition. On he came, with a long, lunging stride, not turning away from any obstacle, but shouldering all aside, a vessel plunges through the waves.

His head, seen from in front, was of immense breadth, with small deep-set eyes and short ears. There were long claws on his feet, and his thick fore-legs seemed crooked with strength. Nature has created no beast that carried the impression of brutal, immeasurable force to such a pitch as the grizzly bear of North America. He looks like a relic of the antediluvian age.

"I should like to spend a week with him," Bryan observed. "No make-believe there! It would be as good as a bout at the Siege of Troy."

Jack gazed intently and said nothing.

The three bulls had held themselves alert from the moment of the grizzly's appearance, and at first seemed disposed to gallop off; they wheeled about, beating the turf with their hoofs and sticking out their tails; but finally faced round again, determined to put a bold front upon the business. They stood with their horns toward the foe, with a small space separating each from the other; the old bull being on the left of the line of battle. Their attitude was one of defence, and they were evidently in some uncertainty how to act; had any cows been present, they might have behaved differently.

There was no hesitation or uncertainty in the action of the grizzly. He came on at a pace which was much swifter than it seemed, uttering short growls, and evidently desirous to get to close quarters with the least possible delay. And, in fact, he was amongst the buffalos almost immediately. As it happened, one of the smaller bulls to the right was the nearest of the three to him; as he advanced upon it, it shook its horns and made a dive at him; he reared partly up, avoiding the impact of the charge, laid his right paw on the creature's shoulder, and brought the left down across the middle of its back with a blow like the fall of a pile-driver. That mighty blow snapped

the buffalo's spine in twain with a sickening crash that was plainly audible to the two human spectators. The animal fell on its knees and then rolled over, kicked out with its hoofs twice or thrice convulsively, and was dead.

Jack drew his breath between his teeth with a sharp sound. Bryan said—

"It's worth while creating an animal that can do that!"

The bear strode across the body of the fallen bull, growling with ire and eagerness to demolish the second likewise. The latter retreated a little before his onset; and, by keeping its head towards its antagonist, contrived for a few moments to parry the bear's attempt to take it in the flank. But after an effort or two the bear got its vast arms, one over the buffalo's shoulder, the other round its throat, and, with a twist that hardly seemed to tax his strength, hurled it over sideways, dislocating its neck as it went. The luckless animal still struggled a little, but a blow or two from the terrible paw of its conqueror quieted it for ever.

The grizzly was now of the opinion that he had laid in a stock of beef sufficient for his immediate needs; so, without noticing the third bull, he laid hold of his last victim by the hide at the back of the neck and began dragging it off towards the trees.

But the big bull was not content to let the tournament end here. He was conscious of his own strength, and thought it due to his reputation to make an example of the aggressor. Accordingly, with a snort and a rush, he charged headlong upon the retiring grizzly. The chance was a fair one, the enemy's side being turned full towards him, and his attention occupied with his booty. The bull's horns struck him below and behind the ribs, just as the grizzly dropped his prey and wheeled round upon his new antagonist with an ominous growl.

But the great robber was an instant too late. The bull threw up his head with a jerk, ripping open the bear's body from the ribs to the end of the belly, lifting his hind quarters from the ground, and hurling him over and falling on him. Then, for a few moments, there was an indescribable snarling and struggling, in which it was impossible to distinguish exactly what was being done. When the struggle ended, neither combatant rose. The bull was evidently dead; was the bear sucking his blood? The spectators looked on for a short time in doubt. There was no movement—not so much as a tremor. The four great bodies lay in a group, almost touching one another. Less than five minutes had passed since the grizzly first broke his way through the belt of woodland.

Jack was the first to move forward. He made his way across the intervening space, and stood amidst the fallen combatants; Bryan followed him, with his rifle still cocked. But it needed but a glance to show that all four were dead. The fight had been as conclusive as it was short and fierce. These wild and savage champions, unconscious of spectators, and animated by the most elementary impulses, had heartily and effectively made an end of one another. Without pity, policy, or remorse, they had brought to a final end the only life they had. It was a strange spectacle. Who was to blame for it?

"Didn't I tell you that fate would have its own?" said Bryan at length, smiling.

"Did they understand what they were doing?" said Jack, interrogating himself rather than his companion. "They fought like men."

"Fighting is not an intellectual amusement: if it were, it would have stopped ages ago," Bryan answered. "But I have felt like a grizzly bear or a buffalo sometimes, and liked the feeling. That may be the reason why buffalo and grizzlies exist. After all,

they do their business better than our imitation of it. If we were honest, we should revive the Coliseum."

"If I killed a man," observed Jack, "I should feel sorry afterwards. But wolves and grizzlies never are."

"Civilisation is sophisticated, and you seem to have caught the taint," said Bryan, "though I don't know where you could have got it from. There is a thing called morality, Jack. It is a lot of rules devised by society for its own protection. You mustn't be caught stealing, murdering, committing adultery, or bearing false witness, on pain of social anathema. But society may do all these things to you, because you can't prevent it. If you submit to these rules, you are a virtuous citizen, and may be received in drawing-rooms. If you don't, it's hanging or imprisonment. Submission is called right; rebellion, wrong. Now, the absurdity is here: every man who is tempted to do these forbidden things, yields to the temptation in his mind. If he doesn't also yield bodily, it's because he's afraid of society. But society, which professes to be so solicitous about your virtue, has no objection to your being a devil at heart, if only you remain angelic outwardly. The consequence is, that the biggest devils are always persons of the highest social morality. I tell you this as something you will find it useful to remember when you get to London."

"Why do we like to do those forbidden things?" inquired Jack.

"Partly because they are forbidden; but chiefly because they are in human nature. There they are, and we didn't put them there."

"Who did?"

"I don't know. Ask the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Pope."

"If everybody did these things, what would happen?"

"The same that happens to animals, I suppose. They break the decalogue every day of their lives, and are none the worse for it. We should all go to heaven."

"Do animals go to heaven?"

"They say not."

"Then why should we go if we did like animals?"

"Well, I'm not a missionary," said Bryan, laughing. "Besides, you would nonplus the Archbishop."

"I have thought about these things myself," Jack remarked. "I wondered why I should be sorry to kill a man. Have you ever done the forbidden things?"

"Yes," said Bryan, after a pause. "Yes, I am a shade better than the moralists. I do the things; only I don't let it be known—that's my weakness."

"If you knew that you would become a grizzly if you did like one, would you do like one?" Jack pursued, with Indian gravity.

"You must cure yourself of this interrogative habit," said Bryan, casting an arch glance at his interlocutor. "It's all very well here, in the midst of the primeval wilderness, sitting on the hump of a dead bison; but it would never do in Mayfair."

"We are different from animals," Jack persisted; "and the difference must be that we can be sorry. And we ought not to do what makes us sorry; so we ought not to do the forbidden things, even though society says we must not do them."

"Well done, Jack! you are epigrammatic. But you must admit we want to do them; and why do we want to, if we ought not to? And how are you better for not doing the thing you want to do?"

"When I want to do them I am not so much like myself as when I don't want to do them; so I ought to remember that, when I do want to do them," said Jack, who was not sufficiently civilised to be able to express himself gracefully on abstract topics. "And perhaps the reason I want to do them is to remind me that I am a man, and can say 'no.'"

"Then you think there's more than one of you, eh?"

"I am a kind of everybody," answered Jack.

"You'll live to write a work on the Philosophy of the Absolute before you die," said Bryan, chuckling. "But the fact is, we can go on arguing for ever. All we know is that nothing ever occurs in more than one way, and the just inference is that it could not have occurred in any other. If I make a fortune, or murder my father, I can't help it, though it may seem to me that I can. Wickedness is a Will-o'-the-Wisp. If you are a saint, it's no credit to you; if you are a devil, don't blame yourself. So drive ahead and enjoy the fun! That's the oldest creed in the world, and has the most reason in it. Certain things are bound to be done, and certain people are bound to do them. Why should we worry about it? You might as well expect a bottle to break its heart because it holds gin instead of Madeira. Come, let's get back to camp. To think of my coming to California to sit and moralise over a lot of raw beef! Come on!"

They spent that afternoon in camp; Bryan lying at full length, smoking and reading a small volume of Shakespeare that he had brought with him from England, while Jack strolled off to the clayey margin of the neighbouring stream, where he appeared to be very busy about something. Towards evening Bryan got up, thrust his book into his pocket, and lounged over to him. Jack was so much absorbed in his occupation that he did not seem to notice the other's approach. Bryan looked, and then looked again with undisguised curiosity. At last he said—

"Where the devil did you learn that?"

Jack glanced up with an abstracted air, shook his head, and smiled.

"Come, young fellow," continued Bryan, directing a sharp look into his companion's eyes, "you were never taught that by the Indians. It looks more like a Parisian fine-art school. What's the meaning of it? Own up!"

"I have done a great many such things," Jack replied indifferently. "Nobody taught me. The Indians used to say I must be a medicine-man; but it's easy enough. I like to do it."

"Do you mean to say you got at a group like that by the light of nature? Why, man, it's a work of art! Barye himself couldn't put more life into it. It's genius, man alive!"

"Anybody could do it, if they knew the animals; of course I know them, for I've lived among them all my life. You just take a piece of clay, and do—like this."

"So I see; only you're the only man I know who can do it. Why, bless my soul—why, Jack, this is the biggest lark yet. This puts a new face on things. Here's a talent hidden away under a bushel indeed! You can get on in Europe without me. The wild sculptor of the Sierras! The only difficulty will be to make 'em believe you're genuine."

"I don't know what you mean," said Jack, getting to his feet and meeting the other's gaze with a look of embarrassment not unmixed with annoyance. "I didn't mean it to be seen."

"It's just as well I saw it, though," returned Bryan, in high good humour. "Sit down again, my man; I'm not half done with this yet. Pity we can't take it along with us. However, if you can do others like it—no, but this does beat the Dutch!"

But it is time that this marvel, which so exercised Bryan's mind and moved his admiration should be more particularly described. It was nothing more or less wonderful than a small model in clay of the scene they had witnessed a few hours before—the death struggle of the grizzly and the buffalo. There they lay, locked together, the character and proportions of each animal accurately albeit roughly portrayed; a work of art, as Bryan had said, with all the simplicity, all the mystery, and all the

charm that every true work of art must possess. It was rudely and rapidly done; but the modifications which a more academic and classically trained eye might have suggested, would have been in the direction of elaboration and detail, not of conception or construction. Knowledge was shown in this group, and observation of nature; the limbs and bodies were justly shaped and placed; the pose was unforced and natural. The work was executed with large and sure touches, betokening a firm and clear imaginative grasp of the subject; there was nothing uncertain about it, and nothing tentative. But over and above all this, which is merely the mechanical and practical side of the matter, there was the indescribable fascination that can be given only by the hand of the artist. It gave assurance of a mind that would not only be faithful to fact, but would never offend the unwritten and uncommunicable laws of taste and harmony. It put the spectator at his ease, convinced that here was something more than cleverness and talent. The work reproduced nature, but it created something besides, which nature has not. It fulfilled the promise which nature ever makes but never entirely keeps. It was nature refined and elevated by human thought. For the perfection of nature is in substance and function, not in form and disposition; these being realised only when the mind of the Creator works through that of his amplest creature—man. And Jack, the half-wild, untutored, Indian-bred lad, who had never seen a statue or heard of an artist, had discovered art for himself. He did not know that he was an artist; or, rather, he did not know that his gift was not shared in equal measure by any human being that might choose to exercise it. He had been content with the pleasure that he found in it—a pleasure as yet wholly pure from vanity or ambition. He had never conceived, and could hardly have been brought at once to

understand, that an endowment so inward and spiritual as this could bring him popular fame and admiration, much less material emolument. It seemed to him a thing as impalpable and, in a certain sense, as sacred as the glow of passion in a lover's heart, or the reverence of his soul before the tender sublimity of a summer morning on a mountain-top. It wrought a shyness in him, as being the outcome of something better and more worshipful than himself, so that his seeming to be the doer of it was a piece of scarcely respectable pretence. He did not like to talk about it or to publish it in any way; it was a delight the indulgence in which could be justified only by privacy.

And how did Jack discover art in the western wilderness? As to that there is no record; Jack himself certainly could have given no explanation of it. But his training probably began with his first intelligent outlook upon the face of nature; and unconsciously he availed himself of every fact of his observation and experience to promote it. Art, in our time, has become so much a matter of imitation, of fashion, and of expediency, that we are disposed to wonder how any one should be able to develop a love for it and a proficiency in it on independent grounds. But the essentials of genuine art must always be independent of schools and traditions. These are of use only on the lower levels of execution and facility; in the higher and more vital regions their value is insignificant. The classic results of art, and the fellowship of artists, may indeed enlarge the conception of what can be done, and promote the doing of it by the spur of emulation; but the truest artist is he who least requires such stimulus. The greater the sincerity and purity of motive wherewith the muse is entertained, the more completely does she enable her votary to stand upon his own feet. To Jack, in his solitude, she had revealed her heart, and he had revered the reve-

lation and availed himself of it; although never presuming to suppose, because the privilege was great, that it was therefore in any degree peculiar to himself. He saw that light, love, and the earth were given to all men alike; why not also, then, this power of interpretation? It was true that the art of the Indians was confined to the application of ochre and wampum to their persons, and the manufacture of arrow-heads and pipe-bowls; but the faculty might be latent within them, though they did not choose to employ it.

In the present history little space will be given to the consideration of Jack's works of art in themselves. They are mentioned chiefly because of the subjective quality which they postulate in him. In the pages which are to come, the events of his life, and of those with whom he was brought into contact, succeed each other so quickly as to afford small opportunity for even apposite digression; and after all, the best of what we know and do is mainly important as indicating what we are. Human passion, the wrestle of life with circumstance, the varied manifestations of the one great nature that is in us all—these, in the last analysis, are the only things we really care to hear about, at all events on the mortal plane. And as to spiritual matters, the more we learn about them, the more they seem to be the cause of which the drama here is but the visible garment and result.

Meanwhile, Jack's group of the grizzly bear and the buffalo bull, the first of his productions whereof any authentic account exists, was itself perforce left to its fate on the banks of the stream where it was made. But it is not probable that the fame which he subsequently attained lost much thereby. Excellent and strikingly original as his early works were, nothing was more noticeable in his artistic career than his constant progress from good to better. However, we are anticipating.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"NEMO REPENTE FUIT TURPISSIMUS,"
PERHAPS; BUT THE SECUREST PATH
OF VIRTUE SOMETIMES APPEARS TO
BE LITTLE BETTER THAN TIGHT-ROPE
WALKING IN THE DARK.

DURING the remainder of their journey to the coast, the character of the intercourse between Jack and Bryan gradually modified itself, and began to be established upon a new basis. Bryan had, at first, been attracted to the younger man by the interest which may generally be supposed to invest a person whom one has come near murdering; and afterwards, by the remarkably unsophisticated and impressive, yet withal dignified and reserved disposition which the young white chief displayed. The whimsical notion of introducing him to society as a lion of the first magnitude, and fortifying him in that position with all the aids that money and rhetoric could supply, had additionally confirmed him in his attitude of beneficence. I say beneficence rather than benevolence advisedly; there being no definite testimony to show that Bryan contemplated any spiritual (or even permanent material) benefit to his *protégé*. Like other men one has heard of, his primary object was to entertain himself. It was not every day that an experimenter in human character came across an unwritten page like Jack, or one so sensitive to impressions. It could not fail to be interesting to observe how he would take the world's inscriptions, and what sort of inscriptions would get written on him. If the inscriptions spoiled the page, making it commonplace and worthless—why, there would be an end of the experiment. As an experiment it would have been no less interesting than if the aforesaid page should become enriched with the most precious wisdom and resplendent illuminations. The latter might of course be its destiny; though Bryan would probably

not have given odds on that contingency ; for he knew the ordinary results of a sudden change from solitude and ignorance to the crowds and the knowledge of civilisation ; and it was by no means his purpose to surround Jack with any barrier against the influx of the new life. Quite the contrary. Bryan was ready to admit that he was neither a missionary nor a philanthropist.

On the other hand he was perhaps equally far from considering himself a Mephistopheles. So far as he knew, there was no humane or amiable sentiment common to humanity which he did not have his fair share of. He liked to give a beggar a shilling, to rescue a woman from a ruffian, to exchange a merry jest with a chance companion, to nurse a sick man, and feed a hungry one ; in a word, to do any and all such things as minister to the doer's gratification by gratifying the other party. In so far he was no worse nor better than other men ; but he differed from most of them (in his own opinion at least) in the higher intellectual perception which enabled him to see that good and evil are but different aspects of a curious old bugbear of the imagination, founded upon an irrational view of the relations between man and destiny. The only rational fault that a human being could commit was to throw away an opportunity of self-satisfaction ; self-satisfaction being understood in the large sense, not as being restricted to mere material gain and aggrandisement, but including also numerous immaterial advantages which might look at first sight like self-sacrifices.

I offer these suggestions for what they are worth, and without dogmatism ; historians, as well as other people, being prone to inquire into the motives of the characters with whom they do business, and to believe (perhaps erroneously) that all action must be preceded by motive. But it is impossible to over-estimate a person's plausibility in his own eyes, or his power of

squaring what he does with his notions of propriety and good sense. Shakespeare's Richard III. may call himself a villain ; but he is careful at the same time to adduce reasons proving that, in his opinion, a villain is the only respectable thing to be. The Christian fathers and their modern descendants may exclaim that they are fools and sinners ; but they only do so when a change in their moral attitude has enabled them to regard their sinfulness and folly as something from which they are more or less detached. In other words, to jump out of our own skins is a feat achieved by but few of us ; and very likely it is just as well that so it should be.

"What do you most want to do, Jack, when we get to London ?" Bryan inquired one day.

"To go to a theatre and see a tragedy," the young man replied.

"Hullo ! Have they theatres and tragedies in the Sacramento valley, as well as fine art academies ? When shall I get to the bottom of you, Jack ?"

"Some one told me about them before I left the first place," said Jack, who always used this term when he meant Suncook. In the early Californian days it was not the custom for men to mention the names and particulars of their previous history.

"Did you ever read a tragedy, or hear one ?" Bryan asked.

"No ; but I believe there is one called *Othello*," replied Jack, who had a very retentive memory.

"So there is ; and if you like you shall hear some of it," exclaimed Bryan ; and he pulled his Shakespeare out of his pocket.

They were on horseback at the time, riding amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. Bryan was a capital elocutionist, with a strong dramatic talent ; and he began at the beginning, and read out the whole great play with abundant force and passion. Jack, who had never heard or imagined the like of it in his life,

became aroused and excited to a high pitch ; and before the end of the first act he had ceased to think either of book or reader, and believed it was all real—terribly and intolerably real. Bryan felt the contagion of his enthusiasm ; and as he knew most of the speeches by heart, he gave them as if the matter were real indeed. At the more exciting passages they put spurs to their horses and galloped. Perhaps the drama has seldom been presented under circumstances more exhilarating. Tom Berne rode behind, and listened, in his dull and unresponsive way, likewise. The rocky cañons echoed back the immortal words ; the gloomy pines grew darker at the tragedy. Sometimes a coyote ran across the path, and paused afar with pricked-up ears. Anon the broad sunshine flung its glare upon the pitiless villany of Iago. Here a roaring cataract took up the burden of Othello's heart-broken groan ; or the whisper of the breeze in the madroño repeated the last quavering farewell of Desdemona. When it was over Jack reined in his horse, and leaned forward with his face upon its neck, in a tumult of emotion. When he looked up again it was with a sort of astonishment to see only Bryan beside him. Where were all those phantoms that had thronged around him but now ?

"Shakespeare's a great fellow, isn't he?" said Bryan.

"Shakespeare?" echoed Jack, vaguely, with blank gaze.

"Shakespeare wrote it."

"But it was so?" said Jack, indignantly.

"It sounds like it, certainly," returned Bryan, nodding and smiling. "It is just as real as you and I are ; or may be a great deal more so."

"I want to ride alone a while," said Jack, motioning to his companion to precede him. "Go on ; I'll come up with you at the halt."

Bryan laughed, allowing himself to be flattered by this unconscious tribute to the vigour of his delivery, and rode

ahead as desired. Jack followed slowly.

At first his mind dwelt amongst the scenes and people of the play ; he lived through it all again. As is inevitable, he identified himself, and persons he had known, with the various characters. Then he compared his actual past life with this fierce and brief imaginary life ; and the contrast dissatisfied him. It was not only that it make his own life appear flat and dull, it also made it seem, in some of its aspects, base and ignoble. For one effect of a portrayal of great characters and passions like *Othello*, is to raise the auditor to a higher spiritual level, where only lofty deeds and motives seemed tolerable. It is a grand, impersonal criticism upon our petty ways and thoughts. Jack had at least one thing to reproach himself with ; was it too late to wipe out a part of that reproach ? He drew his rein, and turning in the saddle gazed northward. The snowy mountain which had answered to his look during a certain period of his life was now invisible beneath the horizon ; but he could make it rise again ; should he do so ? He was alone ; he might ride which way he would. "Kooahi, are you alive?"

He sat a long while, deep in painful thought. At last he turned again, and rode onward as before, slowly, with his chin upon his breast.

"If it is not too late now it will not be too late a year hence, and then I can come back."

After a while he put his hand to his breast and drew out the golden locket. The face pictured there . . . this face was the true guide and ideal of his life ; and this face dwelt not near Mount Shasta. It must be sought and followed over seas. Such a face could not but lead to good. It was worthier of trust than his own judgment or conscience. He would trust it and pursue it. It was the symbol of all nobility and right. Let the dusky face vanish, since the two were opposed.

It had been loved, but it must vanish. It was the love of a lower sphere of existence. All changes had their pain—even the change from lower to higher; even the change of growth. Childhood was sweet, but who that could be a man would willingly remain a child? Farewell, Kooahi, and all whereof thou art the emblem! Loving brown face, tender midnight eyes, black canopy of tangled hair, farewell! Bare clinging arms, warm bosom, gentle voice, farewell! Thou art the shadow of the simple past. This royal countenance, bright with the light and intelligence of the future, beckons away from thee. It must be so. Ay, for to him who has chosen, no choice remains.

At sundown Jack rejoined the others at the camping-ground.

"I shall be in the way of showing you theatres and tragedies to your heart's content," remarked Bryan to him over their supper, "for I am going to marry a great actress."

"Will she be Desdemona?" inquired Jack.

"Well, not except on the stage, let us hope," chuckled the other. "I'm no Othello, to smother a poor woman with a pillow because she loses my handkerchief. Anyhow, it would need a very honest Iago to stir me up to it."

"Is she beautiful?"

"She will be one of the most magnificent creatures above ground. She's as graceful as a leopard and as proud as a peacock; and she loves me to desperation. If it were not for that, Prince Jack, I should think twice before introducing you to her."

"Why?" demanded the ingenuous youth.

"Because you're so damnably good-looking. It might have been better if that bullet of mine had gouged out your left eye or smoothed down your nose. Your artistic genius would have remained intact, and you would have been a much less dangerous fellow among women. It would have been better for you as well as for them, for

a handsome man is generally ruined by women, whereas if you were minus a feature or two you would be left in peace to produce your immortal works."

A great deal of what Bryan was in the habit of saying was as unintelligible to Jack as if it had been uttered in an unknown tongue, but on these occasions he seldom asked for an explanation. Bryan had noticed this, and sometimes purposely talked in riddles in order to stimulate inquiry, but uniformly in vain. Jack had as yet no promiscuous curiosity, he desired information only on those subjects which had already begun to interest him. It did not interest him to be told that he was handsome, nor was he concerned to know why his beauty should be dangerous to others or destructive to himself. As for women, there were but two to his consciousness; one of whom represented what he had known, while the other was the type of what he might know hereafter, if he were fortunate and worthy. He made no reply, therefore, to Bryan's speech, and indeed had the air of not having heard much of it.

"Considering that you don't appear to be a designing fellow you are remarkably mysterious," the latter resumed after a pause. "I find out some startling fact about you now and then, but you never tell me anything. Who were your father and mother, for instance?"

"I don't know. Never saw them."

"You were suckled by a wolf, perhaps, like some great men before you?"

Jack shook his head gravely.

"Did you ever commit a murder?" pursued Bryan, humorously.

Jack's long brown eyebrows twitched and his face grew warm. At last he replied again,

"I don't know."

"The act of a preoccupied moment, eh?" said Bryan, laughing, but not wholly disguising his curiosity. "Who was the victim? a woman?"

Jack directed a look at his companion such as the latter had not supposed his meditative eyes were capable of.

"Do not ask such questions," he said haughtily.

But Bryan's curiosity was not yet at an end.

"Come now," he said, "I'll wager a woman is what's the matter with you. Out with it, my man! You got tangled up with one of these red-skinned hussies, and just gave her a taste of the tomahawk—eh?"

Hereupon Jack rose erect and put his hand to his belt. The expression of his face was as vivid and threatening as the flash of a naked sword.

"If you speak of such things—I may kill you!" he said, with steady deliberation.

"Well, I sha'n't put you to that trouble," replied Bryan good-naturedly, after having encountered Jack's eyes for a few moments. He had never liked any man so much as he liked Jack at that instant: moreover, he had got a deeper glimpse into his nature than Jack could have voluntarily given him.

Jack turned away—and met another pair of eyes fastened eagerly upon his own. Tom Berne had been mending some harness at a little distance from the speakers, and might have overheard all that had passed between them. Nobody was accustomed to heed Tom Berne, whether for good or evil, nor would Jack have done so in the present instance had it not been for the peculiar twist which he had given to his ordinarily expressionless features. He made a rapid sign with his fingers—a signal of secret intelligence, as it seemed—and then bent over his harness again. Jack limped away, and sat beneath a pine-tree for an hour or two by himself. He had taken his banjo with him, but he was not in a mood to play upon it. The darkness fell; there was no moon, but a million stars thronged the abyss of heaven with pure points of fire.

The calm and fresh immensity of the night soothed the young man's perturbed spirit. He had threatened Bryan; but he had done so less from an impulse of personal hostility against him, than from a feeling that an outrage was being committed which must be checked at any cost. He now saw that Bryan must have erred inadvertently; and he was able to separate the man—towards whom he felt affection and gratitude—from the hateful suggestion he had unthinkingly made. He saw, too, that had his own conscience been at ease, his resentment would have been less ready. He was more blameworthy than Bryan; and it was the secret consciousness of this, more than Bryan's words, that had brought the flash of deadly purpose to his brain. To kill a fellow-mortal was beyond most things abhorrent to Jack's temperament; and yet he had found himself confronted with the imminent possibility of such a deed, more than once. And, perhaps, "possibility" would be exchanged for another word, if the Witch's Head could speak!

Penetrated with these remorseful reflections he returned to the camp. All was silent there; the light of the fire coquetted with the long arms of shadow which reached forward from the surrounding darkness, and were withdrawn into it again, as the flame leaped or sank. Bryan was lying with his feet towards the fire, and his head pillowed upon his saddle. He lay face upwards: one knee was drawn up; one hand, holding his pipe, lay upon his breast; the other arm was extended on the ground. His head was bare, and his eyes were closed; his breath came long and regularly. He was sound asleep.

Jack came within a short distance, and then paused, looking down on the sleeper. The great strength and energy of this man imparted an expression of peculiar helplessness to his slumbering aspect. Awake, he

was a match for half-a-dozen ordinary men; asleep, he was at the mercy of a child with a weapon in its hand. So strictly limited is human power; and so absolute is the confidence which the most amply endowed man must put in his fellows. A sleeping giant, even though he be a savage and tyrannous one, may well excite the compassion and claim the protection of his very victim, because the latter is then so completely his master.

When Jack turned away, he found himself face to face with Tom Berne, who had crept up behind him. Tom was, as a general rule, intoxicated at this hour; but he seemed not to be so on the present occasion; his condition was a much less normal one. Something was at work in the fellow's mind which had wrought him up to a pitch of unwanted excitement, manifested in a certain stealthy suddenness of movement, and in a disagreeable glitter and screwing together of the eyes. He looked at Jack with a watchful half-grin coming and going upon his lips; and presently tipped him a wink of intense, though ambiguous, significance.

"What do you want?" demanded Jack in a whisper. He could never accustom himself to the repulsiveness of this fellow.

"Say—hearken down a bit," whispered back Tom, nodding towards the sleeping figure, and winking at Jack. "Supposin' you was 'Thello, and him was 'tother chap—Iago—what would you do to un—say now?"

"If he were Iago," replied Jack, smiling a little to find that Tom's mind also had been exercised by the tragedy, "Othello would kill him."

This reply appeared highly to gratify Tom. Still nodding and winking violently, he endeavoured, by a surreptitious movement, to force something into Jack's hand. This something was a hard, cold object: it was the handle of a revolver.

"What is this for?" asked Jack,

drawing back with an impulse of startled disgust.

"To put through his damned brains!" said Tom, curling back his lips so as to disclose his set teeth. "Go on—kill un!"

"You deserve to be shot yourself," said Jack, after a short silence. "But you are drunk."

"Ay—'a be very drunk," replied Tom, with another grin. "But 'twill come, all the same, one day. Keep dark, mister!" And he retired into the shadow.

Upon reflection, Jack decided that the incident was not worth mentioning to Bryan. Tom was probably drunk; but if he had been really dangerous, or in earnest, he would hardly have requested Jack to be his catspaw. Nevertheless, it was a disagreeable comment upon his own encounter with Bryan a few hours before. Tom had but played the part of an evil and debased version of Jack himself. Jack wondered whether he would ever become more like Tom than he was now.

CHAPTER XXVII

"MODERN THOUGHT IS A SLY JUSTIFICATION OFTEN PLEADED FOR OPINIONS AND PRACTICES THAT OTHERWISE WANT A CHARACTER:" BUT "MAN IS MADE UP OF AWFUL CERTAINTIES, COMPARED WITH WHICH THE THEORIES OF SCIENCE, HOWEVER PERFECT, ARE BUT CHANGEFUL SHADOWS."

THEY were now but a few days from San Francisco; but these days were rendered large and memorable to Jack by his introduction, through Bryan's mediumship, to the other more famous of Shakespeare's plays. Those which most deeply interested him were *Macbeth* and *The Tempest*: the visions, the witches, the bodiless presences and voices of earth and air, seemed to him an echo to untold experiences of his own. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* impressed him not nearly so much;

he had never met Oberon and Titania, and Puck had played no pranks with him. But the air-drawn dagger was terrible to him, and not strange; and the power of Prospero was not whimsical or fabulous. Jack was often disposed to be incredulous of the testimony of his bodily rather than of his spiritual senses. As he found his hand sometimes clumsy in the execution of his thought, so the material aspect of things frequently seemed to him a cumbrous and temporary expedient for the conveyance of subtle and permanent meanings.

It was observed at the beginning of the last chapter that Bryan's opinion of Jack had begun to establish itself upon a new basis. Jack, it appeared, was not merely a promising blank; he was a person of considerable though unusual accomplishments, and of extraordinary and, in some respects, inscrutable faculties. In launching him upon the world, therefore, it was no longer easy to forecast the effect, either for good or ill, that the experience might have upon him. He had genius, in the first place, and his genius had already declared itself in a particular direction; and it is a habit of genius to make all things subservient to its end; so that Jack, instead of merely staring and wondering, might swallow the marvels of civilisation whole, and find them too little instead of too much for his mental digestion. In the second place, he saw either more or less in a given object or phenomenon than the average observer saw; and he drew original and unexpected conclusions from this inspection. Finally, he had a spirit and independence of his own, which were liable to avouch themselves when least anticipated; and though Bryan was accustomed to say to himself and to believe that he could control any man and that he feared none, he had the insight to perceive and the candour to admit that there was a quality or force in Jack which was as much beyond his management as the growth

of organisms or the turning of the earth upon its axis. It was a force altogether upon a different plane from any he was conscious of in himself; and being incalculable, it might under certain conditions become formidable also. And, if Jack had been strong in the same way that Bryan was strong, and had thus rivalled him on his own ground, there would have existed a conflict between them, potential or active, which would probably have ended only with the final subjection or extinction of one or other of them. But, as it was, there was no necessity of collision between them; each might be a champion in his own ring, without infringing upon the achievements of the other. Nor was this all. Though they need not oppose, they might importantly assist one another. As a united and mutually complementary pair, they might reasonably expect to prove impregnable to any attack and victorious in any enterprise. Bryan saw, however, that it would be desirable for Jack to abate a little of his fastidiousness and reserve, and to learn to take an interest in matters and projects of a sublunary nature; not that his wings were to be clipped, for it was in them that his strength lay; but he was to be educated to fly near enough to the ground to admit of co-operation with his earth-treading comrade. A year or two in society would probably suffice to rub off the impracticable gloss from the new man's feathers; the difficulty was to prevent the process from going too far. But Bryan justly had some confidence in his tact and worldly wisdom, and scarcely mistrusted their service in this case. Still the dyeing a soul of a good working colour is after all a ticklish affair; a slight maladroitness may result in turning it out coal-black, which is almost as bad as white for civilised purposes.

Meanwhile Bryan, with all his perception, perhaps failed to perceive

that Jack was unconsciously affecting him at least as much as he, with deliberation, was affecting Jack.

To San Francisco they came at length. The appearance of this city in 1847 was, in comparison with its present aspect, as a sparrow to an ostrich. Jack was excited by it, but not stupefied. It even reminded him of an enlarged Suncook. It was not so impressive as a mountain range; but it struck him (who had found even an Indian encampment crowded) as being breathlessly and terribly populous. Scores of absolutely new faces at every turn! white faces, too; which were, somehow, much more intrusively visible and effective than brown ones. Then, such a wealth and variety of wardrobes; such a babel of tongues, speaking for the most part English, or certain dialects thereof. The throng, moreover, was not animated by any pervading or uniform purpose; but every man was hurrying on some affair which seemingly concerned himself alone. There were numbers of women, also; a phenomenon at which Jack could not help gazing with devout astonishment. How different from squaws! He was likewise obliged to notice, with admiration for the ingenious simplicity of the device, that the houses were arranged side by side in straight rows, with narrow strips of space along their fronts, on which the people walked; while intermediate was a broader space, set apart for horses and vehicles. Yes, it was certainly ingenious and useful; but it was embarrassingly conspicuous and oppressive. Impossible to think of living in such places; and yet there were people in them, visible behind the glass windows, and sometimes looking out from them. People—people everywhere! Jack was sure that he loved his fellow mortals heartily and inexhaustibly; but so many of them choked and paralysed him. He did not know one of them; he had never reflected how many persons there might be in the world who were strangers to him.

Here were more strange faces in ten minutes than he had met with in the course of the last seven years—nay, he might say during his whole life. Where could they all have come from, and what were they all so busy about? As he gazed down the street, they had the semblance of two long crawling or wriggling animals on both sides of the way. They never stopped, yet they never (in the aggregate) either advanced or retreated. They were always moving and always present; and yet nothing of importance proportionate to this innumerable movement and presence seemed to happen. It was bewildering, almost appalling. Jack began to fear that he had over estimated his power of human endurance—literally. It was like being in a mill; it was like being an ant in an ant-hill; in fact it was like nothing else describable or conceivable. All the while, in self-defence, as it were, Jack kept assuring himself that they were all human beings like himself, with limbs and organs like his own, sensible to hunger and fatigue as he was, animated like himself with hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, loves. . . . But it was hard to believe it. It was hard to believe that they were real, and not a magical amplification or multiplication of two or three. At moments, the scene, as to its material distinctness, dissolved before Jack's eyes, and he only heard confused sounds, and was conscious of a vague weltering of a great life, that was many in one, a single idea resounding in countless echoes; mankind, perhaps, not men. He felt his own heart beating time to a thousand tunes, his own brain investigating a thousand clues, concocting a thousand plans. Then, in an instant, the faces reappeared again, with their myriad diversities of type and expression, real, separate, inharmonious, incomprehensible. Oh, to clap spurs to his mustang, and fly into solitude and silence!

"What are you muttering about, Jack, my man?" demanded the strong,

self-possessed voice of Bryan, riding close at his side. "How do you like it?"

"Why are there so many?" Jack asked.

"It's the fault either of the men or of the women—philosophers are divided upon the point; probably there are faults on both sides. The thing has been going on like this, and worse, for ages. I don't really know why a thousandth or a hundred-thousandth part so many wouldn't do as well, and better. The experiment, in its best phase, seems hardly worth trying; and a bad business isn't made better by multiplying it. However, there's another way of looking at it. Mankind is a nuisance to nothing so much as to itself; so it is most likely for its own punishment that it exists; and, of course, the more the more punished."

"What is the punishment?"

"It is derived from this fact—that every single individual you see there, as well as every one of the other thousand millions or so that the world contains, would, if he had his full swing, either kill or enslave all the rest, and steal all that belonged to them."

"That cannot be true," replied Jack with conviction.

"I wouldn't like to give one of them the chance," rejoined Bryan chuckling. "I know I'd do it myself; and so would you."

This seemed to stagger Jack; but after a pause he said, "So I might, if I turned one way; but if I turned the other, I should give them all I had, and make them happy."

"When you are a man of the world, you will do neither of those things," Bryan answered; "you will split the difference."

"In what way?"

"Why, under cover of turning (as you call it) the latter way, you do what you can to scabble along in the former; so you conceal the pilferings of the sinner behind the aureole of the saint."

"My brother lies!" said Jack, looking at his companion, and speaking with the point-blank simplicity of his Indian training.

"And so will you, when you're wiser," returned he, with imperturbable good humour. "But here we are at our hotel. Now for civilisation!"

They dismounted at the most considerable tavern in the town; their horses were taken to the stable in charge of the hostler, and they themselves, at Bryan's direction, were shown into a private apartment, and their luggage, such as it was, brought in with them. After ordering dinner, Bryan bade the landlord send for a goldsmith, and to tell him to bring his scales in his pocket. "And the bigger scoundrel the fellow is," he added, "the better."

When the landlord had left them, evidently in some doubt whether it might not be the part of prudence to request them to vacate his premises, Bryan locked the door, and drawing a table into the centre of the room emptied upon it all the nuggets and gold dust which he had got together during his months of sojourn in the wilderness. He swept it together in a great glittering heap, remarking, with a comical side-glance at Jack, "There lie the souls of half the honest men of San Francisco!" Then he threw a table-cloth over the heap, and warned Jack to content himself with listening to the ensuing interview, and not to make any remark. To this the other agreed; and then, after a while, there was a knock at the door. Bryan unlocked it, and admitted the goldsmith. He was a small, high-shouldered man, with a keen swarthy face, ill-shaven, and with a monkey-like trick of working his eyebrows up and down. He glanced round suspiciously at the two men, and remained standing near the door.

"Are you the man I sent for?" inquired Bryan, in a very suave tone.

"Well, I'm a goldsmith, if that's what you sent for," replied the other,

imparting a scooping movement to his head, which left him with his neck stretched forwards to the fullest extent, his forehead wrinkling up into his hair, and his eyes blinking.

"I was alluding to your character," rejoined Bryan, blandly; "I sent for the greatest scoundrel in town—but you needn't give your credentials," he added, as the other made an indignant gesture; "and if you attempt to go out of the room, I'll blow your brains over the door panel. I was about to say that you carry your credentials on your countenance. But, my dear sir, though I admit you are the worst thief and villain resident in town, I beg to inform you that a far worse one than yourself has the honour of addressing you at this moment. Compared with me, you are as innocent and guileless as a child."

"Say now, what air you up to, anyhow?" demanded the goldsmith, shifting his position uneasily; "ef chaff's your game——"

"Quite the contrary; my game is business of the most weighty and private nature. I must inform you, sir, that I am a murderer and a robber—don't move!—I have shot down numbers of men in cold blood, and rifled their pockets afterwards. I would make no more of burglariously entering your premises, and nailing you down to your counter with a bowie-knife through your heart, than I would of swallowing a whisky cocktail—fact, I assure you! However, my intentions at present are much less objectionable. I have some goods here, stolen, and—metaphorically speaking—steeped in blood, and I wish you to become the receiver of them. The value is between fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars. Have you brought your scales with you?"

"There! that's my darned forgetfulness again!" exclaimed the goldsmith, with a feeble pretence of self-reproach, and edging towards the door. "Blessed ef I didn't leave 'em on the shelf behind——"

"No, you are doing your excellent memory an injustice. I can see the outline of the scales in the left breast pocket of your coat. If you will hold still a moment, I will put this bullet through the centre of the—ah! I thought I couldn't be mistaken. And now the weights; not the false ones, please; the others. We are getting on capitally."

The goldsmith had hastily, and with trembling hands, produced his weighing apparatus, and now stood motionless, save for the nervous ups-and-downs of his eyebrows, his bottom wish evidently being that he might come out of this adventure with a whole skin.

Bryan then stepped to the table, threw himself into a dramatic attitude, and whisked off the cloth. The glittering mountain of gold was revealed.

A sudden change took place in the demeanour of the goldsmith. From being relaxed and shaky he abruptly became tense and stiff; his gaze was rigidly fixed upon the gold heap, and he drew his breath slowly and audibly through expanded nostrils. So you may see a cur conduct himself when unexpectedly confronted by a large tom-cat, or a strange dog of questionable aspect.

"Step up and take a look at it; it won't hurt you," said Bryan, cheerfully.

The goldsmith advanced to the table, and plunged his hands into the heap. He lifted up handfuls of the precious stuff, held them close to his face, dandled them, took up pieces and bit them, turned them about, and scrutinised them on every side.

"I'll have to borrow the money for this," he said at length, and his mouth watered as he spoke. "There's more there than I've got in the world."

"What commission do you charge?" inquired Bryan, who had been watching his proceedings with a curious smile on his face.

"Twenty," replied the other. "Couldn't do it for less."

"I'll give you ten if you have the money here within half an hour," said Bryan. "You may as well keep that nugget that accidentally got up your sleeve; it'll remind you that we understand each other. Now, off you go; and mind—I want only a thousand in dollars; the rest in sovereigns and Bank of England notes."

"All right, gentlemen," said the goldsmith, making for the door, but casting glowering looks at the wealth upon the table. "I guess, by the way, I'll have to bring my boy along to help to carry."

"Pooh! you show less than your usual perspicacity, my dear colleague," interrupted Bryan. "Don't you see that if I'd meant to murder you, I should have called on you in your shop? I can't afford to stain my landlord's carpet. Come alone, or if you think it would pay you better, stay away and send in the police. But look sharp, whatever you do."

The goldsmith darted off, and Bryan, having locked the door after him, threw himself down on a sofa, and gave way to a hearty chuckle.

"What do you think of business, my man?" he inquired of Jack, at length. "Edifying, isn't it?"

"I promised you I would not speak," said Jack; "but I wanted to ask you why you told nothing but lies? Why do you wish him to think you a murderer and a robber, when you are not?"

"Isn't that better than making men believe I am a saint and a Christian when I am not? Besides, as I have often remarked before, we are all of us robbers and murderers at bottom, if the truth were known, and it's nothing to be ashamed of either. However, in this case there were special reasons. My object was to get rid of this gold without kicking up any row. Now, if I had told that little scoundrel, or anybody else, that I dug this stuff out of the ground, we should not be able to stir hand or foot for nine days, for the rush of scamps and idiots asking questions. And then the whole population

would plunge head-over-heels into the wilderness to dig gold; and I feel moral scruples against being responsible for embarking thousands of my fellow-creatures in a business of such doubtful expediency as gold-digging. It takes them away from productive industries, makes them desert their homes and families, and inclines them to the practice of dissipation and the formation of anti-church-going societies. But my device obviated all these drawbacks. By the fellow's being a scoundrel, I secured myself against the inconvenience which would otherwise have resulted from scruples on his part as to receiving what he believed to be stolen goods. Having agreed to deal with me, regard for his own skin will keep him from revealing to any one the fact that this gold exists. He will melt it down into bars and sell it, perhaps in New York six months hence. He will be careful to say nothing to the police, because he has no witnesses to prove my story against me, and because, if he had, it would only lose him the benefit of the transaction. As it is, we shall walk off quietly with our fifty or sixty thousand pounds, and no one will so much as turn to look after us. The only thing I regret is that I didn't send for the honestest man in San Francisco instead of the greatest rogue. It would only have been a question of a little more trouble and time, and the honest man would have been in the same box as the rogue is now; with the additional advantage for him, that he would have been for ever after preserved from being such an infernal fool and hypocrite as to think or say that he was an honest man again. But alas! I am only human, and my best thoughts will sometimes come too late!" He got up, stretched himself, laughed again, and added, "Bah! Jack, don't look so solemn, man. I'm only joking, and the goldsmith knows it as well as I do. It's the conventional style in business engagements—that's all.

Why, what the devil's the matter, man? What makes you stare so? I'm not a ghost!"

Jack's appearance at this moment was indeed remarkable. Standing erect at his full height—which was over rather than under six feet—his curling brown hair thrown back on his shoulders, one hand grasping the back of the chair from which he had risen, while the other moved vaguely before him, as if to lay hold of something visible only to himself; his eyes were fixed upon Bryan's face in a broad, immovable gaze, which nevertheless seemed to receive no impression from the material object of their regard. The upper eyelids were lifted in a peculiar manner, and the pupils were widely distended. His cheeks and lips were colourless, and the latter were pressed firmly together. At length he spoke, in a low even tone, strangely at variance with the grisly purport of what he said.

"He must be dead——there's the hole in his temple, and thick blood trickling out——Bryan——His eyes were horrible—they should be shut. He's cold already. Who did it? I heard——no——"

His voice lingered and stopped. Colour returned to his face, and the constraint vanished from his attitude. He closed and reopened his eyes twice or thrice, and shaded them with his hand, as one might do who emerges suddenly from darkness into sunlight. Then he glanced round the room, re-seated himself in the chair, and said, in his usual tone—

"How long has that goldsmith been away?"

"Long enough for me to die and come to life again, it seems," answered Bryan, attempting a nonchalance which he scarcely felt.

Jack looked up at him quickly.

"How did you know that?" he demanded.

"How did you know it—that's the question?" the other returned, with a short laugh.

"Oh—I often have strange thoughts; but I don't speak of them," said Jack, looking a little troubled. "I want to ask you," he went on, "why you made that man believe you were a murderer and a robber——"

"Ah! I see my eloquence is more soporific than I supposed," interrupted Bryan, again laughing discordantly. "You will do me a favour, in your future thinkings, not to think of me—especially when I am by. Some of these days you will injure my digestion. Once is enough for a man to die, in all conscience! Here comes our banker."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE QUESTION OF PECUNIARY OBLIGATION.—JACK, IN THE EFFORT TO MAKE HIMSELF INDEPENDENT, ACHIEVES NOTORIETY.—BRYAN DISCOVERS THAT BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.

THEIR business satisfactorily concluded, and their dinner eaten, the comrades sallied forth again to make some purchases. And now Jack was for the first time indoctrinated into some of the uses of that mysterious agent, money; and what he saw caused him to take counsel with himself profoundly. It appeared that (without any fair reason that he could find out) money was given in exchange for things that had no trace of money about them. This was perhaps less mysterious than his own forecast of the matter had been—namely, that it needed only that money should be shown in order to insure supplies of anything that might be required. But it introduced this inevitable consideration, that if the money continued to be given away, the time would come when there would be none of it left. It was further evident that two people must get rid of money more quickly than one of them: whence Jack's sage conclusion that he must be accepting, at Bryan's hands, something which he had no claim to enjoy.

"My dear fellow," said Bryan, on being informed of this difficulty, "you are making too much haste to be a fool. Nothing is got in this world without its fair equivalent. I just paid that Jew five dollars for a coat. That's my equivalent for five dollars. Say I pay you twenty-five thousand dollars: I have my equivalent in taking you to Europe and seeing how you get on there. The only use of money is to enable its owner to do what he wants to. I want to spend the next year or so in your society. Of course you may, if you choose, thwart my inclination; but it would be a curmudgeonly act on your part, and all my trouble in getting the money would be thrown away."

"But I want to go to Europe," objected Jack; "so you are paying me for doing what I would do at any rate—if I could."

"That may be my misfortune, but it is your fault," Bryan replied. "However, to cut the matter short, you dug out gold enough yourself to take you to Europe without any help from me; and if you want any more, you can earn it whenever you like by modelling bear and buffalo."

"Will they give money for that?"

"Try them!"

"It doesn't seem a good thing to do," observed Jack, to whose mind, perhaps, the transaction appeared a sort of vulgarisation of sacred things; as if a man should receive a dinner in return for his enjoyment of a sunrise, or a coat and waistcoat for loving his wife. "But I'll try it," he added, after a period of meditation.

Without being aware of it, Jack produced upon the population of San Francisco a sensation not altogether out of proportion with that which they aroused in him. He was one of the handsomest men of his time, not in figure and features only, but in that use of the body and play and brilliancy of expression without which beauty is wax and paint. There was something of the ideal

cavalier of the chivalric age in his face and bearing; and the fullest effect was given to these by the barbaric picturesqueness of his attire. The costume was, indeed, based upon the Indian model; but it had been embellished with such additions in the way of colour and ornament as the wearer's artistic instinct (aided, perhaps, by occasional suggestions from the costume of wandering Mexican vaqueros) had prompted him to make. The result, at all events, even in a place where uncivilised splendour of dress was by no means unfamiliar, was striking in the extreme; not to speak of the telling manner in which it was worn. Jack was a cynosure wherever he went, much more to Bryan's satisfaction than to his own; for to him it seemed only that he looked odd, and, in so far, ridiculous. He was not of the humour that enjoys personal singularity; he wanted to appear like everybody else, and thus to indicate outwardly his inner sentiment of human identity or brotherhood. To be stared at, therefore, made him uncomfortable; and when (as too frequently happened) the starrer was a woman, poor Jack would blush like a child, and not know where to look. The young ladies were not slow to perceive this diffidence, which added a final charm to the object of their interest; their hearts dissolved within them, and in this liquefied condition added warmth and lustre to their eloquent eyes. Jack felt it, but comprehended it not; he thought the young ladies, or some of them, were only a little lower than the angels; but his burning desire was to find his way into a slop-suit as fast as possible, so that he might have opportunity to observe them without exciting their animadversions. Bryan, however, was far from falling in with this idea; and upon various ingenious pretexts he balked Jack in his designs upon the descendants of Abraham. "You'd better stick to what you have until we are on board

our vessel," he said; "people will think you are proud and wish to make yourself out better than they are, if you dress in their clothes so soon." So he and his Indian prince paraded the town in every part, and were beheld of all the inhabitants thereof. A more arduous experience Jack had never endured, though he was immensely exhilarated too, and his mind was thronged with new thoughts and sensations.

The next day a mass of pipe-clay was procured, and Jack set to work upon his first group intended for public exhibition and sale. The subject was two wolves quarrelling over the carcase of a deer. All day long he toiled, and all the ensuing night; until at length, twenty-four hours after its beginning, the work was finished. Jack walked out, made his way to the shore, and took the first ocean bath that he had enjoyed since Suncook days. Then he returned to the inn and slept till late in the afternoon. Meanwhile Bryan, without saying anything to his comrade, had gone about to make certain arrangements; and when Jack awoke, and came into the room to look at his group, it had disappeared. At that moment Bryan entered. He had adopted the garb of civilisation—comparatively, at least. Over a scarlet waistcoat, cut low to show the bosom of a white shirt with diamonds in it, he wore a close-fitting black coat, and over that again a richly embroidered cloak in the Mexican style. Round his waist was a long and wide silken sash, in the folds of which was stuck a revolver. He had on black trousers and high top-boots, and upon his head was a hat with a broad curving brim. From his neck was suspended a broad gold chain, which ended (presumably in a watch) at the pocket of his waistcoat. In this guise he resembled those filibuster chiefs who, not long afterwards, made themselves the terror of Southern California.

"Hulloa, Jack! Up already?" said he.

"I was looking for my wolves," replied Jack, impressed with his comrade's appearance.

"I took care of them; they're down stairs, and everything will be ready in a few minutes."

"What will be ready?"

"The exhibition—the Art Gallery. In society, Jack, when an artist produces anything, it becomes his duty to let society see it. I know you don't wish to appear peculiar, so I have arranged this for you. The ladies and gentlemen of San Francisco have been invited to assemble this evening to view a group in clay of a deer and wolves, modelled by the distinguished native artist who lately arrived in town. The parlour down stairs has been decorated for the occasion by the landlord, and we shall have a big crowd. You will appear and make a speech, thanking them for their attendance, and giving some details of your early artistic experiences. You may throw in as much romance and imagination there as you choose—the more the better. And then the group will be sold to the highest bidder. That's the programme!"

Bryan, no doubt, was partly prompted by a spirit of mischief in all this; he must have anticipated that Jack would be scared, but probably supposed that he would not take him altogether seriously. In fact, he had made his preparations to do the speech-making himself, and, in general, to superintend the conduct of the affair; and it was with the object of impressing the spectators with an idea of his splendour and importance that he had got himself up in the semi-Mexican style of magnificence that has been alluded to. For Bryan, though cynical enough, and of a mocking spirit, had certain foibles and follies of his own; whereof not the least marked was a conviction (not wholly unjustified, it is true) of his overwhelming personal value and abilities. He liked to show himself; to feel that he was taken at his own

self-estimate or above it, and to prove over and over again the reality of his power and influence. In this respect, as in many others, he was at the opposite pole of feeling from Jack, who, despite outward appearances, was far more truly independent than he. Jack's strength consisted in merging himself in the activities of universal or catholic forces and truths; while Bryan could only satisfy himself of his doughtiness by fighting for his own hand. Between these two energies the world is divided.

Contrary to Bryan's expectation, Jack took the information quietly. It must not be supposed, however, that he was unmoved by it. It went to his marrow like the audible voice of fate, and produced a commotion too profound to be seen. Taking it for granted that the duty, so far as its social aspect was concerned, was as Bryan had stated it, the question came whether it were incumbent upon him on higher grounds likewise. As an individual human being—as Jack—he knew that it would be impossible for him to face an assembly and say anything on the subject of art and his connection with it. Though he had often heard the Indians deliver harangues at their pow-wows, it was a rare thing—for Jack himself to utter fifty words in succession. To discuss himself otherwise than as an atom of the general humanity was an exploit as little to be desired as attempted; still less to couple so inglorious a theme with that of art—which, in its prime sense, was not logically distinct to his apprehension from the conception of divinity itself. No; but might it not be due from him to the art which he had presumed to illustrate, to be its spokesman and vindicator upon emergency? He could not deny the force of this obligation; and having once persuaded himself thereof, it only remained to hope that something (not himself) would enable him to fulfil it.

The scene which followed will be

best described from the point of view of him who was the chief actor in it. From a sea of inward turmoil and darkness Jack emerged, as it were, to find himself face to face with a crowd of people—a crowd less large, perhaps, in reality than to his apprehension; but quite big enough for the purpose in hand. By some arrangement he stood higher than the crowd, looking down upon them; upon a table beside him was the modelled group: the beams of the setting sun came level through the western window of the room, and drew a transparent veil of dusty light between Jack and the majority of the spectators—a veil which probably did Jack good service. There was a confused buzz and murmur of voices: all at once a loud and distinct voice, close to Jack, yet seeming to proceed from a distance of many leagues, and which sounded grotesquely strange, yet was unmistakably the voice of Bryan, uttered some words which appeared to be mere arbitrary noises, though nevertheless plainly conveying that if the ladies and gentlemen present would please to preserve silence, the sculptor of the group they had all admired would like to address a few remarks to them. Hereupon there was a louder murmur for a moment; and then a hush. For a moment Jack was under the impression that the expanse of faces before him was condensing into a gigantic missile, aimed to strike him between the eyes, and impale him for ever, a shameful spectacle for the abomination of mankind. The next moment, this agony passed away like a flame that is extinguished; and Jack found himself thinking quite calmly and lucidly, and with an actual glow of mental elevation, the series of thoughts ensuing; though whether he also gave them audible utterance he was not at the time aware; but he had a feeling that the faces (rendered pleasingly indistinct by a golden haze which overspread them) were on his side instead of being opposed to him;

and from this, and other circumstances that came to his knowledge afterwards, he inferred that he must have spoken aloud.

"I always loved animals. They are beautiful carelessly, without knowing it. They are more beautiful at some times than at others. That is so with all things. But the way is to look at the beautiful, and not to look at the ugly; and to keep the beautiful part in your memory, and leave the ugly out. [A voice: 'That's what Dave Matthews did when he ran away with Mrs. Creamer!'] The ugly past seems a mistake. I used to wonder why it was there at all. I thought, if I had made the world, I would not have anything ugly. But then I saw that the Great Spirit who let the ugly things be, put into my mind the thought of having no ugliness: the world was not entirely beautiful, so that we might have a chance to make it so. Our minds are the best thing the Great Spirit has made [doubtful mutterings], but there is no good in our having them unless we use them to make other things better. [Murmurs of relieved assent.] But I found I could not make the least thing. I could see what I wanted in my mind, but it would not come out. At last, one day, I took a piece of clay, and pressed it into the shape of a squirrel eating a nut. Then I saw it was not the thing itself I needed to make, but only the shape of the thing. [Applause.] And it was not I that made even that, but the Great Spirit speaking to my mind. He makes all the real things; but He makes the images of them only through us. And the images have a right to be, because there is something in them that is not in the real things. They are art: they are our best thoughts about nature. We did not help the Great Spirit to make nature; but He helps us to make art. It tells us that we are His children, and that He means us to be happy."

Hereupon there was great applause,

indicative, among other things, of a conviction upon the audience's part that the address had come to an end. A discourse on art which had reached a semi-religious climax, could not, in the nature of things, go any further. But Jack's eloquence—or more accurately, perhaps, Jack himself—had been a success. His words and sentences were comprehensible, if the drift of them were not; and the speaker's appearance and manner had captured the heart where the intellect remained unresponsive. He was a far more interesting affair than either art in the abstract, or the particular example of it which stood upon the table.

"I will give fifty dollars for the clay wolves!" called out some one.

"I'll give seventy-five!" exclaimed another.

"Hundred!" cried a third.

In the midst of this commotion, Jack stood in some bewilderment, not having as yet entered into the new current of sentiment. But when Bryan whispered in his ear, "Hold out for two hundred and fifty—you'll get it!" he awoke to the situation, and found himself able to deal with it in a style which took every one by surprise, Bryan included.

"It cannot be sold," he said, loudly and resolutely. "If there's anything good in it, it isn't my doing; and I can't take money for what is bad. It may be worth more than you can give; or it may be worth nothing. I don't know, and you don't! I must wait till I do know." As he spoke, he took his knife from his belt, and cut the model into three or four pieces. At this there was a violent uproar, which threatened to become dangerous. Had there not been women present, no doubt something serious might have happened, for the crowd had an indefinite notion that they had been bamboozled. Jack felt himself seized by the arm and hurried out of the room by a door at the back. It was Bryan who had hold of him.

"Let me go," he said, trying to free himself. "They don't understand——"

"Small blame to them if they don't," returned Bryan. "It would take the twelve apostles rolled into one to understand you. Come along—we had better not be seen till they've had time to find out we haven't picked their pockets—which more than half of them believe now. You're as mad as a March hare, and the wisest thing you can do will be to have a label to that effect stuck in your hat." By this time they had reached their apartment. Bryan locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"I only cut up the clay," said Jack. "The image is just the same as it was; nothing can hurt that."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bryan. "You must be the brother of the man who wrote a description of his dead grandmother, and sent it to the daguerreotypist. Ha!—there goes your audience. You are a wonderful chap. Here's a fellow comes straight out of the wilderness, models a group fit for the Salon at Paris, delivers a lecture to a backwoods audience on the relation of religion to art, sees himself the most popular man in town, with a fortune for the taking, and then quietly gives his friends a slap in the face all round, and tells them they don't know their own minds! What a fine candidate you'd make at an English hustings! The price of rotten eggs would become next to prohibitive. Upon my word, it would be safer travelling with the small-pox personified than with you! But Providence looks after beings of your sort. There go your dupes, laughing and chatting in the finest humour imaginable. If I had tried your game, we should probably have had the house burnt down by this time. You are like Daniel—you were born under a lucky star. A night in the lion's den would only quiet your nerves, and a turn in the fiery furnace might just save you from catching

cold. Luck seeks its man, says the proverb!"

"Well, I suppose it was foolish," Jack admitted with a sigh; "but I'm not used to think of selling things. But after all, the model belonged to me as much as anything can belong to anybody. And if they would rather have had it than their money, I ought to have given it to them. I had been thinking of it in another way just before, and forgot everything else."

No awkward results followed from this episode; it was discovered that no one had been actually defrauded, and, the sculptor's behaviour being incomprehensible, a humorous view was taken of what had occurred, and it was supposed that some profound joke on somebody must have been intended. Meanwhile Bryan rapidly pushed forward the negotiations for departure, and succeeded in securing berths on a fast-sailing merchantman bound for London round the Cape of Good Hope. The day before their sailing they were leaning over the vessel's side, as she lay in dock, when Tom appeared coming along the wharf, with his usual slouching gait, carrying a bundle of things for which Bryan had despatched him.

"What a mean-looking rascal it is!" remarked Bryan, pensively. "He's an example of what a man may become who's had the spirit taken out of him. I remember poor Hugh's telling me anecdotes about him in his boyhood, making him out a fine dashing fellow, full of pluck and by no means stupid. You wouldn't think it to look at him now, would you? He's been cowed, as the phrase is; that is, some man has got the better of him, physically and morally, and so ruined him. There is no degradation to compare with it."

"It must be degrading to the man who ruined him, too," said Jack.

"H'm! how do you make that out?"

"It would be a hateful thing to

have such power over any one. You would keep thinking of it, and using it. And you would never use it for anything good. You would think of wicked things to be done, only to make him do them. So he would really have a sort of power over you. There could be nothing more degrading than that. I would rather be Tom than the man who spoilt him."

"But you might get rid of him if you found him troublesome."

"I don't believe you could get rid of him."

"Pooh! nonsense," exclaimed Bryan, throwing his cigar into the water. "How can that be? Where's the man who spoilt Tom, for instance?"

"He may be dead."

"Dead! I'll wager he isn't. Tom hasn't the stuff in him to commit a murder."

"I am sure Tom will be with him when he dies," said Jack, with a strange positiveness.

"This is your confounded artistic imagination," returned Bryan, looking down into the water and rubbing his beard slowly.

"Why do you keep him?" demanded Jack presently.

Bryan shrugged his shoulders.

"It isn't because you like him?" persisted Jack.

"Like him—the blackguard! No. Well, he's been useful. He asks no questions, and does as he's told. I don't keep him—he stays."

"I wish you'd send him away!" said Jack, suddenly and emphatically.

"Humph! that's an idea, certainly."

"Now is the best time. We are going away to-morrow. It's only leaving him here."

"And glad enough he'd be to stay, I've no doubt."

"Let him stay, at any rate."

"Look here, my man, what makes you so tremendously earnest about it?" inquired Bryan, turning a searching glance upon his companion.

"I don't like what is in his face."

"There's nothing there except his features, is there?"

"Yes—sometimes."

"Well? What in the devil's name is it?"

"I don't know how to tell you. But it's something that makes me feel you had better not take him with you."

Bryan laughed, and then was silent for a considerable time. At last he said, "I don't believe a word of all your nonsense, mind you; but I shall let him stay behind for all that. He's not the sort of valet one would choose for fashionable life in London."

They still remained leaning against the bulwark; and by and by Tom came up to know if there were any more orders.

Bryan faced round upon him and eyed him deliberately from head to foot.

"No," he said, "there are no more orders. You're to go."

"Ay, sir," replied Tom, beginning to back away.

"To go for good, I mean. I don't want any more of you. We shall part here. You're to stay behind. Do you understand?"

Tom grinned vaguely, but did not move.

"Say 'Thank you' and be off!" added Bryan impatiently.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Tom in a cringing tone. "Is it me to stay here, and you to sail away, sir?"

"Didn't I speak plain enough?"

"Beg pardon—a couldn't do that—couldn't indeed, sir."

"You can't? But I say you shall! Are you going to disobey me?"

"A'd do anythin' for ye, Mr. Bryan—anythin', if it wor' to kill my own brother. But 'a can't stay away from ye—no, 'a cannot!"

"Listen to me, Tom. If you disobey me, it will be the worse for you."

"'A don't care nothin' for that," Tom replied, with a curious sort of subservient obstinacy. "You can kill me, if ye will—ye can murder me right here where 'a stand; but 'a can't

part from ye no other way, Mr. Bryan."

"I suppose you mean that you want money," said Bryan after a pause, with a contemptuous intonation. "I intended to give you fifty pounds, and here they are. Take them, and get out—if you don't want me to throw you out!"

He held the money towards him; but Tom still remained immovable. "'Tisn't money 'a need," he said, "not if 'twas all in the world. 'A must have you, sir—nothin' else 'ull do me! 'A couldn't live apart from ye; 'tis my meat and drink, and the breath of my body, to be with ye. That's how it is; 'a didn't make it so, myself, and 'a can't help it. A'll serve ye right well, Mr. Bryan, to the last; but to be apart from ye would be a worse death than any what you could give me; and so 'a must stay."

A look passed between the two men; for a moment it was in the balance whether Bryan did not catch Tom by the throat and hurl him over the side into the narrow strip of bubbling black water between the ship and the jetty. But the moment passed, and the deed had not been done. Bryan returned his money to his pocket, and smiled.

"You see, Jack, what a faithful, affectionate fellow Tom is," he said, with an effort to maintain his usual light tone. "We did him injustice, didn't we? It's all right, Tom; here's five dollars; go and have your last drunk on American whisky. I was only joking, you scoundrel. Mind you're on board to-morrow before noon!"

"Thank'ee, sir; ay, 'a won't forget," said Tom, pulling off his cap and bowing before his master. Then he slouched away and was seen no more.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, the vessel was towed out of dock, and headed for the Golden Gate. Bryan and Jack stood on the quarter-deck and saw the land, the secret of whose riches they alone knew, retire slowly into the distance behind the blue waves. Not they alone, however; there was one other who shared their knowledge; a stupid, uninviting-looking fellow, who sat huddled up against some cordage in the forward part of the ship, his dull eyes fixed upon the sturdy, broad-shouldered figure that leaned so jauntily against the taffrail and puffed his cigar. They were master and slave; but which was the slave, and which the master?

To be continued.

THE ROMAN CAMP OF THE SAALBURG.

"*QUÆ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!*" is the proud and well-known motto of one of our great electric telegraph companies. Admirably adapted as it is from that passage in the *Æneid* where the Trojan exile recognises at Carthage the world-wide currency of the story of his country's woes, it might also, and with not less fitness, have been appropriated by the supposed descendant of the comrades of Æneas, the hard-toiling, world-compassing Roman legionary.

A dweller, myself, beside one of the camps which marked the frontier of the Roman Empire between the Tyne and the Solway, I was under the necessity of spending a few weeks at one of the "health-resorts" of Germany near the Middle Rhine, and there found myself still under the shadow of the eagle-wings of the all-conquering city, gazing on camps like our own, following, over mountain and marsh, frontier-walls like ours, examining in the museums those objects with which we are so familiar, votive altars, Mithraic monuments, coins, amphoræ, cinerary urns—all the manifold indications of the long tarriance of the legions of Rome.

Hardly can even the most hasty visitor to the banks of the Rhine have forgotten the remarkable bend which that river makes between Maintz and Bingen. After flowing for more than 200 miles almost due north from Bâle, at the city of Maintz it receives the large contributions brought by the River Main from the hills and plains of Northern Bavaria, and here, like a young man easy to be persuaded by any companion who will join him in his journey, it abandons for the time all its northward aspira-

tion, and flows, like the Main, due westward, or even with a slight bias towards the *south*-west, from Maintz to Bingen. There, as if reminded by the inflowing Nahe of its forgotten mission, it again turns sharply to the north, foams over the opposing barrier of the Bingerloch, and with deeper waters and sterner purpose flows on till it reaches the Seven Hills, and expatiates over the broad plains of Westphalia.

Now the eighteen miles between Maintz and Bingen are very noteworthy in the history of the Rhine. Here, on its right bank, full-fronting the southern sun, are the rich slopes of the Rheingau, those vineyards whose names are classic in all the wine-cellars of Europe—Rudesheim, Marcobrunnen, Johannisberg. The northern boundary of this sunny region is formed by the Taunus Gebirge, a range of wooded hills some thirty miles in length, which reach their highest elevation in the Feldberg, a hill north-west of Homburg, somewhat lower than our own Helvellyn. But between the vines of the Rhine and the ridges of the Taunus there is another set of natural phenomena which has excited the marvel and the gratitude of sixty generations, and which, while Nassau was still independent, filled the coffers of its duke with the contributions of health-seekers from all the nations of the civilised world. Here are the warm salt-springs of Ems, the boiling-hot Koch-brunnen of Wiesbaden, the iron-impregnated, bubble-filled fountains of Schwalbach, the soft and silky waters of Schlangenbad, giving to the limbs that appearance of mottled marble which,

according to the celebrated saying of a Frenchman, inclines the bather "to fall in love with himself."¹ Here, too, are Homburg, Selters, Soden—all well-known *quellen*. With many of these springs the Romans were well acquainted. Ems was without doubt a Roman station; Homburg was close to the largest Roman camp; Wiesbaden is generally supposed to be the place referred to in a celebrated sentence of Pliny the Elder.

Such a country as this, contributing as it did two of the chief elements of enjoyment to the life of a luxurious Roman, wine and the bath, was not one to be lightly left to the barbarian. The Roman generals had themselves introduced the culture of the vine, and the name at this day borne by the town of "Bacharach on the Rhine" (*Bacchi Ara*) testifies to many libations thankfully paid by the Roman legionary at the altar of the jocund god of wine. The possession of the country was made exceptionally easy by the friendly disposition of its inhabitants, the comparatively small tribe of the Mattiaci, who occupied the territory between the hills of Taunus and the Rhine. Tacitus (*Germania*, xxix.), after describing the semi-subject condition of the Batavi at the mouth of the Rhine, a race not galled by tributes nor goaded by the publican, who were honoured by the friendship of the Romans, and kept by them as a polished weapon in their armoury, continues: "The same relation of obedience binds the nation of the Mattiaci. For the might of the Roman people has extended the reverence for their name beyond the Rhine and beyond the ancient limits of the Empire. Thus, while geographically on the German side of the river, in heart and mind they are altogether with us, their condition in other respects being similar to that of the Batavi, except that they are

even keener than that tribe in their defence of a land which has been always their own" (unlike the Batavi, who had emigrated from the Middle Rhine).

But if the Mattiaci with their vineyards and their nature-heated baths were ready to acquiesce in their honourable subjection to the great city in the south, and even to fight in the armies of the invader, very different was the disposition of the Chatti, that large and martial tribe who dwelt on the other side of the Taunus hills, and whose settlements stretched away along the Hercynian forest into the very heart of Germany. The Chatti were among the most stubborn defenders of Teutonic freedom. Their hardened limbs, their well-braced sinews, their fierce countenances made each member of the tribe a formidable foe. But they did not, like so many of the Germans, depend on feats of individual prowess for victory. Relying, like the Romans themselves, more on their infantry than on their cavalry, they had learned to a degree unusual with barbarians the advantages of organisation and obedience. They knew and kept their ranks in the field of battle; they intrenched their camps at night; they watched for the most suitable opportunities of attack by day; they chose out the ablest men among them as generals, and yielded them implicit obedience when chosen; they put no confidence in their luck, but all confidence in their own valour; they did not dash, with "Berserk" rage, into one battle, and then have done with fighting, but the whole plan of the campaign, rude, no doubt, and unscientific, but coherent and adapted to a definite purpose, was ever present to the mind of the Chatic leaders. Yet, though thus making a study of war, they were not wanting in the barbarian's frank and natural delight in killing for its own sake. As soon as they attained to manhood, the long unkempt hair and untrimmed beard proclaimed that here was a young

¹ "Absolument, monsieur, en ces bains on devient amoureux de soi-même."—*Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau*.

warrior whose weapon had not yet tasted blood. After the first battlefield in which the Chatic soldier had seen an enemy fall before his conquering arm, he cleared away the shaggy locks from his forehead, he trimmed his beard, and feeling that now at length he had not been born in vain, he dared to look his parents and his fellow-countrymen in the face, a true man because a manslayer.¹

The third century after Christ was chiefly noteworthy among the Germanic peoples by reason of the new and powerful confederacies into which many of them formed themselves. Then along the lower waters of the Rhine and in the marshes at its mouth arose (222-235) the confederacy of the Franks, who have given their name to France. Then (before 285) by the Weser and the Elbe clustered together the Saxon tribes who were to do at least a third of the work in building up the new country of England. Then (about 213) a new confederacy was formed, of which the Chatti were the core and kernel, to make war against all Romans dwelling on both sides of the Middle Rhine, from Bâle to Strasburg and from Strasburg to Coblenz. This new confederacy took the name of Alemanni (all men), to express the universal character of its brotherhood in arms. So deep was the imprint made by the fierce deeds of the Alemanni on the cowering inhabitants of Gaul, that to this day, as we all know, the inhabitants of the greater part of France speak of all Teutons as *Allemands*, and the whole mighty region from the Rhine to the Vistula as *Allemagne*.

But we have anticipated the course of affairs by two or three centuries, in order to explain what might otherwise be a puzzling vacillation between the names of Chatti and Alemanni. Let us remount the stream of time, and let us see what Rome was doing in these Taunus regions about the time when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

¹ See Tacitus, *Germania*, xxx. and xxxi.

All lovers of Horace will remember the magnificent ode in which he commemorates the services rendered to Rome by that "pair of lion-cubs" the two young stepsons of Augustus, Tiberius and Drusus of the Claudian gens. The work which they were then doing in the difficult ravines and over the high passes of Switzerland and the Tyrol, overcoming barbarous tribes, making roads, building forts, they afterwards continued in the less difficult but more distant region of the Middle Rhine and the Main. Here, about eleven years before the Christian era, Drusus erected upon the Taunus range a stronghold against the Chatti, to which either he or some later general gave the name Artaunum.² Twenty years after this (A.D. 9), when the rash and incapable Varus had suffered his terrible defeat at the hands of the German patriot Arminius, and when the aged Emperor was pacing up and down his chamber in the Palatine, vainly exclaiming, "Give me back my legions, Varus!" the Chatti were in all probability pouring over the crest of the Taunus hills, and levelling Artaunum with the dust. This at least we know, that six years later (A.D. 15), when Augustus was dead, and when the legions in Germany, hearing of his death, had disgracefully mutinied and murdered many of their officers, Germanicus, the idolised son of Drusus, having succeeded in recalling the soldiers to their allegiance, by way of diverting their thoughts from a painful episode led them upon a victorious campaign against the Chatti, and on his march restored from its ruins the castle on the Taunus which his father had built.

Similar vicissitudes of stateliness and ruin must have often befallen the fortress of Artaunum. It has been computed that at least five instances of the destruction and rebuilding of this castle are vouched for by history, and that the traces of three of these

² By which it is mentioned by Ptolemy in the second century.

may still be discovered in three distinct layers of ashes which are revealed by the excavations.

But, however this may be, there can be little doubt that during the greater part of the second century, in that which we call the period of the Antonines, this corner of Germany partook even beyond its measure in the peace and prosperity which were the heritage of the whole Roman Empire during those happy years (98–167). The task of constructing a defensible barrier for the trans-Rhenane possessions of Rome, which had been begun probably by Drusus and his brother, was continued by later emperors, especially by one who does not generally get the credit of statesmanship or military skill—by Domitian. According to the general belief of German antiquaries, however, the *Limes Imperii* received its greatest, if not absolutely its final, development from him whom we recognise as more than any other emperor, the builder of our Northumbrian wall, Hadrian.

With the outburst of the Marcomannic War (165–175), under Marcus Aurelius, came probably the first apprehensions of change and trouble. Yet we cannot certainly say that this war, which was being waged chiefly in countries 200 to 300 miles east of Artaunum, changed anything in the material condition of the regions between the Main and the Rhine. Only, in this war, the whole strength of Rome under her greatest and wisest emperor was taxed and almost over-taxed to obtain a moderately successful ending to a struggle against a Germanic confederacy. It is difficult not to suppose that throughout the German forests the news travelled that the steel of the sword of Rome was losing somewhat of its penetrating power. Probably enough, the almost-success of the Marcomanni may have stimulated the growth of these confederacies of the third century, Alemanni, Franks, and Saxons, to which allusion has already been made, and which turned almost-

success into triumph. It is certain that we find traces of the activity of the emperors of the house of Severus (193–235) in this region where, to all appearance, they were engaged in strenuously repairing the line of the Roman defence, and putting all things in readiness to resist the coming foe. A flattering inscription (of the year 213) addressed by the Cohors Antonina to the Emperor Caracalla, has led to the belief that that half-crazy monarch (who, it must be admitted, is less contemptible in his German campaigns than in most other circumstances of his reign) may have made a lengthened stay at Artaunum. And inasmuch as, notwithstanding the shortness of the reign of Alexander Severus, by far the greatest proportion of coins that have been found there bear his effigy, we may fairly conclude either that his reign (223–235) was a time of unusual activity in the repair and defence of the fortress, or that some sudden and successful attack of the Alemanni led to the hiding of a large deposit from the military chest, which the centurions who buried it did not live to disinter from its hiding-place.

A fearful storm of barbaric invasion burst over the whole territory of the Mattiaci in the year 250. The Emperor Decius, sorely pressed by the inbursting Goths in the province of Moesia, was perhaps unable to give any effectual help to his western subjects, and may have relinquished the hope of saving for the Empire any of the lands east of the Rhine. By this eruption of the Alemanni, Wiesbaden (*Aquæ Mattiacæ*) was for the time ruined, and it is probable that during the same inroad occurred one of the great burnings of the fortress of Artaunum.

But the Roman domination in these parts, though dying, was not yet quite dead. Postumus, the best of the so-called "Thirty Tyrants," who clutched the fragments of empire from the feeble hands of Gallienus, almost

redeemed the crime of his usurpation, and made his subjects forget the lowliness of his origin—as he should make us forget the extreme vulgarity of the snub-nosed effigy on his coins—so strong, so firm, so statesmanlike was his dealing with the jubilant barbarian marauders. He is said to have won back the lost provinces (in which doubtless the country of the Mattiaci must be included), and to have given them ten years of peace. We may fairly assume that the fortress of Artaunum shared the happiness of this rehabilitation. In the year 267, however, Postumus was slain by his own soldiers, indignant at being refused the expected plunder of Maintz.

We have now just reached the end of the Roman occupation of Artaunum. The successor of Gallienus was the noble and valiant Emperor Claudius, who received the surname of Gothicus from the terrible campaigns in which he swept the "Balkan Peninsula" clear of its Gothic invaders. This emperor (268-270), is the last of whom any coins, and those few in number, are found at Artaunum. The same fact has been observed at other stations on the German barrier; and we are entitled to say that Claudius Gothicus, for the south-west of Germany, as Gratian for the north of England, marks the last page of Roman domination.

Of that domination then we may note three epochs. The first, a time of struggle and generally of conquest, lasted from Drusus to the triumph of Domitian (B.C. 11—A.D. 84). The second was a time of nearly undisputed Roman supremacy and general peace (84-167). During this period of nearly a century we may believe that an extensive commerce grew up between the flourishing and civilised south-west angle of Germany, and its neighbours in the interior. The third, one of continual wars and commotions, barbaric invasion, Roman defence, and civil strife, lasted from the outbreak of

the Marcomannic War to the death of Claudius Gothicus (167-270). After that, the Alemanni and chaos.

Having given this hasty glance at the past history of Artaunum, let us visit the modern representative of Artaunum—the so-called *Camp of the Saalburg*. Homburg, the nearest town to the camp, is, as every one knows, one of the most celebrated watering-places of Germany. Situated about eight miles to the north of Frankfurt, on the first ascending terraces of the Taunus,¹ it offers by its cool air and shady gardens a welcome retreat in summer to the wealthier citizens of the great commercial capital on the Main. *Roulette* and *rouge-et-noir*, are now banished from the midst of it. The spacious Kursaal is simply a magnificent refreshment room, and the attractions of music and dancing alone remain to draw visitors to its precincts. There is something of sober respectability now about its terraces and promenades which reminds one of Clifton; but the old aristocratic flavour which it contracted in the days of its impropriety has not yet departed from Homburg, and generally in the evenings of July or August, some Royal Highness whose ancestor had attained to the dignity of an independent pirate-chief in the days when Artaunum fell, may be seen smoking his cigar in the picturesquely lighted gardens, and attended by a brilliant and obsequious *gefolgschaft*. But our interests are not in the city, but on the hills. North-west of Homburg lies the thickly-wooded ridge of the Taunus which comes, at its nearest, within about four or five miles of the city. The highest point of the whole range is the Gross Feldberg, 2,804 feet above the sea. An inn, with a high tower beside it, has been built here, and is much visited all through the summer for the sake of the magnificent prospect over the Rhine and Main lands, and southwards to the

¹ Homburg *Von der Höhe* is its full title.

about the frequent practice in Germany of calling the remains of Roman occupation "Heathen"¹ works, and remarked how strange it was that the ecclesiastical remembrance of heathen and persecuting Rome in the first three centuries after Christ should have outlived and extinguished every other thought in connection with the Imperial City. Herr Jacobi replied that in this part of Germany ancient earthworks, and even deposits of treasure, are more usually attributed by ignorant people to the Swedes than to the Romans, whether as heathen or under any other designation. "*Dass ist von der Schweden-zeit*" is the usual remark of a German peasant in this part of the country when any fresh monument of antiquity is disinterred. Strange testimony to the misery of the long struggle of the Thirty Years' War, still present to the minds of the people with perhaps even greater vividness than the Napoleonic cycle of wars! But strange is it also to reflect that events which were still hidden in the womb of Time, when Luther affixed his theses to the gates of the University of Wittenberg, should by the popular imagination be confused with events which were already of the Past when Christianity was accepted as the religion of the Roman Empire.

Our conversation also turned on the probable condition under the Romans of the Zehnt-Land, as German historians, alluding to a passage in the Germania of Tacitus, called the territory beyond the Rhine and Danube, included within the *Limes Imperii*. "All this land which we see around us," said my companion, "was profoundly influenced by the fact of its having been under Roman dominion. Notwithstanding the barbarian irruptions, civilisation and the arts did not actually perish. I believe that all this angle of Germany commenced its career in the Middle Ages several cen-

turies in advance of the regions in the north and east of Germany, which had never been Roman."

But we are now at the top of the hill. On the left is the neat and commodious "Forst-haus," in whose stables we can put up our horses. After looking at some of the plans and pictures on the walls, we sally forth to visit in the first instance

THE BURYING-GROUND.

This lies in front of the camp, and at a distance of perhaps 300 yards from it, and fifty from the "Forst-haus." One is led first of all to a little temple which has been recently erected on the foundations of a Roman edifice that once stood here. Some inscribed stones have been built into the walls, and fragments of Roman pottery are to be seen within. One of these shows the imprint of a dog's foot, the owner of which was evidently careering about in the potter's yard while this slab was drying.

But the chief interest of this little museum (for such in fact it is) consists in the representation of a Roman burying-ground which it contains. You look upon a kind of chess-board with squares—not always regular, and sometimes partially overlapping one another—each square being eighteen inches long and twelve inches broad. In each of these little inclosures, which are surrounded with a low stone wall, lies a vase containing the ashes of the dead, and generally a lamp, a "lachrymatory" so called, and one or two human bones. The little square inclosure is a grave, and its contents are all that remained of the dead soldier, his wife, or his child, after the body had been submitted to the process of cremation. Standing under the porch of the temple you see at some little distance below you a flat open space which is believed, from the peculiar appearance of the ground, to have been the spot on which the funeral pyres were erected. All

¹ *Heidenmauer, Heidenheim, Heidenschaft,* and so on.

round you, for a space of 100 yards square, the earth is covered with graves, of which these little chess-board squares in the temple are copies. Only a comparatively small proportion have yet been opened, and these are designated by a stone stuck perpendicularly into the centre of the ground; but there can be no doubt that the thousands of unexplored graves lying round them would, if excavated, yield similar results. "*Lauter Gräber*"—"Nothing but graves," said Herr Jacobi several times as we walked over the ground. I thought of Mrs. Browning's beautiful apostrophe (though occurring in a somewhat different connection of ideas)—

"Still graves, when Italy is talked upon!"

Besides the imitation graves in the temple-museum, one of the veritable opened graves was kept under a sort of box fastened with a padlock for exhibition to visitors. One has to speak of it in the past tense, because a year or two ago some boys, out of that pure love of mischief which seems to characterise boys in all countries, forced open the lock and smashed all the contents of the tomb. The opening of a grave is a little excitement now reserved for the visits of illustrious personages. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have twice been present at such a ceremony, and the Duke of Cambridge once.

Few things have more forcibly brought home to my mind the *length* of the Roman tarriance in Germany than this crowded burial-ground on a bleak shoulder of the Taunus Gebirge. I believe I am correct in stating that no cemetery on so vast a scale as this has yet been discovered at any of the stations on our Roman wall. It would be interesting to ascertain the reason of this difference.

In visiting the burying-ground, we have in fact struck the line of the old Roman military road, which, like another Via Appia, was thus lined with tombs. We now keep on for a few
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minutes along this line of road, and soon find ourselves in

THE CIVIL QUARTER,¹

outside the gates of the camp.

First of all, on the right-hand side of the road, we see some excavations which reveal very rudely-built rubble walls surrounding small inclosures. In their present state they look little better than mere "dens and holes in the earth;" but it is fair to remember that they may have been the rude cellars of somewhat less rude superstructures. By common consent, however, these huts are assigned to the lowest rank of dwellers under the shadow of the Roman eagles—camp-followers, or possibly some sort of rough Teutonic provision-merchants. The explorers have agreed to christen these pits the *Canabae*, from a name which inscriptions reveal to us as having been generally applied to the mean dwellings of the Roman settlers.

Very different are the foundations of the buildings—still outside the camp—on the left side of the road. Here we have walls of excellent masonry, lining extensive cellars, whole groups of apartments, warmed by subterraneous flues, and presenting the almost precise counterpart of the hypocausts of *Cilurnum*,² the remains of a bath, and a villa which measured a hundred feet by sixty, and no doubt showed a proportionally good elevation. According to one theory,³ this stately building, which, being outside the camp, might possibly have survived its destruction, may have been known for some generations as "the Saale" (the Hall) and may thus have given its name to the adjacent camp of the Saalburg.

The extent and importance of this civil quarter adjacent to the camp is (like the spacious cemetery) a very striking feature of the Saalburg, and one which, as far as I know, distin-

¹ "Die Bürgerliche Niederlassung."

² Chesters, on the North Tyne.

³ See *Das Römercastell Saalburg*, p. 17.

guishes it from all the Roman camps in our neighbourhood.

Now that we are on the crest of the hill, and just about to enter the camp, let us look back along the broad and straight Roman road behind us. We can see how it once pursued its undeviating course down into the valley, where we now see the tower and steeples of Homburg below us. In old times it pursued the same onward course, with a slight deviation to the left, till it reached the town of Novus Vicus (Heddernheim), eight miles from the Saalburg. There, about two miles north-west of Frankfurt, was reared the "new city," when the attacks of the Alemanni on Artaunum became more frequent and more violent, and thither it is supposed that a large part of the non-military neighbours of the camp transferred themselves, perhaps some generations before its final abandonment. Of recent years Novus Vicus has yielded a noble harvest of Roman remains to the antiquary. We now turn to enter

THE CAMP.

The Porta Decumana, noble in all proportions but height, lies before us, and it needs but slight aid from the imagination to see it towering above us. The walls of the gateway still remaining are about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, of square and solid masonry. The gateway was a double one, with two square guard-chambers, one on each side, precisely as we see them at Cilurnum or Borcovicus. We note the *width* of the opening—the whole space from wall to wall measuring 8 metres, or about 26 feet¹—and a block of masonry advanced a little in front of the wall which divides the two entrances. Upon this pedestal may probably once have stood the statue of a victory or an emperor, while the cohorts tramped past it on

either side, marching forth to combat, or returning for hard-earned repose.

The first section of the camp on which we enter—called in the language of the imperial quarter-masters the *Retentura*, is comparatively uninteresting. A building on the left, containing five or six rooms, one of them warmed by a hypocaust, may probably enough have been the Quæstorium,² the place where what we call the office-work of the camp would be done, where also, according to the suggestion of one author, the *legati*³ dwelt, in whose neighbourhood the hostages and prisoners taken from the barbarians would be kept, under strict supervision.

On the right we find the remains of a building devoted to humbler purposes. The multitude of small compartments into which it is divided shows that we have here before us the *camp magazine*, the warehouse or store of the army. At the north-east corner of this building were found several bones of animals, and six iron flesh-hooks. Probably this was the larder, situated in a good cool place, where the rays of the noontide sun would never reach it.

We have now passed through the Retentura, and are come to the *Via Principalis*, a road running at right angles across the camp from left to right, and terminating at one extremity in the *Porta Principalis Dextra*, at the other in the *Porta Principalis Sinistra*. These gates, the only two in the sides of the camp, are not half the size of the Porta Decumana, being each only twelve feet wide, but the masonry of each is in good preservation. The Via Principalis was the High Street of the military city, the place where the officers (Tribuni) heard the complaints of the soldiers and did right between them, where the legionary dictated his will in the fashion specially

¹ Almost exactly the width of the recently explored southern gateway (also a *Porta Decumana*) at Cilurnum.—(*Archæologia Ælcana*, N.S. viii. 212, plan.)

² The office of Quæstor (in this sense) fell into disuse under the Empire, but the name Quæstorium seems to have survived.

³ Rossel, p. 27.

appointed for soldiers, or received upon his back the penalty of his misdeeds.¹

Standing in the *Via Principalis*, we are now upon the threshold of the *Prætorium*,² the once stately edifice devoted to the somewhat luxurious requirements of the general who represented the majesty of the Roman emperor.

In order to reach the *Prætorium*, however, we pass through a large oblong hall, which was possibly used for a purpose quite different from that of a mere ante-chamber of the palace. Vegetius, the great authority on the military life of the Romans under the Empire, recommends that there should be some place under cover where the soldiers could practise throwing the spear or the dart loaded with lead.³ From the dimensions of this hall (39 feet by 126) Von Cohausen infers that we have here such a drill-shed, calculated to hold two companies of twenty-five men each, who could stand back to back in the middle of the building, and hurl their *pila* against targets fixed at its two extremities.⁴

In the *Prætorium* itself our authorities consider that we may trace a ground plan similar to that of the houses at Pompeii. The spacious atrium, 75 feet square, must have been a splendid apartment. According to the general Roman usage it was probably all roofed over, except a space of perhaps 20 feet square in the centre left open to admit air and light. The rain, necessarily also admitted, would be collected in the square *impluvium* below, of which we do not appear to have any traces. Two wells, about 10 feet deep, are situated at equal

distances on our right and left hand on entering the court of the atrium. Further on, near the right-hand corner, is a small square chamber, supposed to have been the *sacellum* or chapel in which would be kept the standards and eagles of the legion. The statues of the Emperor, and perhaps of the *Genius Loci*, would stand here on their pedestals, and the altar for libations and for the burning of incense would be placed before them. Some fragments of this altar have been discovered in the excavations.

On the left of the atrium are four small rooms, no doubt dormitories; on the right, a long, narrow apartment, 80 feet by 12, in which possibly a series of *triclinia* may have been placed.

Passing on from the atrium, we find ourselves in the peristyle, a stately hall reaching across the whole width of the *prætorium*, 90 feet long by 30 broad, in which traces are still to be found of a double row of columns. Near the centre of this hall stood a bronze statue of a winged Victory. The round pieces of sandstone which formed her pedestal, some folds of her vesture, her palm-branch, and one of her fingers have been discovered on this spot, smashed doubtless by the Alemanic invader in the day when Roman victory was changed into defeat.

We have now reached the boundary wall of the *prætorium*, and are looking over the broad space, nearly three acres in extent, which formed the farthest section of the camp—nearest to the enemy—and which was called the *Prætentura*. We shall not find much to detain us here, but we observe an oval space of ground, somewhat hollowed out, immediately in front of the *Prætentura*. It is conjectured that this may have been a kind of rude amphitheatre or circus, and that sometimes an Alemannic captive may have fought with wolves from the Taunus Gebirge, or two wrestlers in the cohort may have tried a fall in the presence of the general and his

¹ Marquardt, *Röm. Staatsverwaltung*, ii. 398.

² The *Prætorium* gave its name to the whole second division of the camp; the soldiers' quarters to right and left of it being called *Latera Prætorii*.

³ *Plumbata* or *Mattio-barbulos* (*Veg.* ii. 23.)

⁴ The doors communicating with the *Via Principalis* being of course closed. But I confess it seems to me improbable that such a highway as the *Via Principalis* should be thus even temporarily obstructed. May it not be really some kind of market-hall?

legati, looking on from the balcony of the *æcus*, the last and highest of the buildings in the *prætorium*.¹

There are not many other features of interest in the *Prætentura*. It was chiefly occupied by the huts of the soldiery—slightly constructed buildings probably, and of which we need not expect to find many vestiges. It is right to state, however, that this portion of the camp has not yet been explored as the two other sections have been, but is for the most part still covered by a tangle of low shrubs. The virtue and the poverty of Germany have both contributed to a result somewhat disappointing to an antiquary. The excavations at the Saalburg found in old days their most liberal patron in M. Blanc, the owner of the gambling tables at Homburg. When these were suppressed by the Prussian Government, it took upon itself this liability; but having spent on the excavations the not extravagant sum of 500*l.*, it now holds its hand, and the work of discovery is languishing.

How many soldiers, one is naturally disposed to ask, would be quartered in such a camp as that which we are now surveying? The men were much more closely packed in the camps of the later Empire than in those of the Republic,² and while the general was enjoying the luxury of his airy atrium and the apartments clustered round it, the men were packed in sets of ten³ into little huts or tents only ten feet square; no large allowance certainly of air or sleeping-room. From military considerations as to the length of the ramparts which the garrison

¹ Which was also perhaps used as a banquetting-hall. It is curious to observe that the performers of the Ammergau Passion Play make Pilate stand, surrounded by his staff, on just such a high balcony to conduct the trial of Christ, the chief priests and scribes standing on the pavement below in just such a relative position to the general as the barbarians in this amphitheatre.

² That is to say, in the camp of Hyginus, than in that of Polybius.

³ Each such set being a *contubernium*.

had to defend, Colonel von Cohausen has calculated that the number of fighting men in the camp must have been three cohorts of 360 each, a total of 1,080 men, equivalent to a modern battalion. But if the Roman "full private" was condemned to sleep in a close and crowded lodging, some assistance to cleanliness was afforded him by the soldiers' bath, in the north-east corner of the *prætentura*. Here there are two buildings, one about 12 feet square, the other about 15 by 30. The former was probably simply a cold plunge-bath. The other is divided into two communicating chambers, both warmed by hypocausts. The southern chamber, which is slightly the smaller, is about 16 inches deeper than the northern. The conjecture is that on account of the difficulty of heating enough water to fill the whole tank, this contrivance was adopted to give some a deeper bath than could be provided for all.⁴

In the whole area of the camp there are no fewer than four wells, one of which, that in the *Retentura*, on the right hand side, is still made use of.

Before we leave the camp a few words must be said about the objects of interest which have been found there, and which are for the most part deposited in the Museum at the Homburg "Kur-saal." Of inscribed stones, as before remarked, there is no great number, owing to the unworkable character of the stone. In one case a pedestal shows traces of an attempt to replace one inscription by another. The work has been imperfectly done, and the old inscription as well as the new is still legible. A stone⁵ dedicated by the Antoninian cohort to the Emperor whom history knows as Caracalla, bears a date equivalent to 213 A.D. Another, some sixty or seventy years

⁴ Possibly the shallower room was a *sudatorium*. The drains and other sanitary arrangements in this corner of the camp are worthy of examination.

⁵ This was discovered in the early part of last century, and built into a wall of the Landgrave's Palace, where it is still visible.

earlier (138-161), was dedicated to Antoninus Pius. One inscription records the payment of a vow to Jupiter Dolichenus, the Syrian god, of whom our Northumbrian camps also bear witness, and one (that to which I have already alluded as being carved over a half-obliterated older inscription) states that the statue above was dedicated "to the honour of the Imperial house" ("in honorem Domus Divinas").

In specimens of domestic art the Saalburg Museum is much richer than in inscribed stones. There are keys in great numbers and of various degrees of intricacy. Herr Jacobi has classified them so as to exhibit a complete Darwinian genealogy of keys, from the "Ur-schlüssel" of early barbarism down almost to our own "Chubb" key. Fragments of window-glass, pens (a stylus of iron inlaid with gold), inkstands—one quite modern in semblance, with a sliding cover to keep the ink from dust, which is in the possession of Herr Jacobi, and which he fitly described as "very practical, quite English"¹—vases, oil-flasks, and so-called lachrymatories without end; rings, necklaces, fibulae, and so on, are exhibited in great numbers. Several objects worked in our own Whitby jet have been discovered. It is curious that amber, that essentially German article of luxury, is not represented.

It seems marvellous that so many articles, many of them of a very fragile nature, should have been discovered, and should have escaped the destruction of the camp; for there can be little doubt that on the last occasion of its capture, as well as after two previous sieges, Artaunum was destroyed by fire. The fine grey powder which to the experienced eye tells of a terrible burning, everywhere overlies the masonry. "Immer brand-asch" was the constant comment of my companion, as he led me from point to point of the ruined fortress.

¹ "Sehr praktisch, sehr Englisch."

But it is now time to quit the camp and to give one glance at its outworks. The Prætorian Gate, which faced towards the barbarians, and by which we now depart, is very narrow, only nine and a half feet wide instead of the twenty-six feet of the Decuman Gate. It is in fair preservation (about six feet high, if I rightly remember), but the masonry of the southern face is of a late and poor type.

The triple line of mound and fosse by which the camp is surrounded is unusually bold and striking. The whole width, from the outer to the inner edge of the line of circumvallation, is nearly seventy feet, and the depth of the fosse below the present crown of the rampart is about twelve feet. This is on a considerably larger scale than we generally find adopted in the camps of Northumberland. According to the view of Von Cohausen and Jacobi, the object of the fosse was to break the uniform line of the invaders. So long as they advanced along the level ground, or even charged up a hill of uniform steepness, they would be able to keep their wall of shields unbroken, and the arrows or spears of the besieged would find little chance of entrance; but in the act of climbing the first mound, running down into the fosse, and again climbing the second mound, their serried ranks would be inevitably thrown into temporary confusion, the shields of some would be raised, those of others would be lowered, and then would come the opportunity of the soldiers stationed on the rampart to let fly a cloud of arrows, or to hurl the heavy pilum, in the hope of turning the momentary disorder into irretrievable rout. In order the better to accomplish this object, the wall of the camp itself, eight feet high, was crowned with battlements,² each three feet broad and five feet high, erected at intervals of about eight feet and resting on a

² The large slabs of stone found at regular intervals under the wall prove the former existence of these battlements.

low parapet of about two feet. The soldiers, who had a road about nine feet wide on the top of the wall to travel upon, could thus retire behind a defence large enough to shelter one or two men in the intervals of hurling their own missiles at the foe.

And now that we have walked through the length and breadth of the Roman camp of Artaunum we must say a few words about the great chain of fortresses of which it was, perhaps, the strongest link. Passing out of the camp through the Prætorian Gate, crossing the mounds and ditches, and threading our way for a quarter of a mile through the forest which surrounds the camp, we come at length to an embankment of earth some eight feet high on the northern slope, five feet on the southern, and somewhere about twenty-four feet wide at the base. Much overgrown with bushes, it nevertheless affords a possible path along its top to an enthusiastic antiquary, who may trace its course from hence for five miles to the N.E. along the ridge of the Taunus, and with a slight interruption for about six miles in the opposite direction across a shoulder of the Feldberg. This is the *Pfahl-graben* (Palisade-Ditch), called, in its course through Germany, by nearly a score of other titles, in most of which the "Pfahl" element figures in one form or another, though one or two contain the name of *Der Teufel*, in allusion to its supposed diabolic origin. The Author of Evil, so the story is told, appeared one day before the Almighty, and pleaded that some little portion of the earth should be assigned him for his domain. "So much will I give thee," was the reply, "as thou canst encompass with a wall before cock-crow." Thereat the bad angel set to work earnestly. All his energy, all his science were put forth. In that one night he built a wall which encircled the world. But, just as he was putting on the last coping stone, the cock crew, and he knew that his

toil was in vain. In a rage he demolished the wall upon which he had expended so much wasted labour; all but a mere fragment of it, the *Teufels-Mauer*, the 300 miles or so which yet remains in South Western Germany, reaching from the Danube to the Rhine. Over this remnant of his work, he still goes in sad pilgrimage once a year on the night before the blessed Christmas tide; and farmers or peasants who have built their houses on any spot where the wall once stood will, if they are wise, take out a tile or two on that night from the stone chimney in the family dwelling-room, that the Evil Spirit may not shake the house to pieces in his attempt to find an exit.

To turn from mythology to history, the *Limes Imperii*, or *Pfahl-graben*, which once stretched from near Ratisbon on the Danube to near Bonn on Rhine was, in the opinion of Von Cohausen, not originally intended so much as a work of defence as a line of demarcation. Like its namesake "the Pale," in Ireland, it was to mark off the lands in which order and civilisation reigned, from those which were abandoned to barbarism. If cattle had been stolen or villages burned, the question would at once be raised by the Tribune or the Legatus to whom the news of the outrage was brought—"Within the Limes or without it?" If within, the majesty of Rome was touched, and the offender must be captured and punished at all hazards. If without, the too venturesome merchant or farmer who had settled there must be considered to have taken the risks upon himself, and a retributive inroad into the territory of the Chatti might be spared.

It is interesting to observe that to this day "the Pfahl" still serves as a boundary, once between states (namely, Nassau and Hessen), and continually between "Bezirke" and "Gemeinden," the smaller divisions of the Teutonic Fatherland. But if originally raised as a frontier line,

there can be no doubt that the Pfahl-graben was eventually used also as a military bulwark. We find traces of a line of small forts along it resembling our Northumbrian "mile castles," and constructed at about the same intervals. Besides these we meet with larger camps, or stations, of which the Saalburg is the finest specimen, placed at irregular intervals of from four to seven miles, and the sites almost invariably chosen where there is the passage of a river to guard; or where a gap in the hills seems to invite attack from the barbarians. And evidently the German, like the British *Limes Imperii* played an important part in protecting the great Roman road which was carried from point to point of the circumference of the Empire.

Understanding now the nature of the connection between the Saalburg and the Three-Hundred-Mile barrier, with which it is articulated, we look with fresh interest at the admirable site chosen for its erection. It is just on the saddle of the Taunus range, higher and rougher hills to the right of it; the Feldberg itself, that dominating summit, to the left. Here, if anywhere, would the Alemannic hordes be sure to make their onset on the hated barricade which shut them out from all the delights of plunder and the south. Standing on the slope of the hill a little below the Pfahl-graben, where the view is not shut in by the omnipresent beech trees, one looks down over an undulating agricultural country. The broad well-paved high road leads to the sleepy little town of Usingen. On towards the northern horizon it runs, reaching at last the valley of the Lahn and the town of Giessen, the home of Liebig's university. The Bauer rules in the country, the Officer, the Professor, and the Geheimrath, in the towns. Over all broods a tranquil atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, bureaucracy, and serene contemplation of the "*Ding an sich*."

But it needs little imagination to pic-

ture a very different scene. The corn fields are gone, replaced by oak forests and swamps. From the valley below rises a confused and sea-like sound, the neighing of horses, the lowing of draught oxen, the defiant voices of the barbarians singing the battle-songs of their fathers. At length their forces are collected, they surge up against the feebly-defended Pfahl-graben, and soon pour over the feeble barrier. There is a short halt of the foremost barbarians upon the crest of the hill to give the rear guard time to join them. The chief, a man of gigantic stature, whose tuft of bright red hair is conspicuous from afar,¹ gives, in a few rapid fervent words the order of the day. "Alemanni! the day of vengeance is at last come, the day of glory for your confederacy, the mightiest of the German brotherhoods in arms. Let there be no fighting from a distance with bow or spear; let all be hand-to-hand encounter. You outnumber the Romans ten to one; surround the camp on all sides; make of the dead bodies of your comrades a bridge from which to scale the ramparts. Once get your feet upon the mound, and let each Aleman engage in the death-grapple with one legionary; then Artaunum is ours. And hear me, ye sons of the Alemanni! stay not to plunder it this time. Four times has the accursed stronghold been taken by our fathers, and four times have we again seen the eagles of the legionaries planted upon its walls, and had to creep about in all humbleness through byways and forest paths lest the sight of us might displease the proud lords of Artaunum. Now, the Alemanni have sworn that this shall be put an end to for ever. Burn it! burn yon insolent fortress which dares to rear its head so proudly into the German sky! burn it before the sun goes down! And then for plunder you shall have all those cities of the soft

¹ See the description of the Alemannic king Chnodomar, in Ammianus, xvi. 12, 24.

Mattiaci, all those fat colonies of the Tithe-land. Who knows? Before the year is out ye may be faring like princes in the stately cities of the Gauls. But this time no plunder, no quarter to the men. The women into captivity. And let blood and fire make an end of Artaunum."

The orders of the chief are but too faithfully obeyed. The garrison, few in numbers and poor in quality, are speedily overpowered. The general, with a few chosen troops falls fighting bravely by the Prætorian Gate. The baths are crimsoned with Roman blood. The Via Principalis is well nigh blocked up with Roman corpses. Tender and delicate Roman ladies, the wives and daughters of the officers, are dragged off to an Alemannic pagus, the slaves, the concubines, perchance

at length promoted to be the wives, of their barbarian lords. In a century or two their children will return as ravagers into the Italy of their sires, and will gaze with ignorant wonder on the statues and the temples which their own forefathers fashioned.

Meanwhile the Alemanni speedily set fire to the tents of the soldiers, to everything that is combustible in the costly furniture of the Prætorium. High and low are mingled in one common ruin, and the glare as of a mighty beacon is seen that night by the affrighted citizens of Novus Vicus in the northern sky. *Actum est de Artauno!* The Roman eagle shall flap her wings no more over the cloud-wrapt summits of Mount Taunus.

T. HODGKIN.

THREE MONTHS' HOLIDAY IN NORWAY IN 1881.

To spend summer in Norway has now become the annual experience of so many Englishmen, that the inaccurate notions still widely entertained concerning that country afford matter for some surprise. The first questions usually asked of a returning traveller, "Was it not terribly cold?" or "Could you get anything to eat?" are sufficient evidence. Be it known, therefore, to all who would fain go to Norway, only debarred perhaps by antiquated accounts of hardships and privations to be endured, that, so far from being a "land beyond the solar road," the sun never leaves it during the summer months; that it is not necessary, like Æneas, to eat one's tables, nor, always, to sleep on the floor. Again, the common assertion that no ladies can travel there, because they would have to "rough it," is disproved by the willingness of those who have actually gone through the ordeal, to repeat their experience. The food question is not so serious after all; one would hardly expect to find French cookery or Swiss hotels in the Arctic regions; but though smoked salmon and very strong cheese are the chief delicacies, persons of less educated tastes can obtain consolation in beef and beer, which are procurable, with white bread and excellent coffee and dairy produce, nearly everywhere in Norway; in fact the most fastidious people could not well be conscious of much privation upon the main routes, where we will leave them for the present to the able guidance of Mr. Murray and Herr Baedeker.

Ours the pleasanter task of revisiting in memory a certain quiet valley of Gamle Norgé, where a party of Englishmen spent their long summer day, unbroken for two months by a single hour of darkness, in full en-

joyment of a life, monotonous indeed, but never wearisome, among scenes that must ever possess a strange fascination for those who have once beheld them. Even when sport is made the primary object of an expedition to Norway, there is much to vary the routine of fishing and shooting. The journey to moor or river is often a tour in itself through some of the grandest northern scenery, and constant interest cannot fail to be excited in the study of a people whose life is moulded by external conditions so entirely different to our own; for there at all events nature cannot be conquered: exacting the most implicit obedience, she yields but little in return, and we have an instance of the result upon national character, when the struggle is not for prosperity, but for bare existence.

It must be confessed however that our party was well satisfied with the single hope of salmon-fishing, and one and all would have scouted the idea of needing any other occupation. We embarked at Hull on board the *Tasso*, that famous old vessel, which, although the smallest upon the Wilson Line to Norway, is chosen for the long passage to Trondhjem direct. She has never quite recovered from an operation by which some years ago she was bisected, and then furnished with an enlarged middle portion, containing a "spacious saloon amidships" and new engines. Her maximum speed is about nine knots an hour, but on the present voyage a strike among the stokers, about which intending passengers were kept in the dark, caused the substitution of miserable Swedes from Gothenburg,—landsmen who had never been at sea in their lives, far less as stokers, and were so prostrated by the motion, and the heat in the engine-room, that

six knots was our pace for the greater part of the four days taken in reaching Trondhjem. We arrived twenty-four hours late; had there been a gale, the *Tasso* would probably have repeated her old experience of a week in the North Sea; but there was only an uncomfortable swell, and no wind, so we escaped with the minor accidents of running down a brigantine in the Humber as we left the docks, and almost carrying away a small wooden lighthouse upon the pier at Trondhjem, off which the bowsprit scraped the paint, but did no further damage. There was some compensation for the disagreeables of a heavy swell as we steamed along the coast from Molde to Trondhjem, in the glorious breakers thundering on all sides. Little chance indeed would there be here without a pilot; you wonder, looking back, where the channel lay through which the ship passed, and see no way open in the surf ahead. On the left the captain points to a spot where one sea in nine breaks over a sunken rock eight fathoms below the surface: that fishing-smack is dangerously near it: she will not strike, but woe to her if she is passing over when the ninth wave comes, whose crest would crash her beams like matchwood. More rocks and breakers guard on our right a coast so stern that the dangers which beset the approach seem like mockery on nature's part, for who would covet so barren a land? Yet even this terrible "skjaergaard" as it is called, did not prevent an English line-of-battle ship, the *Dictator*, with only a Swedish shoemaker as pilot, from cutting out a Danish frigate at anchor inside, during the great war.

Glad to reach Trondhjem, and glad to leave it, for, when you have seen the cathedral and waterfall, it is of all dull places the dullest, we next have an opportunity of comparing a Norwegian coasting-steamer with the *Tasso*, and the *Tasso* is unanimously condemned. Perhaps, being "bad sailors," we are prejudiced by having

exchanged the North Sea for the calm fjords along which the rest of our journey lies; and we were certainly treated much better on board the *Tasso*; but Captain Kloppestad, of the *Lofoten*, is notorious for his hatred of everything English, so that we were not much surprised at the absence on his ship of that civility and kindness which is almost invariably shown towards travellers in Norway. However, it would have taken a great deal to spoil enjoyment of the ever-changing scenery, as each hour brought us nearer to the longed-for fishing, and when at last the time came for trans-shipment to the local steamer that would convey us to Fosmoen, we felt quite sorry to leave the *Lofoten*; none the less so, because all the luggage was again in evidence. "What a quantity these Englishmen bring!" we heard people whispering; they could not have seen the outfit of another English sportsman, which left the steamer further south, in charge of his French cook and two or three flunkies, or ours would never have caused remark; but when you are going to spend two or three months at a place far remote from the main roads, it is absolutely necessary to be provided with a considerable amount of stores, and our Norwegian critics would have thought everything superfluous beyond one square box, to contain, in addition to their wardrobe, butter and cheese for consumption while absent from home.

Of all the irritating delays that have to be put up with, none is more tiresome than the wind-up of the journey on a local steamer; thirty miles, perhaps, would bring you to the mouth of your river, but a whole day is spent in approaching it, while the vessel appears to be taking a special course, and traversing in an aimless way all the fjords within reach, on purpose not to suit your convenience. At last we are there; "at home" one feels tempted to say, as the familiar faces of last year bid us welcome back again! Up the steep hill we climb

from the beach, and then what a glorious vantage-point is gained! Grand indeed and thoroughly characteristic of Norway is the view before us. Save where on the left the river torrent rushes in, the surface of the fjord is smooth as glass. We follow the reflections of many a dark precipice and snow-clad slope, set off by occasional patches of green, until, some twelve miles away, the outlook towards the north-west is blocked by a huge mass of peaked mountains which rise abruptly from the water's edge, forming an island across the mouth of the fjord, whereby nearly twenty miles are added to its length before the open sea can be reached. The sun sets over there; but so near are we to the Arctic circle, that in the height of summer, its rays never leave the topmost peaks. When day and night are thus confounded, one's lease of life seems longer, and sleep almost ceases to be necessary. Witness the native farmers, who work all through the summer from three in the morning to nine at what ought to be night. But who can wonder at their energy, remembering the terrible winter they have to contend with, "when no man can work?" Turn from the fjord and look up the river: though it is the middle of June, the snow has only just left those brown fields, and ice is still thick on the lakes up above. Yet in three months the grass must grow, and the corn, now hardly visible, must ripen, and all be mown and gathered in, ere winter returns to interrupt labour.

But here is the house, whence the occupants have temporarily evicted themselves to make room for us. It is built entirely of wood, after the ordinary type of Norwegian farm-houses, in two stories; roughly-hewn pine logs are laid horizontally, and the interstices well stuffed with dry moss. Along the outside runs a skirting of upright planks, surmounted by a roof of birch bark, held down with thick turfs, off which a very fair crop of hay seems procurable. Add some

small windows, and doorways of a height most dangerous to English heads—scatter steps and stairs promiscuously, furnish with a few wooden tables and chairs, wooden beds, and crockery of wood, and you have a fair idea of the quarters over which our Union Jack was soon floating.

Right comfortable quarters too we found them; warm on the coldest days, and cool on the hottest. And had we not, moreover, the luxury of iron bedsteads from England—a benefit only to be properly appreciated by those who have experienced what it is to court sleep upon a Norwegian wooden bed, with nothing but a little hay to cover the unbending planks. Dinner was not a great success on the first evening; but afterwards, with the help of our stores, and an occasional sheep from a neighbouring farm, we fared sumptuously, though salmon was always the mainstay of our *cuisine*; for there is a capital shop in Trondhjem where all kinds of English comestibles, excellent in quality, can be obtained. It is presided over by Herr Kjeldsberg, her Britannic Majesty's Consul, and few are the travellers or sportsmen who have not cause to remember with gratitude his unfailing courtesy and valuable assistance. He has the reputation of being the only man in the world who will change a stranger's cheque without asking questions or needing references—a practice which in itself speaks volumes for his benevolence.

Our interpreter, like many of his class in Norway, was an excellent cook, and we perhaps valued his services most in the latter capacity, as we ourselves possessed sufficient knowledge of the language for all ordinary purposes. He was assisted by the farmer's wife, who owned the house, and kept us supplied with milk and butter from her dairy. It was a comparatively rich farm, where they pastured fourteen cows this summer, for the hay harvest had been good

last year, and upon the excellence of the crop depends the number of cattle these poor people keep through the winter, as they never buy or sell fodder, each farmer maintaining as large a stock as his own land can feed. There were more than twenty farms in this little valley, only four miles long; a few had tenant proprietors, but the greater part were rented by their occupiers, who have always to pay down a large sum on taking possession, with a proportionately reduced yearly rent. The landlords do not seem to take much interest in their property; and as for improvements, there is no likelihood of disputes on this head, as things are just where they were five hundred years ago. At the age of sixty it is the custom for a farmer to make over the holding to his son, receiving a sum of money for his interest, and a promise that the son will house and feed him for the rest of his days. Thus the old couple have a quiet old age secured to them, and the farm is worked by active hands. Whether these arrangements have a legal sanction, we know not; but they certainly form the regular observance of a district in many ways remarkable for its maintenance of ancient customs. One of the most curious is the habit of using patronymics, which has died out in many parts of Norway, but is still retained here, and causes a great deal of confusion in successive generations, especially as it is the rule for the eldest son always to be baptised with his grandfather's Christian name; thus Eric, whose father was Lars, is simply Eric Larsen, and is bound to call his eldest son Lars Ericson. A wife, too, does not adopt her husband's name, but remains with the euphonious title of, let us say, Petrina Jacobsdatter!

Another of the old institutions recalls the Levitical Year of Jubilee; for in every fiftieth year all the farmers in the valley change land with one another, so that in the course of centuries each family gets its turn of possessing the richest por-

tion of the ground. There are, of course, endless customary rights of pasturage, wood-cutting in the forest, and similar privileges enjoyed in common, but the most complicated of all are the various fishing rights, as one finds when making a contract for the river with a dozen men whose claims of using large nets and small nets, or rods and lines, have all to be considered; and perhaps, at the end of two hours' hard talking, you discover that the farmers do not after all quite know what their boasted rights really are. But all this had been gone through in our case some years ago, and we were now to enjoy the fruit of our labours. For the first few days matters looked bad, as two or three kelts were the only reward of persistent fishing; and it was not until the 20th of June that we caught a fresh-run fish, the season, which usually begins in the first week of that month, being a remarkably late one. But the same deep snow and ice-bound lakes, which at first made the river too cold for the salmon to run up, did us good service afterwards, by maintaining a fine head of water well into August; whereas in most years it becomes too low and clear for sport after the middle of July; and when the fish did enter the river, we found the advantage of having bought off the netting rights of the proprietors, who otherwise work terrible havoc in the latter part of the season, when the spawning-time is approaching. Fast and furious the fun soon became; our "monster" fish of other years were all thrown into the shade, and each week brought a new claimant for the honour of being the "largest on record" caught at Fosmoen, which finally remained with a splendid salmon of forty-two pounds. Omitting details, memorable though the incidents of each day's sport are to the fisherman, suffice it to say that in six weeks our three rods scored over two thousand pounds weight of salmon, and a considerable quantity of trout—a record that makes us loth to agree with those who assert that

Norwegian fishing is a thing of the past, and that to catch salmon one must go to Canada. Our river was a comparatively small one, not more than sixty yards broad, possessing all the characteristics of a mountain stream magnified; and though we were obliged to fish from boats, there were several impassable rapids, which gave us all the excitement usually confined to what are termed casting rivers; indeed, the current was so strong as to make it hard work for two men to keep the boat from drifting down too quickly. We used always to land as soon as a fish was hooked, and many a tussle was there to keep the salmon from going down the rapids—many a breathless scramble in hot pursuit, with eighty yards of white water between the angler and his fish; many a time, too, when the angler had to count himself lucky if he did not lose both fish and tackle. The ladies of our party were very successful in trouting, and occasionally landed salmon in the most approved style; but one of them will not soon forget how, while trout-fishing one day, a large grilse took her fly, ran out the thirty yards of line, and went away down stream with the whole, through somebody's carelessness in not having made it fast to the reel.

The season closed with a rather curious incident. We had engaged a local photographer—*rara avis in terris*—to come and take views of the river, and one of us determined to pose for him in the attitude of fishing a favourite pool. The boat was moored securely to the opposite bank, the rower put out his oars, and, to make the thing look more natural, our friend just let his line drop into the water, when, not a yard from the boat's side, up splashed a huge salmon, out of *malice prepense* surely, for not once in a thousand times will they rise so close. The plate was spoiled, of course, and in the result of a second, faces wear a gloomy frown, as if the angler had not been wholly successful in punishing that fish for its temerity.

Thus, with varying misfortune and success, the weeks flew past: when we could not or would not fish, there was sketching, botanising, and exploration of the country around to fill up the time, which never seemed to hang heavily upon our hands. At last, however, the evil day came when the snow upon the hills had all melted, and the dwindling stream warned us that sport was over for this year; so with much reluctance we began preparations for departure. The farmers came to receive their money—a ceremony which involved an almost embarrassing amount of hand-shaking, the good old Norsk way of expressing thanks; they were in high good humour already, having made a considerable sum of money by the sale of salmon not needed for our consumption. The coasting steamers and a small town some four miles off are their market, and though the price is low, ranging from fourpence to sevenpence a pound, purchasers are always to be found, who seize the opportunity of laying in for the winter a large stock of their favourite smoked salmon. Moreover, there is the satisfaction on one's own part of feeling that the money spent upon procuring sport is not wasted, but gives means of bettering themselves to people in genuine need of assistance.

Now, however, their harvest is over for the present, and with mutual regrets we must say good-bye until another year. There is something very attractive in the simple honesty and good nature of these folk, and their unaffected pleasure at seeing us, which we are vain enough to believe is not wholly prompted by avarice, though it will be a happy day indeed when the Norwegian mind is disabused of its first axiom that all Englishmen are possessed of illimitable wealth. It is an idea universally accepted, as by no means inconsistent with honesty and good morals, that a fair value is one thing, a fair price for an Englishman to pay is another; taking this for granted, one gets on admirably

with the people; otherwise constant disputes and disagreeable encounters will be of daily occurrence, to the complete subversion of enjoyment.

At last everything is ready for the move. The little steam-launch, with which we have penetrated every corner of the fjord upon off-days, starts before us on a more formidable voyage; but she has already compassed safely the distance from Trondhjem, and we have no fears about her ability to make another run of over three hundred miles to Tromsø.

On Sunday, the 7th of August, we leave our good landlady weeping copiously, and row out, attended by a regular flotilla of baggage-laden boats, to the north-going steamer. The captain kindly saves us a long pull to the nearest stopping-place, by taking us on board off the river's mouth, and soon we are rapidly leaving our little bay. As each well-known point is passed, and river and house and beach lose their distinctness beneath the soft mantle of enshadowing hills, the mysterious spell of Norway comes upon us in all its strength, inspiring a deep affection for the country, its life, and people, which will retain a lasting hold upon our minds, and compel us almost instinctively to turn our steps hither again in future years. One word of caution ere we go north, to anybody who may intend to visit Norway for fishing. Do not go out upon the mere chance of finding sport, for disappointment will be the inevitable result. All salmon rivers worthy of the name are either preserved by the owners or leased to Englishmen, and it is practically impossible to get leave even for a day; for the men who take rivers in Norway pay a good price and go a long journey with the sole object of fishing hard for a few weeks, so they can scarcely be expected to give up any of this very limited time to strangers. Neither is good trout fishing to be had, unless you know exactly where to go for it, which information is not to be gotten in guide-books; and we have met

friends, who have carried a valuable collection of fishing-tackle, but found no better sport in Norway than those gentlemen who parade in the *Field* their splendid takes of a few dozen trout, averaging four to the pound, in Scotland! The case is very different when the right places are visited, and no trout fishing in Norway can be called good where the number to be caught is limited or the average weight below a pound. If salmon are your desire, write to Consul Kjeldsberg, who frequently has the disposal of rivers for a single season, when the proprietors are unable to go out; the Consul's information is absolutely reliable, and he has a wonderful knack of providing the very thing you want. But, above all things, never expect to have good sport unless a plan of operations has been arranged before leaving England. Everybody, however, does not go to Norway to fish; but all who love travelling and are fond of the sea, especially when it is not rough, would have shared our enjoyment of the three days' voyage to Tromsø. Smooth water allows one thoroughly to appreciate the grandeur of the scenery, while the deck of the steamer presents a constantly changing picture of life and stir, as in a part of the country where roads are unknown all communication is by sea. The spectacle of the Lofoten Islands is alone well worth the journey from England, and once seen can never be forgotten. From the little land-locked bay of Grytö, where a fish-merchant's brightly-painted house, with its gay flag, seems to protest against the sternness of surrounding nature, we look across Vest Fjord to that marvellous barrier against the fury of the western ocean. For a space of sixty miles the imposing front is visible, trending away from the coast to the south-west, but gradually approaching as you sail northwards, until the distinctive character of the group becomes lost in the myriad islands that fringe the mainland. With the noon-day sun high in the heavens, the

appearance is that of a solid wall of rock, pinnacled by a thousand fantastic peaks, whose jagged summits rise in sharp outline from the uniform purple with which distance clothes their base; but when the evening rays stream through the narrow sounds, throwing into various relief each hillside that they strike, the depth of the island phalanx is manifested, and the sombre colouring transformed by the glorifying presence of a northern sunset. The prospect is deeply impressive, and as we approach more nearly, every detail is seen to be in conformity with the magnificence of the general outline. In two hours the steamer has crossed the Vest Fjord, and stopped beneath one of the grandest peaks of the Lofotens, 3,000 feet high, which rises so sheer out of the sea, as barely to leave room for the fishing station of Heningsvaer at its base. Nothing now marks the importance of the place save the number of iron rings let into the rocks, to which hundreds of vessels are made fast during the cod-fishing season in winter. The sea is kept free from ice all the year round by the warmth of the Gulf Stream, and thus employment is given to many thousands of people from the whole coast, who turn to the sea for means of subsistence denied to them by the frozen land.

Soon we are off again, threading our way northwards among the islands, often through channels so narrow that a stone could be thrown to land on either side. Out of our course, but not far distant, is the famous Maelström, one of the numerous passages between the islands from Vest Fjord to the ocean, where, at half-tide, the water races through the confined space with irresistible force. To visit it, one must embark on board a local steamer, which makes a tour of the whole group of islands, and the cruise would well repay the loss of a few days thus occupied; but for the present we must hasten on to Tromsø, and look forward to some future year for that expedition. There happens to be a

famous doctor from Bergen among the passengers, the report of whose journey has preceded him, causing the ship to resemble a floating hospital by the number of patients who come on board for advice. He is evidently bent upon the same errand as ourselves, and hoping to travel *incognito*, for we notice that he has a gun and a curious dog, that may be better than it looks, as these Norwegian "sporting hounds" often are. As a precaution against hydrophobia, the introduction of foreign dogs is now absolutely forbidden by a law; but, at the time of its passing, many Englishmen left their setters in Norway, and these have become the parents of a wonderful race of animals, that should be most valuable, if the price usually asked is a criterion. Our team consisted of three useful quasi-setters, who by no means appreciated the charms of a sea voyage, and frightened the children of Tromsø not a little with their boisterous delight at being on shore again. Tromsø is called, so the guide-books inform us, the "Paris of the North," but they wisely forbear to enlarge upon the points of resemblance. The town lies on a low green island gently sloping to the sea; the best view is got from the other side of the fjord, when red-roofed houses and the fresh verdure of their surroundings form a pleasant contrast to the almost oppressive monotony of cliffs and peaks. A brisk trade in fish and skins is carried on with Archangel, and the harbour is filled with vessels hailing thence, so that you might think the Russians were already in possession of a port they are supposed to covet eagerly. Hearing that Spitzbergen is only three days' sail distant, and that a match on snow-shoes was decided on the ninth of June, makes one realise how far north Tromsø is; yet there are hotels, and magistrates, and fashionable shops, and people wearing black coats and high hats; so possibly the town has some claim after all to be the "Paris of the North." But at all events there are no Laps in

Paris, while here their brightly-trimmed dresses enliven every street corner. They have an encampment and a herd of reindeer in yonder valley across the fjord, whither they come every summer, with the double inducement of finding good pasturage and making profit out of inquisitive tourists. In winter they go back to Sweden, where they appear to have regular settlements, and are even provided with Government schools and teachers; indeed, for all their uncouth looks and savage ways, every one of them can read and write their unintelligible Finsk language. We had ample time for thoroughly exploring Tromsø; as the launch, which was to take us to our shooting quarters, had been temporarily disabled by her gallant exertions on the voyage from Fosmoen; and for the three dustiest and hottest days in all the summer we were compelled to wander through the shadeless streets of a hot and dusty town. At last we make a start, and, after a few hours' steaming, cross latitude 70°, soon to drop anchor close under the windows of our new abode.

There is a weird solitude about the place which at first is rather depressing; no crops will grow here, and there is not a sign of human existence visible, except the low-built farmhouse, looking inexpressibly small and mean amidst so much natural magnificence. Even the grass, upon which, still unmown, the farmer's hopes are centred, seems as if it only grew to make a foreground for the picture of undulating moor and snow-capped peaks that rise ridge behind ridge from the green fringe of the fjord. Multitudes of screaming birds resent this rare intrusion upon their hunting-grounds, wroth at being compelled even for a moment to leave their favourite haunts. High

above our heads, almost out of sight in the dazzling blue, circle the mysterious *Loms*, which nevertheless find their prey in the waters beneath—for these are the famous northern divers, of a naturalist's ambition the most difficult prize; a flock of wild geese are chattering on the shore over there, whose cunning will outwit the wariest stalker; while angry gulls of all sorts and sizes wheel around, keeping at a respectful distance however, as if knowing themselves to be unlike those sober eider-ducks, which swim about close to us in easy security, protected by stringent laws from harm. But where are the grouse that we have come in quest of? Three years ago they lay so thick in the birch scrub, not two hundred yards from the beach, that twenty or thirty brace was the day's bag without dogs; and now with three setters ranging over the whole "fjeld," we must search high and low to secure enough for food; in fact, our sport is reduced to "shooting for the pot." The prolongation of a severe winter almost into June, though a boon to the fishing interest, had proved fatal here; during the nesting season snow lay thick upon the ground, and the birds were still sitting only a week before the opening day.

So there was nothing left for us but to accept the inevitable, and begin the journey homewards; in a week's time we reached Christiania, where, instead of daylight at ten, we found darkness at seven; gloomy too were we at having to leave the enchanted land—our only consolation to look forward to another year for a renewal of those happy days, with the memory of which we must meanwhile be contented.

E. A. ARNOLD.

A WELCOME.

APRIL 27, 1882.

The thrushes were singing between the showers,
 Between the showers of an April day ;
 And they said, "There is noise in the tall old towers
 Of marriage bells and of roundelay.
 Oh, the world," each sang to his mate, "looks gay,
 When it seems a garden that holds but two !
 Green be the garden as meads in May,
 And God give His sunshine all the year through !

"From the leaf and the blossom of other bowers
 Came a Princess through the salt sea-spray ;
 But, now, she is ours !" they sang, "she is ours !
 She has come with the Spring, she has come to stay.
 Soft blow the winds in her path at play !
 Never be cloud on her reach of blue !
 Fair be the fields where her feet shall stray,
 And God give His sunshine all the year through !"

Other thrushes and other flowers
 Shall she miss from the Springs of the Future ? Nay,
 Not if the welcome of these first hours
 Half the wish of our heart can say—
 Not if the tribute our tongue can pay
 Be half as loud as the homage is true—
 Oh, blest be the garden as Eden clay,
 And God give His sunshine all the year through !

Envoi.

Prince ! be sure of the hearts that pray,
 While Summer is breaking for her and for you—
 Blossom make lovely each step of your way,
 And God give His sunshine all the year through !

MAY PROBYN.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

A BILL to amend the present system of local government in the counties of England and Wales will no doubt receive the early attention of the imperial government. The piecemeal legislation of the last fifty years has provoked the necessity for the consolidation of the various acts and the re-adjustment of the various areas. Such a bill will be hailed with pleasure by a large class in the community alive to the serious anomalies of the present system, and with a knowledge that a sound local self-government is the best means of strengthening a great and good constitutional government.

Mr. Rathbone has lately proposed that there should be but one important body in each borough or rural district, including the management of schools; on the plea that men of education, independence, and leisure would be far more disposed to serve on it than on some one of half a dozen boards. A great deal can be said in favour of the proposition, for we find that the more dignified, onerous, and important the duties to be performed become, the wiser and the better are the men who perform them. County government, as at present constituted, is antiquated in principle and unwieldy in action, and, if not amended, would probably soon fall to pieces from inherent weakness and incongruity with the prevailing spirit in government affairs. The principle of popular election—the life and spirit of free communities—which has been proved to be consonant with the English character, will have to be courageously carried out in all local government. It is in a spirit of sympathy with this principle in government, local and imperial, that these few suggestions are made.

The mixed duties of our county governors, judicial, administrative and executive, cover a large area, with varied ramifications and interests; and a re-arrangement of the system in accordance with the closer relationships which are taking place between the governed and the government is urgently needed. At present a country gentleman who wishes to do his duty is laid hold of by his neighbours, and a bare enumeration of his week's duties expresses the absurdity of the present system: police and finance committees, inspection of county prison and lunatic asylum, grand jury work, county and criminal business at the quarter sessions, supervision of the county hospital, of the reformatory schools, of the savings bank, as well as treasurerships and kindred work on the committees of divers boards of guardians, local boards, parochial schools, and other associations. It is not possible to conceive that any person can do his duty by each of the numerous subjects. No stipendiary would be found to take such duties; and they cannot be systematically performed. But the plodding J.P. leaves the real power of the government to a great extent in the hands of the various officials. The position, however, would be more dignified, the work more satisfactory, if it were more real. Under an organised system, in which all the forces were utilised, there would be less dissipation of energy, and the multifarious duties would have a chance of being divided and apportioned to those most fitted for them.

The principle that the execution or the administration of the affairs of a place should be managed by the people of a place is a good one; the legislation

may be left to others. The present municipal system has worked well. A somewhat similar system was the original system of local government in our early communities before feudalism asserted itself. Popular election has ever been the basis of good government; yet though we have adopted the principle in almost every department of the state, we have not had the courage to carry it out in county government. Our great respect for tradition and hereditary power has largely interfered. Yet our conservators of the peace in Saxon times were elective officers. Lords-Lieutenant were then unknown.

The popularity and success of the Municipal Corporations Reform Act of 1835 is undoubtedly owing to the principle of popular election introduced. Its necessity arose, according to the report of the commissioners,—“from the general, and in our opinion, just dissatisfaction and distrust of the self-elected municipal councils, whose powers were subject to no popular control, and whose acts and proceedings, being secret, were unchecked by the influence of public opinion.”

At present among the local authorities of counties are Magistrates, Boards of Guardians, Highway Boards, Local Boards of Health, Turnpike Commissioners, County Bridges Committees, Sanitary Authorities (Urban and Rural), and Commissioners of Taxes; besides powerful imperial action through the Privy Council, the Home Office, the Board of Trade, Local Government Board, Cattle Plague Branch, and Statistical Office. The most important duties of county government, the administration of justice, raising and expending the county rates, control of police, prisons, reformatories, lunatic asylums, etc., are in the hands of the magistrates.

The county and police rates expended in England in 1878-79 amounted to 2,694,344*l.* irrespective of, and additional to, the rates raised and expended by the Highways, Health and Sanitary Authorities, Boards of

Guardians, Improvement, Sewer and Turnpike Commissioners.¹ The rate-payers have no voice whatever in the election of the magistrates, and their immense expenditure of money is carried on in spite of a principle affirmed and re-affirmed in Parliament and in Queen's speeches that taxation and representation should go together.

The reduction or reform of the franchise in the rural districts is not so requisite as a re-arrangement of the local government system, and the assimilation of the mode of election to the popular principle in vogue. The irregularities of the present system are very great; and the principle of government for the people by the people might safely be carried out in local as in imperial affairs. Class prejudices, based on the supposed different interests of the two populations of town and country (with no foundation in nature or in fact) have been the means of obstructing legislation, imperial and local, and of perpetuating their mutual independence and estrangement. It is not too much to say that they have had an effect on the division of political parties in the state; for it is invariably found that one side of the house is largely composed of the country party, and the other of the representatives of the boroughs.

Here it may be advisable to consider the systems of local government that obtain in other countries.

According to Sir Charles Dilke (*Journal of the Statistical Society*, 1874), “The Departmental Council” in France appears to be much the same as our borough municipal system applied to country districts, taking the business of our county magistracy, with the exception of the police, and with the addition of a controlling power over higher education, railways,

¹ “The total amount raised during the year 1878-79 by local taxation was 30,898,828*l.* In addition to this sum, Treasury subventions, amounting to 2,153,362*l.*, were received in easement of the local rates.”—*Tenth Annual Report Local Government Board*, 1880-81, p. 452.

and canals, and the absolute management of lunatic asylums. It is also consulted by the central government upon proposed new laws, just as our own government find the advantage of the system with regard to the government of Ireland and India. Its members are elected for six years, half the body retiring every three years. The election is by canton, each returning a single member. It meets twice a year, but elects a permanent commission annually, of from four to seven members, to conduct its business. This commission meets at least once a month, and has all the powers of the Departmental Council to which body it reports. A similar system obtains in Belgium. In France however the Council elects its president. In Belgium, as in Spain, the president is nominated by the king. Election to these boards is by manhood suffrage. The proposed reform of the prefectorial system, and the proposition to allow communes to elect their own *Maire*, would be the death-blow to centralisation and imperialism in France.

In Prussia the provincial assembly is highly organised and powerful. Every county has an elective council, with an elective president, who has, however, to be confirmed in his functions by the Emperor; under this the "district" with nominated officers; under which again the "circle" with an elective government; under which again the commune.

In Spain the system is one of provincial "deputations." These are divided into districts, and each district has its "Ayuntamiento" or smaller board. The provincial deputies are elected for four years, and they elect a standing committee of five members. In addition to the ordinary business, they deal with charities, normal schools, and universities. The system in Portugal is similar.

In Russia the communal assembly consists of all heads of families who meet in public meeting, and it deals with the distribution of taxation amongst the villages, recruiting, and police;

and elect their portions of representatives or deputies to the higher district assembly, which consists of about thirty-five members,—five elected by the district town, the rest, half by the peasants and half by the nobles. The district assembly elects the magistrate, and also five or six members to the provincial assembly, which is the third and greatest body in the empire, as there is no parliament.

In Sweden the landsting answers to the Departmental Council of France, and to the provincial councils of the other countries, with similar powers. It consists generally of twenty members, who are elected for two years by the towns and by the greater communes. It has one additional power which distinguishes it, viz., it elects the members to the house of peers. The system in Denmark is similar.

In Norway every parish possesses an arbitration court of three members elected by the ratepayers, and having power to decide all local cases of every kind which may be referred to it by agreement of the parties. This is a provision of which the Norwegians are justly proud. There is also a committee for the management of the schools of the commune. The provincial councils answer to the landsting of Sweden, and have similar functions, being in Norway known by the title of the "General Assembly of the Amt."

In the United States there is an elaborate system of local government equal to any which exists in Europe. Each state legislature has power little short of home rule. There is also the township under various names, an elective body which exercises very considerable powers. The sheriff of the counties, an elective officer, has also great powers; the American counties being, as a rule, smaller and far less populous than the average counties of England.

The free spirit of our Teutonic forefathers, so forcibly shown by Tacitus to exist in their tribal settlements and village communities, has survived the feudal laws of later

times, and permeated the whole of the modern system of civil government; disfigured occasionally, however, by the anomalies consequent on the various reigns of feudalism and territorialism. We have attempted to show some of the irregularities of our own system, and propose to indicate some of the remedies that have been attempted, and some that may be applied.

In 1850, in 1851, and in 1852 Mr. Milner Gibson, the member for Manchester, brought into Parliament bills for the formation of county financial boards; proposing that the county expenditure, which had enormously increased, should be in the hands of elective boards, elected by the boards of guardians, so that the judicial duties of the justices of the peace should not be trenched upon. The subject was in the first instance referred to a commission, and finally it was negatived on the second reading, by 130 against 63 votes.

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen (Lord Brabourne) brought in a bill in the session 1868-69 for the formation of county financial boards, to consist of two divisions, judicial and administrative. The members to be official and elective. The justices, as the official, to take charge of the trial of offenders, hearing of appeals, and all other judicial business, retaining also the duties of visiting justices of prisons; the elective members to control the finances. The boards of guardians throughout the country to elect according to rental; no union to return more than four representatives. Resulting in a proportion, generally, of one elective to five official members, this being about the proportion of the justices that attend to county business. The bill, after being read a first time, was "dropped" at the end of the session.

At this period it seems almost incredible that bills purposing to give to guardians of the poor, elected for a special purpose, general local government powers, should be seriously considered and read a first time in a

British House of Commons. The difficulty, however, of obtaining a legally defined boundary uniform throughout the country was considerable. A large number of towns and parishes had not legally defined limits. For instance, the term "Manchester" might mean the parish, the township, the parliamentary borough, the municipal borough, the registration, or the poor law district, or the town in a popular sense, including suburban places. The parish, a semi-ecclesiastical district with rating powers, had utterly failed as an administrative unit of government, and the poor law union, a semi-charitable institution, was a poor substitute for the ancient hundred. Since that period, however, there has been a large improvement in the local government system of the country.

The time is now ripe, and the material has been provided, for the introduction of a thorough, simple, yet comprehensive, bill on the lines of the intelligent but incomplete Sanitary and Public Health Acts of 1872 and 1875. By degrees the various Poor Law and Local Government Acts since 1834 have completely disestablished the old parish as a local government unit (a fact generally overlooked), and the substitute provided in the urban and rural sanitary authorities—which include municipal boroughs and local board districts—though at present incomplete, present to the statesman the unit, and the only unit, from which to proceed to the unification of the local government system. The townships, boroughs, and petty sessional divisions from the nature of their respective cases could not be used as electoral units in county as distinguished from municipal government; the unions are large and unwieldy, and would not present a sufficient diversity of locality and interests, and their areas are arranged for quite special objects and purposes.

The important urban and rural sanitary districts created of late years, number in England and Wales 1,541 authorities, and are admirably adapted

as elective areas for county government purposes. They at present take in more than nine-tenths of the villages in England and Wales; and legislative action in this direction would necessarily result in placing these, and probably every rural district in the country, in the bounds of some local authority to take the place of the old parish vestry authorities that have been disestablished. They represent, too, not property, but a sanitary area, i.e. the public requirements of a district; and the spirit of the legislation of the period since the Education Bill of 1870 has been remarkably in the direction of an enlightened regard for the sanitary and public health requirements of local districts.

The urban and rural sanitary authorities in September 1880 comprised:—

In 227 cases Municipal Councils.

In 49 cases Improvement Act Districts.

In 688 cases Local Boards of Health Districts.

In 577 cases Rural Sanitary Authorities, composed of the guardians of the union elected for the district, and the *ex-officio* guardians who are owners or occupiers of property situated in the rural district.

There are also 13 cases of Municipal Boroughs, not yet co-extensive with sanitary districts, which would become so.

There are 36 Port Sanitary Authorities, but these are mostly urban sanitary authorities also.

The metropolitan district, with a part of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, is not under the provisions of the Public Health Act, 1875, and would require exceptional legislation.

In the hundreds (wapentakes or wards) into which the counties have been divided, we have the larger circle for county government, which would become local parliaments to deal with the county affairs within their district. The areas of the counties have already been found too large for local government purposes, and for many reasons,

including the varied and dissimilar interests in different divisions, are unsuitable. But in the hundreds, those divisions systematically arranged by King Alfred for local government, which are used in the Domesday return as a well-defined territorial division of the county, and which have been proved to be convenient for the administration of justice for centuries—though hampered by feudalism and the traditions consequent on a reign of feudalism—we have the most convenient division for the larger local government circle.

The larger circle would take administrative charge of all local government not within the boundaries of municipal corporations. School boards and Boards of Guardians, executive bodies elected for special purposes, would not come under this category. They have an independent existence; but it would be advisable, at a future period, that the important and critical duties of the control of the poor should be in the hands of a local committee of the hundred board; the local government department of the government retaining still the powers of inspection. The duties of the overseers and of the assessment committees of the guardians would be taken over by committees of the representatives of the several districts on the hundred boards. The boards would be formed by the election from each urban and rural sanitary authority in the hundred of a single representative. In relation to the justices the representatives would be placed in the somewhat similar position of councillors to aldermen in municipal councils. As with aldermen (in many districts) the justices would retain all magisterial functions, but be eligible for all other work of the hundred. The session might be annual or bi-annual, just as in old times the scir or shire génot was held in every county twice a year, in spring and in autumn. There would be an executive, with committees for the various divisions, and for special departments who would report their proceedings to the larger

A WELCOME.

APRIL 27, 1882.

The thrushes were singing between the showers,
 Between the showers of an April day ;
 And they said, "There is noise in the tall old towers
 Of marriage bells and of roundelay.
 Oh, the world," each sang to his mate, "looks gay,
 When it seems a garden that holds but two !
 Green be the garden as meads in May,
 And God give His sunshine all the year through !

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 Came a Princess through the salt sea-spray ;
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The mixed duties of our county governors, judicial, administrative and executive, cover a large area, with varied ramifications and interests; and a re-arrangement of the system in accordance with the closer relationships which are taking place between the governed and the government is urgently needed. At present a country gentleman who wishes to do his duty is laid hold of by his neighbours, and a bare enumeration of his week's duties expresses the absurdity of the present system: police and finance committees, inspection of county prison and lunatic asylum, grand jury work, county and criminal business at the quarter sessions, supervision of the county hospital, of the reformatory schools, of the savings bank, as well as treasurerships and kindred work on the committees of divers boards of guardians, local boards, parochial schools, and other associations. It is not possible to conceive that any person can do his duty by each of the numerous subjects. No stipendiary would be found to take such duties; and they cannot be systematically performed. But the plodding J.P. leaves the real power of the government to a great extent in the hands of the various officials. The position, however, would be more dignified, the work more satisfactory, if it were more real. Under an organised system, in which all the forces were utilised, there would be less dissipation of energy, and the multifarious duties would have a chance of being divided and apportioned to those most fitted for them.

The principle that the execution or the administration of the affairs of a place should be managed by the people of a place is a good one; the legislation

ruined by vexatious expense and dilatory procrastination.”¹

The impulse must come from without. It must not be left to willing and earnest men in Parliament who can act successfully on any question only with the support of the people. The subject is a large one, affecting many and varied interests; full of questions of administrative detail—the mastery of which is the true genius of legislation—which require to be unweariedly studied, worked out and formulated before being submitted to a house influenced enormously by party proclivities. It is a question for that large body of earnest-minded men, who, irrespective of party, are honestly attempting to do the work that is nearest to them as far as they are able, modestly, but with a capacity and prudence that would achieve, under

different circumstances, greater results. The anomalies and irregularities of county government have placed the rural districts and the agricultural interest at such disadvantage that the greatest energy is needed to place them in their proper position of offering a bright example to the younger but freer and more intelligent local self-government of the boroughs. To the practical experience of these earnest men we may leave the discussion of the form and extent of the local government area, the successful action requisite to curb the large and increasing tendency to centralisation in local government, and the adoption of the simple, English, direct mode of election on the old principle of popular approval and worthiness for the post, irrespective of position.

¹ Lord Brougham's *Law Reform, &c.*, third edition, pp. 91, 92.

J. TAYLOR KAY.

A HUNGARIAN REPORT ON ENGLISH EDUCATION.¹

A REPORT on English education by a professor from Transylvania, commissioned by the Hungarian Government, contains matter of interest, both direct and indirect, for us Englishmen, and certainly deserves a few words of acknowledgment. It affords us one more opportunity for seeing ourselves as others see us, and we may be sure that at least on such points as he recommends to his Government for imitation, the professor's praise is sincere. His admiration of certain portions of our educational system—if system be indeed the right word—is interesting and instructive were it only for the contrast it presents as a corrective of the counsels given us by some of our own admirers of German education. Certainly we should be the last to judge of German education by what we see in Hungary. But still the system in vogue in that country is of German origin, and it might be instructive to trace the process of degeneration that has made the imitation of German models anything but an unmixed blessing to the Hungarian schools. Indeed, though our friendly critic, Professor Felméri, as a rule contrasts Hungarian education with English, yet he more than once alludes to the weak points of the German system, and quotes German authorities in support of his censures. For instance, he cites complaints of the rigid uniformity which makes the same demands upon every student without regard to the diversities of individual character and talent. This uniformity is in fact a part of the general system of drill to which the whole nation is subjected. This system, which has a tendency to be exorbitant in its requirements on

individuals, may be suited to a nation like the Germans, whose past history has subjected them to such a severe discipline, but breaks down when applied to a more easy-going people like the Hungarians. Amongst them the attempt to teach too much ends in nothing being taught properly. *Qui trop embrasse mal étreint.*

Professor Felméri quotes with approval Dr. Pusey's saying to a German professor, "We do not make books, but men." Now, men, that is, highly-educated men, are just what Hungary is most in want of, and the Hungarians are or—what comes to much the same thing, as far as our point is concerned—think themselves a practical people. The advancement of science should be considered as a luxury to be postponed to the practical object of training men capable of rendering efficient service to their State and nation. Consequently the professor which our Transylvanian critic wants to see in the chairs of his own universities must not be like the German Ritschl, who exclaimed, "How happy would be the life of a professor if he had not got to lecture!"

Professor Felméri has conscientiously swept into his net everything that can be called "schooling" (*iskolázás*), with the exception of the military educational establishments. This exception is intelligible when we remember that in Hungary military education does not belong to the department of the Minister of Public Worship and Education. His commission does not appear to have extended to Scotland. He includes in his review such miscellaneous items as the teaching of the deaf and dumb, and of the blind, or again, the establishments connected with the higher education of women; but still his book

¹ Az iskolázás jelene Angolországban, írta Felméri Lajos. Budapest, 1881.

naturally divides itself into two volumes, each turning upon its own central subject. The first treats of primary education, to which the training colleges are added as a necessary appendix. The second 'gives a very detailed account of our secondary schools, whether of ancient or recent origin, whether day schools or with boarding houses attached, beginning with Eton and ending with Mill Hill. Compared with his account of our public schools, that given of our universities appears little more than an appendix. We shall therefore first consider briefly his remarks on our primary schools, and then pass on to those treating of the public schools and universities.

We may almost consider the starting point of Professor Felméri's views about England to be the great gulf that yawns between the upper and middle classes of English society on the one hand, and the lower classes on the other. As the higher class of Englishmen are superior to the corresponding class on the Continent, so is the agriculturist and mechanic in England inferior to those of France, Switzerland, Germany, Hungary. As a workman, observes the professor, the English factory hand is far superior to anything of the kind to be found in Hungary. The traditions of industry in England are older; the amount of capital and intellect engaged is much greater; and the struggle for existence much keener here than there. But the social position of the working classes in Hungary is more natural, more wholesome, more human. The unnatural and unstable conditions of life amongst the English working classes bring serious moral evils in their train, and these again leave their traces both on our system of primary education and on its results. For instance, the professor evidently considers it necessary to explain to his countrymen why needle-work has to be taught in our girls' schools. He constantly recurs to the opposition between the influences of

home and school as one of the greatest hindrances to educational progress in England.

Speaking generally, the professor does not specify points in our primary schools for imitation in Hungary. Yet he is far from satisfied with the primary schools in his own country. He seems to consider that primary education suffers in both countries from the same evils—mechanical routine, dissatisfaction of teachers with their position, and a secret doubt of the value of schooling that is really elementary. This is shown in a desire to escape from it under cover of extending its limit, and supplementing it by something else. In England, this "something else" takes the form of extra subjects—Latin, French, mechanics, &c.; in Hungary that of teaching handicrafts in the schools. Of the two errors the Hungarian is of course the more absurd; but Professor Felméri is convinced that in downright elementary teaching are contained unexhausted capabilities of moral training and moral improvement, both of the scholars and of society.

The reader must not infer from what we have said that the Professor's estimate of our primary education is an unfavourable one. On the contrary, he evidently considers it a praiseworthy and in a large measure successful attempt to solve an exceedingly difficult problem. Of course his remarks do not apply to the new Code, and he evidently considers the weak points of the former Code to be the result of the inherent difficulties of the situation. For instance, he shows how the idea of payment for results naturally arose, but he found it led the teachers to look too much to immediate results. The more mechanical lessons of reading, writing, and "conjuring with figures" were preferred to developing the intelligence of the children by object-lessons. Object-lessons are evidently our professor's favourite hobby. He looks on Mr. Matthew Arnold's proposal to teach what the Germans call *Naturkunde* in

the primary schools as too ambitious, and says that all that can be done in that direction is to increase the number of the object-lessons, and to improve their quality. The Kindergarten, too, is not regarded in England as favourably as it should be.

"Comparatively speaking, too much importance is attached to book learning, an error more injurious to the children of the poor than to those of the rich, as the latter have better opportunities of acquiring an abundant and varied acquaintance with things. On both sides of the Channel people seem to have now-a-days come to the conclusion that readiness in reading and writing is as certain a measure of knowledge as the thermometer is of heat, but children have need of the world of living nature and not of its dead interpreter, letters, which can only be vivified by a large experience and fully-developed intelligence. By accustoming the infant too early to read and write we may blur the accuracy and spontaneity of observation natural at that age."

A similar spirit inspires Professor Felméri's observations about reading. He considers that too much time and trouble is often bestowed upon grammatical analysis and the like, and that composition is introduced at a too early stage. What the children want first of all is an abundance of materials for thought, derived either from narratives, &c., of the teacher, or from their own reading. "The elementary school should be not so much a workshop for lessons as a place where children are accustomed to moral discipline. Its end should be not to make of its pupil a grammarian, but to help him to the proper use of his mother-tongue; not to make him know a number of historical facts, but to inspire him with love for his native land; not to make him a geographer, but to enable him to find his way about in his own country." Now, the commercial spirit which Professor Felméri finds in the Education Act of 1870 leads the English

schoolmaster to aim at making a display of the information acquired by his pupils. To this we must add the utilitarian atmosphere in which the English workman lives and moves, and the Englishman's natural leaning towards facts. These influences, taken together, explain how it is that a large proportion of our primary schools are what the Professor calls "doctrinaire" institutions. But, although two out of three of the above-mentioned causes are wanting in Hungary, there, too, he finds the tendency of the primary schools is to turn out not morally-trained human beings, but reading, writing, and calculating machines.

The account given of what the professor calls the middle schools—in other words, of secondary education—is, as a whole, decidedly eulogistic. The points on which he lays most stress are the moral and religious training, the permanence of school traditions, new studies under the name of "modern side" being allowed to participate in the advantages of those traditions. Closely connected with the above points are the athletic games, the matches between the schools, the spirit of emulation between school and school, between boy and boy, and the tendency to look upon a school career as a sort of race, a form of competition. All these points seem to our Transylvanian critic to be admirable. They tend to produce men, to develop manly self-reliance and a serious type of character, to inspire a sense of duty which will be shown in the conduct of mature years. If he is not ignorant of the adverse criticism published of late years amongst ourselves with regard to these points, he at any rate does not give it much room in his book, nor attribute to it much practical importance.

At the same time it is only fair to remember that it was not our critic's business to seek out faults or to suggest reforms in the English system. On the contrary, having before him a system so exceedingly different from that established in his own

country, he had rather to seek for the secret source which has enabled it to flourish so long and to bear so much good fruit. There is besides another thing to be observed in this connection. The most striking and distinctive thing connected with the establishment of our public schools is in his opinion their spontaneous character. They have grown up naturally and have not been cut out according to a pre-conceived plan. Now, this spontaneous character the Professor attributes to the Protestant schools of his own country, whilst the Catholic schools there owe their existence to some personal or corporate founder, whose intention and idea of life the foundation was intended to realise. He quotes a Hungarian writer, a fellow Protestant, to the effect that Protestantism is not merely the life of a portion of Hungarian society, but the leaven that renders wholesome the whole.

Considerations of space do not allow us to do full justice to Professor Felméri's eulogy of our higher education as compared with that of Germany, Austria, and Hungary. The difference, as we all know, is very considerable, and in all the points which are of a social or moral character he gives the preference to our way of doing things. This extends to that peculiarity of English education which seems to assume that the scholar, as a rule, must belong to the better classes of society. He quotes one of the professors of the University of Prague to the effect that amongst the students of law at that University, only 1-25th part belong to noble families, whilst the larger half of them were the children of poor parents, who were supported by exhibitions, or by giving private lessons, or even by downright begging. This class of scholars are hard-working, but seldom distinguished for capacity. Continually struggling with poverty and want, they rise by means of cringing and servility; and from their number are recruited those Austrian officials who wink at the

faults of the powerful, are tyrants to their inferiors, and always open to bribes.

There remain two points which bear upon the social effect of our public school education, the two being intimately connected with each other. The first is the connection of the public schools and the universities, a connection which to a great extent supplies the place of an explicit, definite, common system of secondary education, such as we find in the bureaucratic countries of the Continent. The second point is the unprofessional character of the education. An English head master said to him, "We do not take into consideration a boy's future career, but his intellectual needs." An excellent principle to be enforced in Hungary, where, what with the multiplicity of subjects, and the diversity of examining bodies, education loses a great part of its value by being split up into fragments, and cultivated from professional and mercenary motives.

Of course most of the features above enumerated are necessarily dwelt upon for the purpose of giving the Hungarians a good idea of what the English schools are like. But they are evidently not the sort of thing that can be transplanted from one country to another at will. The practical reforms for which Professor Felméri pleads with great force are mainly two—the abolition of the encyclopædic character of instruction in Hungary, and a greater severity and uniformity in the examinations. Let us consider the two points separately.

The evils of the encyclopædic character of the subjects taught in Hungary, and uniformly enforced upon all the pupils, are dwelt upon both in the first and second volume of Professor Felméri's report. In fact the training colleges, although connected by their purpose with elementary, really form a portion of secondary education. As such they were noticed by the French Commissioners, MM. Demogeot and Montucci. In the Hun-

garian training colleges every pupil has to study during his three years' course:—

Universal History.

The History of Hungarian Literature.

The History of Education.

Natural History.

Natural Science.

Each of these subjects is taught throughout its whole extent. In other words it is attempted to make the pupil a living encyclopædia. His memory is overburdened, while his judgment is left unexercised. The mass of subjects is too large to be absorbed and assimilated in the time. With this system the professor contrasts the English plan of cutting out a definite portion of a subject to be learnt—an epoch in history, an author or a group of authors in literature, a few typical animals in biology, and so on. In this way we may hope that the pupil has really made his own what he is supposed to have learnt.

In Hungary, teaching universal history—summarised in three not very large volumes—prevents any epoch being treated in sufficient detail to become interesting and yield all the instruction it should be made to yield. In like manner, teaching the whole history of the national literature involves the pupil's learning by rote summary criticisms of authors of whom he has never read a line. The school compendium stands in the way of a direct acquaintance with the authors themselves, and indeed causes a certain kind of dishonesty in the form of "swearing upon the words of the master." The English pupils take their classical authors into their own hands, and learn out of them; the Hungarian have thrust into their hands the compendium of their own authors, and learn about them. In like manner the consequence of attempting to teach the whole circle of natural science is that no time is left for illustration by experiments; though here, however, another consideration comes into play. Professor

Felméri contrasts the liberality of the English schools in the use of scientific instruments, libraries, &c., with the practice of the Hungarian and the Viennese schools. This of course is, to a great extent, the result of material causes. If an instrument gets out of order in a Hungarian provincial school it may be many long weeks before it can be repaired. Consequently the professors themselves are very shy of handling them, and experiments are so rarely performed that when attempted they are the source of the most painful anxiety to all concerned. The immense field of the natural sciences is thus only known to the Hungarian students from their handbooks. They learn to take everything on trust that they find printed in their pages, and their powers, both of bodily and mental vision, degenerate under such a system.

Just as the professor strongly approves of the great stress laid upon experiments in teaching the natural sciences, so he notices with commendation that mathematics are in our schools regarded not so much as a science but as a discipline. Here, even more than in other branches of education, the English act on the principle, *discipulus se expediet*; or, as the professor quotes from Bunyan, "Every tub has to stand on its own bottom."

As observed above, another great advantage that England has over Hungary is in the system of examinations. From causes which would take us too long to explain, the examinations in Hungary are really in the hands of the teachers in the several institutions, the control of the State being purely illusory. Consequently a powerful though occult influence continually acts in the direction of undue indulgence, and every year the Hungarian schools burden the State, society, and the universities with a flood of candidates who are not really qualified for the liberal professions and the higher grades of public employment, and yet are provided with

certificates entitling them to admission. On this point the professor gives comparative statistics, showing on the one side the large percentage of Hungarian students who pass with distinction, and on the other the large percentage of candidates who are "plucked" in England.

This painstaking and, as we have already shown, sympathetic report, of which a few leading features have been exhibited in the above pages, cannot fail to be profitable to the professor's fellow-countrymen, for whose benefit it has been written. Whether the Hungarian Administration will be disposed to adopt its bold suggestions of radical reform, or, if willing to adopt them, it will have sufficient working power to carry them out, is another question. The desire to adopt England as a model in educational reform is not exactly a new phenomenon in Hungary. Structures similar to those of our professor with regard to the fragmentary and too professional character of the higher education in Hungary, illustrated by references to our own more liberal system, appeared in an interesting *brochure* by a young writer who has since been elected into the Hungarian Parliament. The adaptation of English school books and manuals may be cited as another proof. Whether from policy or conviction, the professor writes as if hopeful of having his suggestions taken into serious and

favourable consideration. His report has, at any rate, been favourably noticed in the Hungarian press, by critics themselves engaged in educational work. Professor Felméri himself observes in the book before us, that one of the weak points of Hungarian society is that what he calls its *momentum inertiae* is too small. In this point Hungary is perhaps necessarily, it is certainly strikingly, different from England. With us every innovation, he observes, is a further development of what already exists—its natural augmentation. The English move forward with difficulty, but having once done so, retrace their steps with still greater difficulty. In the case of the Hungarians the *momentum inertiae* is so slight that every now and then they become mere reformers, and cannot leave off experimentalising. Innovations are introduced without due preparation; they turn out badly, and then the cause is sought somewhere else than in this want of preparation. Hungarian traditions have been continually broken by impulses from abroad, hastily and imperfectly accepted. Let us hope that these pessimistic observations apply rather to the past than to the future, and that the Hungarians, having proved all things, may by this time have acquired sufficient *momentum inertiae* to hold fast that which is good.

A. J. PATTERSON.

SCOTCH FUNERALS.

THE way in which people often talk of the old style of Scotch funerals would lead strangers to conclude that an uniform fashion had prevailed over the whole country. But the fact is that, except that grief was everywhere held to be "dry," the *modus operandi* of the funeral differed widely in different districts. In some country places, about Loch Lomond side, for example, every man who heard of a death made it a point to attend the funeral. When a Sabbath intervened between death and burial, then the proposed time of interment was intimated "in the churchyard between the preachings"; while, if the deceased happened to be a person of some consideration in the locality, the beadle was sent round the houses to warn all and sundry of the time and place of the funeral. In the north end of the Island of Arran, at the period of my last visit, not long ago, when a death occurred, a messenger was despatched to every house within seven miles to intimate the death and the time when it was proposed to bury. The messenger was not supposed to invite the people to the funeral, only to warn them of it, invitation being regarded as superfluous. It is quite possible that an excuse for much of the drinking at funerals was found in the circumstance that the coffin had often to be carried a very long distance, thus entailing a good deal of exertion on the part of the attendants. Carriages and hearses were not to be had in country districts, and the coffin had to be borne along the road on "spokes," and thus, where the way was long and the bearers few, the burden was often a heavy one. In other cases where no such excuse for a supply of stimulants existed the example set was followed from the feeling of pride. "Folks liked to be decent like their neighbours."

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At Luss the fashion was to serve out no liquor at the house from which the funeral "lifted." The primary purpose for which the company was met was recognised as being to get the body to the churchyard and buried there. The graveyard was, however, a long distance from the village, and the burial over, the company adjourned to the neighbouring "stage hoose" for refreshments, which, forty years ago, always took the following shape: First a glass of whisky was handed round, accompanied by loaf bread, oat-cake, and cheese. When that had been discussed, a glass of rum and farthing "cappit" biscuit for each mourner followed. This again was succeeded by a glass of wine and a sponge, or funeral, biscuit. It was a matter of compulsion, almost, for each person to take off his glass each round, and many persons still living remember with a shudder their experience on such occasions. But even this fashion was mild compared with the generation immediately preceding, when every guest had to swallow three glasses of each of the kinds of drink. The scandals to which this immoderate drinking led can be well enough conceived; and the Lairds of Colquhoun, shocked at some stories that came to their ears, offered to provide a hearse at their own expense for all interments, to take away the excuse for so much indulgence; but the proposed innovation was resisted for many years. On one occasion a party was returning after the funeral and subsequent refreshment, and some kind friend had lent them a cart to ride home in. A discussion on some point, whether political or religious I cannot say, arose, the result being that those who adopted the one side of the question refused to ride in the same cart with their opponents, and the weaker side was consequently "disrupted" into

the road and had to walk the remainder of the journey. The custom of not supplying drink to the mourners till the burial was completed was one which might have been imitated with advantage elsewhere. On the south bank of the Clyde it did not prevail. Some of the inhabitants of the district through which the Greenock branch of the Caledonian Railway now runs, had their family "lair" or burying-place in the graveyard of a village over the hills nearer Ayrshire. Whether it was usual to give a dram before starting or no, a supply was invariably furnished to help the party on the road. At a funeral which took place quite within living memory the rests had been frequent on the road, as had also been the applications to the pocket-pistols, and at last the party deployed into the churchyard without the coffin. Of course there was great consternation, followed by a general retracing of steps, and at last they discovered the object of their search lying by the roadside at one of the points where they had halted to rest and refresh.

Fifty years ago, when Bridgeton and Calton were not so closely connected with Glasgow as they are now, while the habit of inviting people to funerals had crept in the circle to which the invitations were confined was not nearly so circumscribed as has since become the fashion, the great day for interments was Sabbath, and every Sunday the churchyards in Clyne Street and John Street presented a scene of unusual bustle. Of course Sunday was a very convenient day for poor people, as it saved them from losing a day's work, but the practice of delaying burials till Sunday was carried to such a pitch as to create a perfect nuisance in the vicinity of the churchyards, and the authorities interfered and discouraged it to the extent of their power. A big funeral *cortège* was still looked upon as a most desirable thing, and everybody who was asked endeavoured to attend. It was quite a common thing for a man

to attend three funerals of different persons in no way related to him on the same day; and in fixing the hour for burial care was taken to suit the convenience of those who might have other funerals to assist at on the same day. The daughter of a weaver, who died in Bridgeton half a century ago, told me that there were seventy-two persons invited to her father's funeral, and her mother was exceedingly proud that of this large number only one failed to respond, and he was prevented from coming by his foot being so much suppurated that he could not get on his shoe. The custom in Bridgeton was to give each mourner a glass of wine and a biscuit, and it was often furnished to a large company by families the children of which would next day be crying for bread.

Besides suiting the convenience of mourners who had to attend more than one funeral, there was another reason for having funerals falling on the same day arranged for different hours. Over the coffin, as it was carried to the grave, it was *de rigueur* to have a black velvet pall, called in Scottish parlance a mortcloth. There were no undertakers at the period to whom application could be made for the loan of the necessary covering, but the district had formed itself into a "Mortcloth Society," the members of which paid a small subscription annually, by means of which the office-bearers were able to keep a decent pall always on hand for the use of the members, which was taken from one funeral to another as it was required.

Everybody knows that there is no service at the grave in Scotland, although the clergyman under whom the deceased "sat" is often, indeed usually, present. The hats of those in attendance may be taken off the moment after they have lowered the coffin into the grave just for an instant, but even this is not always the case. This habit of dispensing with religious exercises had its origin, no doubt, in the Scotch horror of doing anything that might give a colour to the charge of

following the Roman Catholic fashion of praying for the dead. The reading of a chapter of the Bible and a short prayer in the house before the *cortège* sets out for the churchyard is the sole religious service, and the preliminaries to this are sometimes of a kind to raise the idea that care is taken to disconnect it from the peculiar circumstances of the occasion.

Twenty years ago I was at a funeral in the country at which the minister and his colleague of the church to which the deceased belonged attended. After the company had assembled, some decanters of wine and a tray with cake were brought in and set upon the table. The daughter of the deceased, herself a clergyman's wife, then suggested that the senior minister should "ask a blessing!" This request served as an excuse for a long prayer appropriate to the circumstances of the occasion which had brought us together, and after it was over cake and wine were handed round. Then a request was made that the junior clergyman should "return thanks," and he readily enough indulged in a prayer, in which he gathered up the fragments suitable to the circumstances which his colleague had omitted, and that was the whole religious service — simply a grace before and after meat.

That terrible scourge, the cholera, which visited the country in 1832, gave a fatal blow to the bacchanalian orgies with which it had been the fashion to celebrate funerals in Port Glasgow. Men were willing enough to pay the last possible mark of respect to the dead, but naturally took every precaution to avoid exposing themselves to unnecessary risk. So, instead of meeting in the house, as had been the custom, they simply gathered in the street before the door, and followed the hearse to the place of burial. The old Port Glasgow gentleman who is my informant would not enter into particulars anent the proceedings prior to that date; but he made the significant remark that while the new fashion only

involved the loss of an hour under the old system attendance at a funeral meant the loss of a whole day.

I have already referred to what was called the "funeral biscuit," which was seldom eaten by such of the male mourners as had young folks at home. My grandfather, who resided in a small burgh in Renfrewshire, always had one or two of his grandchildren awaiting his return from any burial he attended, who were not often disappointed in seeing the coveted morsel produced from his pocket and having it shared among them. But this biscuit deserves mention for another reason. Right on top of it, in the centre, was placed a piece of dark-coloured orange-peel, and it is just possible that its presence was the perpetuation of a symbol used at old heathen rites. Quite within living memory it was also customary to put a black mark on some of the oat-cakes served along with whisky in public-houses in Rutherglen, near Glasgow. Few, if any, of those who observed this custom in baking the cakes latterly, could have the least notion of what their action implied; but its origin may be traced to the old heathen practice at the feasts of Baal of giving bread with a black mark upon it to those unhappy persons who were selected as victims to be sacrificed. It is possible that the bit of dark orange-peel upon the light sponge biscuit is just a more modified perpetuation of the same superstitious observance as was handed down through the oat-cakes of the Rutherglen publicans. A more prosaic explanation, no doubt, occurred to the man in Ayrshire, when he for the first time attended a funeral where the biscuit with the orange-peel was served. Orange-peel was a new experience to him, and when the tough substance got entangled in his teeth he dislodged it and threw it away, wondering, with an expletive more forcible than reverential, "what induced people to put 'ham rinds' into their biscuits!"

When an invitation is being given verbally to a funeral in Scotland, the person invited usually asks, "When do you lift?" meaning "At what hour is the funeral to take place?" The manner of conveying the coffin from the house to the place of interment, still followed in Eaglesham, a village in the south of Renfrewshire, abundantly explains this phrase. As can be well enough understood, hearses and coaches are institutions belonging to towns and cities, not to villages. In the latter the coffin is borne to the grave on three poles, which are passed under it, long enough to leave a sufficient portion for two men to grasp on either side. Of course it is impossible to place these "spokes" in position in the house, so a couple of stools are brought out to the street, the coffin is placed upon them, and when the *cortège* is ready to go the spokes are passed under, the coffin is "lifted," and the procession moves off.

Though Eaglesham is not ten miles distant from Glasgow, the old fashion of warning everybody to the funeral is still followed, and as the houses generally are small, the company often enough meets in the church. Even in the sacred edifice, after the performance of short religious exercises, a tray with glasses on it is occasionally brought in, and a supply of liquor served out to all who care to partake of it. In this village it is also the custom for the entire company to wait in the churchyard till the burial has been quite completed, Eaglesham in this respect presenting a favourable contrast to other places, where only one or two of the nearer relatives are left to see the sexton complete his work. The last shovelful of earth having been put in, the chief mourner gets up on a stone, and, taking off his hat, says, in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, I thank you for your company," which is the signal to disperse.

I feel persuaded that it is one of the "things not generally known" that "waking" the dead has been

practised in one of the northern counties of Scotland from time immemorial, and is still in vogue there. When a death occurs in Glen Urquhart, the survivors in the household are never suffered to be alone with their dead till the day of the funeral. The body is not confined till the day of interment, for the simple reason that the coffin has to be made by the village joiner after death takes place. A house with a corpse in it becomes for the two or three days and nights that intervene between death and burial the rendezvous of all the neighbours, who sit and tell stories—ghost stories having a decided preference—ostensibly to keep the bereaved family from feeling *seris*, but really for purposes of entertainment. Such gatherings differ from Irish "wakes" in this particular, that tobacco and pipes are not provided by the relatives of the deceased, each attender bringing his own supply of these luxuries; but whisky is supplied by the family in whose house the wake is held, and pretty freely dispensed. Such gatherings are favourite resorts of blushing lasses and strapping lads who are courting, and are often the scene of more laughter than tears. The funerals in this locality present an imposing spectacle, often as many as a hundred men, decently clad in black broadcloth, winding in slow procession through the valley, in the rear of the bearers who carry the coffin. But here again we have an illustration of local variations of custom; for though it is the habit to invite all the male inhabitants of the district, the next-door neighbour of the deceased would not go to the funeral without receiving a direct invitation; while over the hills, in the adjoining glen, no invitations are issued, but everybody is expected to attend. Of course where drink is supplied at the wake it is not withheld at the burial, and besides the round served out at the house there is another often at the churchyard. Enough drink and bread and cheese to supply a hundred men

is no light weight, and where the *cortège* has to go a few miles to the place of interment, it is usual to send a small pony-cart, bearing the refreshments, after the party. A jar of whisky invariably forms part of the contents of the cart, whatever may be the more solid portion of the refreshment provided. The people are Free Church to a man, but they are not teetotal; and it is nothing out of the common, after the grave has been filled up, to see an old Free Church elder standing, possibly on a flat tombstone, engaged in asking a blessing on the refreshment about to be partaken, with a bottle of whisky in the one hand and a glass in the other. A gentleman resident in Glasgow, a native of the district, informed me that on a recent visit to Glen Urquhart he took part in a funeral which was very largely attended, but of all the company assembled round the grave he was the only one who refused to drink the whisky. One man, however, has become an abstainer, and a member of his family having died, he had no liquor at the funeral, but provided an abundant supply of milk instead. This strict adherence to his temperance principles gave great offence, his neighbours universally ascribing his conduct solely to meanness. For his plea of principle they had nothing but scorn. "Principle had nothing, and could have nothing, to do with it," they asserted. "The minister had no scruple in taking off his dram, and was *he* going to set himself up as better than the minister?" So widespread was the discontent that it is doubtful if as numerous a party will gather the next time an interment takes place from his house. Indeed, at a funeral which took place in the north of Argyllshire, some time ago, a feeling akin to this was openly expressed. The deceased, if not a member of the minister's family, was at least one of his household, and an extra large company had assembled; the parishioners coming from the remotest

corners of the parish out of respect for their clergyman. The hour of interment arrived, the short religious exercises were gone through, and the coffin was lifted by the bearers; but still there was no sign of anything in the shape of refreshment, and, in anything but an agreeable frame of mind, the numerous party ranged themselves in procession and proceeded towards the burial-ground. On the way confidential communications passed between the mourners, which took the form of such ejaculations as "Horrid mean!" "Wish I had never come a step;" and others of a like nature. But in the churchyard disappointment gave place to expectation, in consequence of an invitation to all present to return to the manse for refreshment. In the manse there is little cause to doubt that satisfaction followed upon expectation. What the nature of the refreshment might be was not stated; but a good guess may be hazarded from the fact that few of the mourners reached home that night. A sharp shower of snow fell in the afternoon and evening; and at night the white country roads presented curious spectacles of uncouth figures, clad in black, bobbing up and down, sometimes struggling along for a short distance in zigzag fashion, but in most cases resolving themselves at last into a snoring black heap in the ditch.

Such instances of indecent excess make it a matter of thankfulness that the custom, which is almost universal now in all large towns, of having no drink at funerals, is already followed in some parts of the country, and promises rapidly to obtain general favour and concurrence. But, while this is as it should be, it is to be hoped that the kindly custom which recognises as an obligation the last mark of respect for the dead will long continue one of the marked characteristics of Scottish rural life.

WILLIAM McQUEEN.

EGYPT:

I.—CAIRO IN APRIL, 1882.

WHILST many pens are busily engaged in a controversy respecting the merits and demerits of the Egyptian "national" movement, and in recommending courses of action as diverse as the theories entertained by individual writers, events in Egypt are rapidly approaching a crisis which may find us wholly unprepared. I therefore propose to sketch the rise and subsequent development of the "party," noting some of the effects already produced, and leaving my readers to form their own conclusions.

When Ismail Pasha reigned supreme, the autocratic ruler of a submissive people, the *corvées* and the conscription were the curse of village life. A mother would frequently maim, or look with complaisance on the progress of ophthalmia in her child, that it might save him from the dreaded conscription. The soldiery were ill-clothed and poorly fed, their term of service was not observed, and their pay—wretchedly small and always in arrear—was doled out to them in driblets at irregular intervals. At that time the greatest happiness to which an Egyptian soldier might aspire was—not payment of his arrears, of that he kept no count but—permission to return to his native village, and the gift of a few piastres to help him on his road. In respect to the higher grades in the army the case was however very different. Irregular pay did not cause so much inconvenience as might be imagined, because the system of deferred payment, at that time prevalent throughout the country, had developed a corresponding system of credit, which held good so long as the government official, civil or military, remained on active service. The officers' establishments were maintained on more or less extensive scales, to suit the social position of

their wives, and their followers and dependents were often very numerous. That this should be so will be readily understood when it is remembered that, *as a rule*, the Egyptian officer's position in the higher ranks is dependent on his wife's influence in the harems. The following sketch of every day life will best illustrate the Egyptian military curriculum.

Hamâr Bey is the sub-governor of a province, with a large family and many poor relations, his brother being a barber in the neighbouring village. According to custom, he had been married when yet a boy, to a woman of his father's choice, and it was through his wife's influence he had obtained this appointment. He afterwards added two younger companions to his household, which, when I knew him, consisted of three wives, a score of children, and a numerous retinue of servants and dependants. Hamâr was sorely perplexed to know what to do with his numerous offspring as they grew up. Fortunately he possessed a good friend at Cairo, whose wife had the *entrées* of the best harems, where she and her khatbeh assiduously chanted the praises of the young Hamârin. One of the sons speedily obtained a commission in the Damanhour cavalry, and on his marriage with Princess Fatma Hanem's¹ favourite Abyssinian slave, was raised to the rank of pasha, and given a command in the Household Brigade. His brethren are provided for in a similar manner, their positions varying according to the social status of their wives, or the influence they manage to retain with their former protectors. It will thus be seen that influence in the harem meant interest at the War Office, and that the higher grades in

¹ The proper names above given are fictitious.

the army, as indeed in every department of the state, were reserved for those who backsheeshed the highest, or consented to purchase promotion by accepting a bribe without question, from the miscellaneous throngs which overflow the walls of an Egyptian satrap's harem. Matters stood thus when the Nubar-Wilson Ministry resolved to disband a portion of the army. Unfortunately no provision for pension was made, or terms offered to the officers on their forced retirement ; nothing arranged for the settlement of their arrears of pay, or for the return of the men to their various destinations. The Khedive expostulated, but his advisers insisted. A legitimate cause for grievance was eagerly seized upon by the powerful *intrigant* of that day ; the serpent's teeth were sown, and in the subsequent "insurrection," in which the ministry were overwhelmed, the "national party" sprang into existence.

Its ranks have since been recruited in various ways. The gradual closing of two royal roads to fortune—the harem and the courts of King Backsheesh—has done much to swell the patriotic party, whose cry is "Egypt for the Egyptians ;" and the peculiar form of government established at Cairo rather tends to foster feelings of impatience and discontent.

Accustomed to be governed by a rod of iron, the people were suddenly left, on the deposition of Ismail Pasha, with no one to restrain, coerce, or guide. A little more firmness at that time, on the part of England and France, would have prevented the subsequent growth of discontent. But we chose rather to take away, than to build up ; to deprive the nominal ruler of Egypt of all power for good or evil, and to govern by irresponsible advisers, who on their part lacked all but the normal support of their respective governments. In a country where to breathe is to intrigue, temptation was given to those inclined to be hostile to the establishment of

law and order, as well as to those "patriots" who, tasting for the first time of the sweets of freedom, without understanding its obligations, expected, after centuries of oppression, to transplant the full blown tree of liberty to Egypt before the soil had been prepared for its reception. The experiment could have but one result, a result similar to that one might expect at a public school, where rules, regulations, and masters, suddenly swept away to allow of the boys being educated by a batch of advisers, whom they might listen to or not as their fancy directed. Yet, notwithstanding its limited power and equivocal position, the control at Cairo, with the system of administrative government established by England and France, has already worked wonders in the land, as the increased returns in every department into which the European element has, however sparingly, been introduced, amply testifies ; but its beneficial influence has scarcely penetrated to the lower strata of the population, whilst the Constantinople party, Ismail Pasha's, and the "national," jealous alike of our interference, have emissaries in the Fellah's hut and the Bedouin's tent.

The smouldering fires of centuries of oppression are being assiduously fanned, and the people taught to believe that England and France care for naught else than to sit by the flesh-pots, and suck the lifeblood out of the country. The discontent at the establishment of law and order in the civil administrations, also contributes greatly to swell the number of our opponents. That this should be so was inevitable, though it has perhaps, in some cases, been needlessly increased by a manifest want of tact and experience on the part of some of our administrators, in carrying out the difficult task before them. In an Eastern country more care should be taken than is generally shown, in the selection of our officials, for no race is more observant and appreciative of character than the Oriental, and they

seize on the weak points and turn them to account.

Concerning the Egyptian Civil Service Mr. Stephen Cave writes in his report on the financial condition of Egypt in 1876:—

“From the pashas downwards every office is a tenancy at will, and experience shows that while dishonesty goes wholly or partially unpunished, independence of thought and action, resolution to do one's duty, and to resist the peculation and neglect which pervade every department, give rise to intrigues, which sooner or later bring about the downfall of honest officials; consequently, those who begin with a desire to do their duty give way before the obstructiveness which paralyses every effort.”

Has the service improved since that day? To judge by Arabi's utterances, as declaimed by Sir William Gregory, the rank and file of Ismail's corrupt army of civil servants, “who are intriguing to renew their evil ways,” have been banished *en masse* to some Stygian creek there to repent of their sins.

This is however far from being the case, and I am perfectly justified in asserting that no radical change has been effected in the *personnel* or character of the Egyptian Civil Service by the European element so sparingly introduced. The mass has not been leavened, but merely held in subjection, whilst intrigue as rampant as of yore is continually working the downfall of honest and able officials both native and European. The former are powerless to stem the tide, without the aid of independent and fearless Europeans to set example, and lead the way; but the latter in their turn, require more tangible support than is to be found in the “toleration” of the national party. Without full powers to reorganise they had best retire from an impossible task.

Dismissal from a European administration is now a passport to native advancement. Not long ago an official was dismissed by an Englishman for dishonesty, coupled with incapacity. To-day the same official is a pasha and the governor of a province, to-morrow

he may be a judge in the tribunals or minister of justice!

A late commissioner of the Soudan was dismissed for peculation and indiscretion by one of our most illustrious countrymen, and was forthwith appointed Governor of Alexandria and subsequently rewarded with a portfolio. The governor of another province, who in cold blood murdered a native Sheikh, for not complying with his wishes, and compelled to fly the province to save himself from just retribution, was afterwards appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, notwithstanding the efforts made on the part of an English officer to bring the delinquent to justice.

The names of the civil servants of the “old régime” actually *en disponibilité* might be counted on one's fingers. They have been shifted from one administration to another, from one service to another, according to old usage, but their baneful presence is felt in every department of the state. It is from these heterogeneous materials of discontent and corruption that the opponents of the system of administrative government introduced by England and France have constituted themselves the “national party,” in which the military element so visibly predominates that we are actually living under a military despotism—a government by the army—in which the agricultural and commercial classes have no voice whatsoever.

Sir William Gregory, the steadfast champion of the national party, acknowledges that “the recent changes have weakened the hands of the district governors throughout the country in their endeavours to preserve life, property, and order. The village sheikhs who return the members of the Assembly are masters of the situation, and as the Moudirs (provincial governors) may be attacked in the Assembly they are naturally afraid of raising any outcry against their proceedings,” and he goes on to say that both in Upper Egypt and the Delta “serious disorganisation prevails.” Nevertheless

Sir William implores us to love the "party" with all its faults, and to join him in a fervent "God bless it." He sees in his mind's eye "the whole population of Egypt with their hands raised aloft to Allah in prayer for its duration." Verily since Sir William made his discovery of the "national party" on the banks of the Nile and perceived a modern Moses in Arabi Bey, his solicitude for the Colonel's welfare could scarcely have been surpassed by that of Pharaoh's daughter on finding the babe in the bulrushes. Let us hope the modern Moses is not destined to become another spoiler of the Egyptians. But other troubles loom in the distance. Arabi Bey has redressed the wrongs of his immediate party, his brothers in arms; but in doing so has inadvertently taught them to regard insubordination as the true secret of success. Apparently the lesson has not been lost, as may be judged from the following incident. At a recent council of ministers it was resolved to disband a regiment which had been formed for special service in the Soudan. In the notice which was allowed to appear on the subject it was stated that the step had been taken from motives of economy, and on the advice of H.E. Abdel Kader Pasha, the Governor-General of the Soudan, who considered that a corps of irregulars and Bedouins, recruited on the spot, in addition to the troops already in the Soudan, would be sufficient to maintain order, and resist the incursions of the Abyssinians.

Yet at that time the news from the Abyssinian frontier was anything but assuring. Rachid Pasha, the commander of the forces on the frontier, had telegraphed in all haste for reinforcements and for artillery to occupy certain important strategic positions in the neighbourhood of Gallabat and Hamran, the incursions of the Abyssinians along the whole frontier line having given rise to serious apprehensions. The corn in the Sanhât districts was left uncut for want of the means of transport, the caravans having

disappeared, as if by magic, on the outburst of hostilities. Even Massowah was threatened, and yet Ala-ed-Din Pasha, the Governor of the Egyptian littoral, was only able to procure some 500 regular and 200 irregular troops from Kassala for its protection: while accounts both from Fashoda and Darfour show that those provinces are almost in a state of anarchy.

Although the signs of activity on the Abyssinian frontier may be nothing more important than the usual yearly visit to levy taxes, in a territory which Egypt has occupied since the time of Mutzinger Pasha but never succeeded in annexing, yet it would scarcely seem a propitious moment, when troops were applied for, to disband a force especially formed for Soudan duty.

Then again we are told that the President of the Council has decided upon the total abolition of slavery and the suppression of the slave traffic in the provinces of the Soudan. Abdel Kader Pasha, the Governor-General, has been charged to carry out the decision. Does his excellency expect to execute a task which all Gordon Pasha's experience and energy failed to accomplish, with a corps of irregulars recruited from the native Bedouin tribes on the spot; simply because a chamber of notables have resolved it shall be done? This, too, at a moment when H.B.M.'s Consul at Jeddah has telegraphed for men-of-war to blockade the coast, to stop the constant stream of slaves from the Soudan to Jeddah, which is the market for Egypt, Turkey, and the Mohammedan world. It is surprising also, that economy in matters military should enter so largely into the calculations of the ministry at this moment, when, at the dictation of Arabi, the funds available for the prosecution of the much needed public works in 1882 have been appropriated by the Minister of War for the avowed purpose of increasing the army and providing for the immensely

enhanced cost of its maintenance. No! the sole explanation is to be found in the paragraph which precedes my account of this incident, and the fact that insubordination is rampant in the army.

The spirit of insubordination is not confined to the army, but may be daily observed on board the government steamers, where the sailors on the slightest provocation refuse to obey the orders of their superiors, and appeal direct to Arabi.

The Panislamic doctrine so diligently promulgated of late is showing its effects in the insolent bearing of the soldiery, and their readiness to seize an opportunity of showing brutality towards the Christian dog. Yet the Egyptian soldier is by nature docile enough, and was wont to be content so long as he was not asked to do more than barrack-yard exercise. He has, however, always evinced a strong prejudice against active service. In Abyssinia, although led by experienced American officers, he was beaten in every encounter; in the Russo-Turkish war the Egyptian contingent had to be relegated to garrison duty; and in December last, when the troops under Rachid Bey came in contact with the wild followers of Fakri Mohammed Ahmed, the fanatical "prophet" of Dongola, five hundred Egyptian soldiers, armed with Remington rifles, ran away without firing a shot, their arms and ammunition falling into the hands of the insurgents. And yet the "black" troops, of which the force was mainly composed, are counted the best soldiers in the Egyptian army.

The dislike for "war's glorious art" may be due in some measure to the class from which the ranks are chiefly recruited—the down-trodden labourers of the soil—and to the Coptic or Christian element, which does not readily amalgamate with the Moslem. Be that as it may, the Soudan provinces are not in high repute with the Egyptian soldier, and Arabi will find it difficult now to com-

mand, where once he refused to obey. That he was imbued with honest intentions when he strove to redress the wrongs of his particular party I do not question, but he decidedly lacks the judicious hand and the prescience necessary to lead his countrymen safely on the paths of prosperity and progress. He has been already floated far beyond his depth by the tide of events, and cannot now hold back. Possibly even before this is published another *émeute* may secure him a yet higher position; but when he accepted the title of pasha and a portfolio the prelude to his funeral march was sounded, for from that day his influence and power have been steadily on the wane.

Since the European control at Cairo has faded before the aggression of the national party to the mere semblance of a power in Egypt, abuses which were being slowly and laboriously eradicated have again assumed their wonted proportions. The frequent visits of the European district inspector to the Moudirieh, and the knowledge that his report to the Control on cases of imprisonment, tyranny, or peculation, would obtain prompt and impartial consideration, was beginning to exert a salutary influence, by restoring confidence to the fellah, and teaching his brutal and ignorant taskmaster a lesson altogether new to the Eastern mind.

It was new indeed in Egypt to find a tribunal which disregarded every consideration except the merits of the cases brought before it; and treated with equal indifference the influence of the powerful and the helplessness of the weak; and the example was not without an effect which promised well for the future. Unfortunately the good seed has now been scattered to the winds. The following account of what has just occurred will serve as an example of the present state of affairs in the Delta.

About four miles from Zagazig, the great cotton centre of the rich province of Charkia, lies Zankaloon, the pro-

perty of Prince Ibrahim Pasha. The estate is about 5,000 acres in extent, and affords employment and sustenance to a peasant population numbering some 2,000 to 3,000 souls. Soon after the late military *émeute*, which overthrew the Cherif ministry and elevated Arabi Bey to the dictatorship, many signs of discontent were observed among the fellaheen in this neighbourhood. An inspector was despatched from Cairo by the prince to inquire into the cause. I will select one out of the many cases judged as an example of the corrupt system of speculation under which the peasantry of Egypt have suffered for centuries, and which it was one of the special tasks the Control had set itself to eradicate, knowing it to be the root of much that is evil in the country. A fellah presented his *keschf*, or receipt to the *seraf*, expecting to receive two months' pay at the rate of pr. $2\frac{1}{2}$ (about sixpence) per diem, i.e. pr. 150. As usual the clerk had written out his receipt, to which the peasant, who can neither read nor write, attaches his seal.

On the money being counted out, the man found that twenty days' pay due to him had been deducted, and he consequently refused to receive the money tendered. A stormy war of not merely words ensued, in which the *keschf* was destroyed. The man departed in despair, to return again after many days, when, through the intercession of some friendly sheikhs, a new receipt was made out for the correct number of days; but here a new difficulty presented itself. He was offered treacle in lieu of cash. The man protested, but finding it would be that or nothing, he accepted an order on the treacle factory for forty rotles of treacle, which he afterwards sold in the market for twenty-two piastres! thus losing 138 piastres of his hard-earned money. This being but an instance of many hundred acts of similar oppression, rumours of the prevailing discontent ultimately reached the ears of Arabi Pasha, who de-

spatched a serjeant and some men to inquire into the cause of the grievances. These men soon added fuel to the flame, by preaching the doctrine of peasant proprietorship and no-rent to the astonished fellaheen. The result speedily followed. The peasantry struck work *en masse*, leaving the crops to rot in the fields. This seems to have been scarcely anticipated, for energetic measures were then adopted to force them to obedience. The market was closed, and flogging was had recourse to, in a manner that reminded me of those old days so regretfully alluded to by the "Fellah's Son" in the columns of a London paper. A detachment of soldiers were despatched to the spot, and in the attempt to resist the fellaheen got considerably the worst of it, but nevertheless refused to work. As matters seemed to be going from bad to worse, the prince leased the property to some French investors for five years. On Monday last Monsieur Poiloy took possession, and hoisted the French flag at Zankaloon!

To save himself from the odium of having caused discontent by his own shameless rapacity, the agent forwarded to the prince a testimonial bearing 100 signatures, or seals, in which it was declared that the disturbance was caused by Arabi Pasha's emissaries, who had preached sedition in the province. On examination, however, it was discovered that only nine out of the hundred seals had been affixed with the knowledge of the owners, the seals being held by the agent's clerk for the purpose of signing the receipts.

The people of Egypt desire that form of government which will best guard them from oppression; and they are fully aware that the desired form will not be secured to them under the native pashas; but, above all things, they desire a positive and responsible executive, that will put an end to the present state of incertitude and doubt which paralyses every action.

II.—AN ORIENTAL PRISON AND PRISONERS.

HAVING seen the Cairo saints, I thought I would complete my view of the extremes of Oriental society by seeing the sinners,—what manner of men they were, and how they lived. Besides, as I had one night given a “fantasiyeh” in the shape of a feast of leavened cakes to all the *dogs* I could find,—and their name was legion—I thought I could do no better than include within the scope of my *largesse* their more miserable fellow-creatures.

For the sake of those who do not know Cairo, I should explain that most sightseeing there is done on donkey-back, and the boy who runs behind his beast with gentle persuasion in hand and voice guides you on all occasions, and is a far trustier Achates than any magnificently-attired dragoman, whose chief *métier* is to receive commissions from the spiders (shopkeepers) into whose parlours (bazaars) he invites you.

The name of my donkey boy was Abdul al Hammar, a very sharp fellow even for a donkey-boy; to him, therefore, I applied for information and advice.

“Where,” said I, “does one find the most miserable people in Cairo—the poorest?”

“In the prisons,” said Abdul; “I was there myself last year for fighting one Frenchman.”

“Are they fed?” I asked.

“Very seldom,” replied my donkey-boy; “the officers, *they* take the prisoner’s food.”

“Then be ready at half-past ten to-morrow with a donkey, to carry some bread to the prisons. Can I get in?”

“O yes, easily.”

“And how much bread do you think would be enough to give each of the prisoners a meal?”

Here Abdul saw a fine opening for business, for though he is as honest a Cairene as you will find, he is honest among Cairenes only.

“You will want forty francs worth

of bread; and they would be very glad to get some cigarettes.”

“Well,” said I, “here are two Napoleons for bread, and a half-napoleon for cigarettes. Be ready for me punctually.”

At half-past ten, then, behold us—a donkey carrying a couple of panniers filled with the round sour cakes which Abdul called “loaves” (very few, I thought, for two napoleons—but let that pass); Abdul’s lieutenant, a hungry-looking Arab, Abdul and myself. Abdul had evidently made no secret of our destination, and we were the objects of some amusement to the knot of donkey-boys and street-loafers who had gathered round. Doubtless they thought it was only another case of the fantastic madness that flourishes among Englishmen. Perhaps it was.

The prison to which we were bound was once a palace of Ismail’s, but after that pleasure-loving potentate had by the offer of a heavy backshish of interest got loans large enough to build a few comfortable mansions elsewhere, the home he deserted was reserved for the reception of less fortunate rascals, less comfortably entertained in durance vile. All sorts of offenders are confined here—debtors to the state, brawlers, the Arab species of burglar, coiners—all massed together, with no separation except of the sexes and of Europeans from Orientals.

Abdul had assured me that no official permission was necessary to gain admission; I had only to say that I had brought food for the prisoners. And I was to be sure, said my wise guide, to distribute it myself, or else none of it would get beyond the officers. Abdul was right. Always employ an Arab to outwit an Arab.

Sure enough, no sort of obstacle was offered us, so, followed by a crowd of old men, women, and children (relatives, I suppose, of the convicts)—wretched-looking creatures, crying the

eternal cry for *bachshish*, we wandered through several court-yards, past here and there a vicious, hungry-looking soldier, into the centre court-yard of all. The sight that there met my eyes was beyond forgetting; what I was yet to see was likely to make the impression more indelible.

We were in a sort of ill-paved, ill-looking, ill-smelling square; on each side of the square was a large door, now thrown open, displaying an inner door of cross-barred wooden grating, and behind, row upon row of miserable, hopeless faces. Already the old folk and children who had followed us had begun to pilfer from the bread panniers, and as soon as the prisoners caught sight of the food, the horrid clanking of chains grated on my ears, loud cries and howls came from the gratings, and the faces at the apertures multiplied threefold. I could see the poor wretches struggling with one another for a place in front, the weakest, of course, going to the wall, the greediest and strongest crushing forward. And *such* faces! Most of them were revolting enough in themselves, and could well have spared the loathsome environment that made them worse. On some, indeed, that scourge of the East, leprosy, had left its mark; some were merely ill- and hungry-looking; the better-favoured seemed to stay with their chains behind, for shame, perhaps. All the foremost cried out for the bread they saw, and scrambled and fought like wild beasts for such of the round cakes as 'escaped through the bars without being torn piece-meal in their passage. One or two of the officials volunteered to help us to distribute our doles; and of course inviolable Eastern custom demanded that a little of the sorry stuff should disappear by the way into their own capacious pockets. I tried to get one of these fellows—Jusef, as I had heard some of the prisoners call him—to deal out the bread in something like order, but order seemed impossible; official authority stopped short outside the bars of the prison-house, while inside I could see some sturdy ruffians

dealing blows to their fellows with rude whips and sticks, and even with their chains, driving them from the raised step that led to the door, cursing loudly. And while this din was in our ears, and we were feeding the wretches *inside* the bars, the unfortunates *outside*, who had followed us closely to this very holy of holies, were pilfering as fast as hands, big or little, could help them. Yes, big or little; one tiny child, about five years old, stole three cakes before my eyes, was cuffed, hustled away, and returned in a minute to steal a fourth from my left hand, while her mother was snatching from my right. The cigarettes produced almost equal excitement, and were hugged by the happy possessors almost as eagerly as the bread.

And now that my stock of provisions was exhausted, I thought I had seen enough for once, and proceeded to make my way out of the vile den. As I was moving off, one of the officials blandly asked for *bachshish*, in reply to which I used all the few Arabic indignant expletives I knew, and failing that, French, and when that, also, came too slowly for my indignation, I found relief in native English.

I heard subsequently, that "the Khedive,"—i.e. I suppose, the government—sends daily supplies to the prisons to the extent of three of those small round cakes for each person in confinement; *but they only get one*; and some who had tasted the sweets of this same prison-house, assured me that they often got *none*. Where do the rest go? What man who knows Egypt, knows not this, too?

I went afterwards to the same place on the same errand three times, once by myself, when much the same set of experiences presented themselves, twice with ladies who were kind enough to proffer their assistance to provide a meal for the unfortunates, and see what could be done for the women; for *I*, of course, was not permitted access to the women's quarters.

On appearing with ladies, I had some

little difficulty in passing. I had to present myself before the pasha, and explain myself to his rather stupid and marvelling lordship; but I got the required leave, and we distributed our doles. This time we had dispensed with Abdul's assistance in buying the bread, and found that the expenditure of one napoleon by ourselves secured a more plentiful feast than Abdul's two. Poor Abdul! he is only an Arab, and it is hardly wonderful if, having been for once elevated to the discharge of official duties, he fell so easily and naturally into official ways.

On my last visit, mindful of our former delay, I sent a note in my politest French to the pasha requesting his permission to bring three ladies to the prison at 10.30 one day, but no reply was vouchsafed till I sent a second messenger, who returned in about an hour with the pasha's gracious leave. No sort of explanation of the delay was given, but we were not long in lack of one. We arrived duly with our provisions, but were again stopped for some time, being ushered now into a decently-furnished room, and kept there till a pleasant-looking and pleasant-spoken gentleman made his appearance, who informed us that he was the "head of the European department," was called Hanna Effendi, would be glad to be of service to us, and ordered coffee, keeping us meantime in interesting conversation, telling us how delightfully things were managed, how clean the place was, and how well everybody was fed. He was a Christian, he said; and who could disbelieve a Christian? What man, who knows what Oriental Christians are, *would* disbelieve a Christian in the East? We had not, however, come for coffee and interesting conversation, and made our impatience plain enough for Hanna Effendi to see that we should be better satisfied by being allowed to "move on." So we proceeded. On our way we were stopped in a little yard, and occupied the time in cutting up the loaves we had brought with us, but before starting again the officer in charge took the extraordinary

precaution of relieving me of the knife that I had been using. As soon as we got into the now familiar prison-yard, the malodorous place struck me as more malodorous than ever, and the sound of falling waters showed very plainly the reason of the many delays to which we had been treated—the apparent disinclination of the pasha to answer my letter, the presence of Hanna Effendi, the coffee, the interesting conversation, the going to and fro, the halt in the little yard; the prisoners were "swabbing" their filthy dens! This it was which made the mephitic smells so unendurable; this explained the strange sound of falling waters in the place. "They wash their quarters every day," said Hanna, but more unbiassed witnesses assured us that the prisons were cleaned out only when the pasha was expected, which happens very rarely, as the pasha is wise in his generation, and does not go too often where the odours are so bad, and fever is so easily caught.

One would naturally like to know some of the methods by which the doors of this wretched place open to the "criminal" classes of Cairo; but it is clear that the East has no "criminal" class, in our sense of the term. Your Oriental is for the most part a mere child so far as moral distinctions are concerned, and of a child one can scarcely predicate criminality. His whole education, religious and secular (if secular he has), leads him to minimise the importance of moral duties to the exaggerated elevation of purely religious obligations, just as to a child the grave necessity of moral restraint being taught by custom, by habituation, as all other things are, for a long time the duties of simple courtesy seem as deeply imperative as charity and honesty. In the same way Hob and Dick Mussulman are all their lives bred to regard the observance of religious minutiae as of equal importance with honesty, or temperance, or real charity, as distinct from almsgiving. And so it falls out that the every-day Oriental feels little scruple against lying—nay,

he is as proud of it, if it brings him profit, as any heroic Spartan pick-pocket could have been in the brave days of Lycurgus. Now *our* notion of criminal class is of a loosely-connected but not unorganised society, which, knowing for the most part the difference between right and wrong, tacitly sets itself to prey on all social strata above it. And unfortunately, many of our Western institutions which seem to be devised for the express purpose of confining criminality to the narrowest limits possible, largely foster the diffusion of criminal tendencies and the perpetuation of the class manifesting them, acting in too many ways as drags on possible efforts towards emancipation. Consider, for instance, the striking graduation of modern social strata in the West as compared with the close spiritual sympathy which knits the Egyptian fellah with Egyptian prime minister, or even nominal king. By what genius or striving could a hodman amongst us become a prime minister? Yet who shall say how long it may be before a genuine fellah is King of Egypt, in name as well as fact, unless European diplomacy, backed by European iron-clads, meddles in the pretty pie which Arabi Bey is making? The flight of steps at the top of which stands Mr. Gladstone and at the bottom John Hodman are so nicely and cunningly graduated that, looking at one step together with its neighbour, you might hardly take them for steps at all; but for all practical purposes John Hodman and Mr. Gladstone can never join hands except when stress of political need makes one necessary to the other.

So, to deal with our immediate subject, professional thief and honest man are with us separated to an infinite degree by the very steps which might lead one to the dignity of the other, whereas, in the East, your bastinadoed thief of to-day may be wielding the bastinado to-morrow, and the day after, as caliph or cadî, be directing its application. The element of difference in each grade is

mainly an increased facility for thieving. And to a contented acceptance of this view of things the Oriental mind has been habituated, by almost unbroken custom, varied perhaps by the flaying of a Sisamnes, or the virtuous freaks of a Haroun al Raschid.

Then, again, we must note the bearing of the strictness which amongst us marks off civil from criminal offences. Your Oriental knows no difference; a law is a law; an offence is an offence; a judge is a judge, righteous or unrighteous. Hence no blacker stain rests on the convicted thief than on the defaulting tax-payer; and, as with our Spartan aforesaid, an offence is only an offence when it is found out; at which point a *crime*, that is, a pardonable use of one's wits to fleece one's fellow, becomes a *mistake*, and therefore unpardonable. Remarkable testimony, this close approximation of moral appraisalment in Arab fellah and European statesman to unity of design in moral notions!

But perhaps the most energetic agent in the perpetuation of this predatory class amongst us is the complicated and elaborate machinery with which we try to suppress it. In the first place we are, so far as our lights make the way clear for us, inexorably just—or, rather, consistent; legal and virtuous society grows less and less tolerant of illegal vice. Hence, since in these days of easy communication and rigid social scrutiny, it is increasingly impossible to give punishments that condition of frugality—limitation to actual offenders—which Bentham required, the expiation of the sins of the fathers not unfrequently makes sinners of the children. Whereby it happens that society, finding it impossible to confine its animadversion to the mere criminal, is driven to all sorts of shifts (called “charities,” &c.) to prevent the serious risks of increasing the misery and insecurity of those wanderers now left without a guide, blind as he was, who *led*, at all events, though his leading ended in no better land of promise than a ditch.

But there is yet another consideration to take into account under this head. It is in the great nature of man to take a pleasure capable of infinite expansion in the exercise of his intellect—his wits and faculties; the brain of man ceases to work only when bodily conditions are unfavourable to its working, that is, simply, when the body is unhealthy. Now our habitual criminals are usually healthy enough, and they take natural delight in the use of their wits, which they exercise in the only obviously profitable way left to them, that is, in outmanœuvring the policeman, and getting at the goods of their more opulent and (perhaps) more virtuous neighbours.

Set against all this the dissimilarity of conditions which surround an Oriental wrong-doer, and you will have no difficulty in understanding why there are no properly "criminal" classes in the East. Little social graduation finds he to scare him if he would fain rise; no distinction of criminal and civil offence to mark him with a broader mark in the one case than in the other; no elaborate machinery to match himself against. Calif, khedive, or cadi, always more or less corrupt; a few soldiers, always more or less lazy and brutal; mephitic sinks of prisons—these are all the instruments in Eastern hands for the suppression of vice.

It seems, therefore, that we must not be surprised to find all offences against authority in the East treated on the same footing. When I had wanted to learn something of criminal London, I had put myself into the hands of a detective officer, and saw as much as I wanted; but clearly no Cairo policeman could help me in my quest of Cairene criminals at home. Besides, I should not have cared to penetrate to the depths of a Cairo Seven Dials with an Egyptian policeman, who is gene-

rally, as I have good reason to know, a rascal or a coward—or both. And the way in which he performs his duties as preserver of peace and order is that of a born bully. I well remember one day being attracted by a rather large crowd in a Cairo square, and on getting nearer saw a policeman, whip in hand, seated on the box-seat of an empty carriage and slashing very vigorously at the head of a groom, who was standing at the horses' heads, endeavouring to quiet them under the active exercise in which the representative of Egyptian majesty was indulging. On inquiry of the bystanders I found that the coachman had got off the box to hold the horses while his master was engaged at some neighbouring shop. The policeman had at once jumped up in order to drive the carriage to a spot he considered more convenient. An English crowd would no doubt have insisted on teaching that policeman the proper use of a whip on his own bully's body, but the Cairenes enjoyed the scene immensely, regarding it as a sort of "fantasiyeh," which might be translated by our indigenous species of street-idler as a "lark." While the fun was at its height a superior officer appeared on the scene, and shortly afterwards the owner of the carriage, a pasha. This latter gentleman insisted on immediate reparation, which the officer at once offered by administering a sound drubbing to his zealous and playful subordinate, who howled the while, most piteously. This was not enough, however, for the pasha, for on a subsequent visit to the prison I found my policeman incarcerated for an indefinite period in order to learn better manners in dealing with a pasha's carriage; and penned up in the same hole was the unfortunate groom, whom his lordship had imprisoned for being whipped!

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1882.

TWO NOVELETTES.

I. THE MARQUIS JEANNE HYACINTH DE ST. PALAYE.

I.

IN one of the mountainous districts of the south of France, which in the last century were covered with forests, the highway ran up through the rocky valley by the side of a roaring torrent. On the right hand and on the left the massive foliage descended to the banks, and filled up the small and intervening ravines with a bosky shade. Here and there a lofty crag broke out from the sea of green leaves, and now and then the pointed roofs of a château or the spire of a village church witnessed to the existence of man, and gave an interest and a charm to the beautiful scene.

It was a day in the late autumn of the year 1760. The departing smile of nature, which in another hour would be lost in death, was upon every tree and leaf. The loveliest tints and shades, so delicate that at the moment of their perfection they trembled into nothingness, rested upon the woodlands on every side. A soft wind whispered through the rustling leaves laden with mellow odours and with the pleasing sadness that comes with the falling leaf. The latest flowers of the year with unconscious resignation wasted, as it might seem, tints which would not have disgraced the warmest hues of summer upon heaps of withered

leaves, and dry moss, and rotting wood. The loveliest hour of the year was the last.

The highway crossed an ancient bridge of great height with a cunningly pointed arch. Just beyond the bridge a smaller path turned up on the left hand as you ascended the valley. It wound its way up the wooded valleys as though with no definite end, yet it was smooth and well kept, more so indeed than the highway itself, and doubtless led to some château, by the orders of whose lord the peasantry kept the road in good repair. Let us follow this road on an evening at the end of October in the year we have already mentioned, for we shall meet with a pretty sight.

Some distance up the road on the left was a small cottage, built to mark and protect the path to a natural terrace formed, as far as art had had a hand in the proceeding, by some former lord of the domain to command a view of the neighbouring mountains and country. Several of these terraces existed in the wood. At the point where the path entered the private road to the château the wood receded on every side, and left a wide glade or savannah across which the sunshine lay in broad and flickering rays. Down this path there came a boy and girl, for they were little more,

though their dress and the rank of life they held gave an appearance of maturity greater than their years. The lady was of supreme beauty even for a heroine of romance, and was dressed with a magnificence which at any other period of the world would have been fantastic in a wood. She was clinging to the arm of a handsome boy of some two-and-twenty years of age, whose dress by its scarf and some other slight peculiarities marked the officer of those days. His face was very handsome, and the expression on the whole was good, but there was something about the eyes and the curve of the lips which spoke of violent passions as yet unsubdued.

The girl came down the path clinging to his arm, her lovely face upraised to him, and the dark and reckless expression of his face was soothed and chastened into a look of intense fondness as he looked down upon it. Rarely could a lovely autumn afternoon receive its finishing touch from the passing of so lovely a pair.

The valley was perfectly solitary: not a single sound was heard, nor living creature seemed astir. It was as if nature understood, and held her breath to further the purposes of their lonely walk. Only for a moment however. At the instant they left the path and entered upon the grassy verge that bordered the way to the château, they both started, and the girl gazed before her with an expression of wild alarm, while the young man's face grew darker, and a fierce and cruel look came into his eyes. But what they saw would seem at first sight to give little cause for such emotion. A few yards before them, walking leisurely across the grass from the direction of the road, appeared a gentleman of some twenty-eight or thirty years of age, of whom at first sight there could be no question that he was one of the most distinguished and handsomest men of his day. He was carefully dressed in a style which only men of exceptional figure can wear without extravagance, but which in their case

seems only fitting and right. He wore a small walking sword, so hung as not to interfere in the least with the contour of his form, with which his dress also evidently harmonised. His features were faultlessly cut, and the expression, though weary and perhaps almost insolent, bore slight marks of dissipation, and the glance of his eyes was serene and even kindly. He saw the pair before him and instantly stopped. It is probable that the incident was equally embarrassing on both sides, but the visible effect was very different. The two young people stood utterly silent and aghast. The lady was evidently frightened and distressed, while her companion seemed prepared to strike the intruder to the earth. On the other hand, the Marquis, for such was his rank, showed no signs of embarrassment.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," he said; "I perceive that I have committed a *gaucherie*. Growing tired of the hunt, I returned to the château, and hearing from the servants that Mademoiselle had gone down into the forest to visit her old nurse at the cottage by the terrace, I thought how pleasant it would be to go to meet her and accompany her home. I had even presumed to think," he continued, smiling, and as he spoke he turned to the young man with a gesture of perfect courtesy—"I even presumed to think that my presence might be some small protection to Mademoiselle in the wilds of the forest. I was unaware, of course, that she was guarded with such loyal and efficient care." He paused for a moment, and then continued with greater dignity and kindness of expression, "I need not add, Mademoiselle, as a gentleman whose name hitherto, I believe, has been free from taint, I need not add that Mademoiselle need fear no embarrassment in the future from this chance encounter."

It was perhaps strange, but it seemed that the politeness and even friendliness of the Marquis, so far from soothing, irritated the young

man. He remained silent, but kept his black and angry glance fixed upon the other.

But the girl seemed differently affected. She hesitated for a moment, and then took a step forward, speaking with her clasped hands before her, with a winning and beseeching gesture.

"You see before you, Monsieur le Marquis," she said, "two as miserable young creatures as, I hope, exist upon the earth. Let me present to you Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, of the regiment of Flanders."

The gentlemen bowed.

"—Who has known me all my life," continued the girl, speaking rapidly; "who has loved me—whom I love. We meet to-day for the last time. We should not have told you—I should not have mentioned this to you—because I know—we know—that it is useless to contend against what is fixed for us—what is decreed. We meet to-day for the last time; the fleeting moments are running past—ah! how quickly—in another moment they will be gone."

Here the emotion that overpowered her choked her utterance. She stopped, and to prevent herself from falling, she clung to the Chevalier's arm.

The Marquis looked at her in silence, and his face became perfectly beautiful with its expression of pity. A marble statue, indeed, might almost have been expected to show emotion at the sight of such beauty in such distress. There was a pause. Then the Marquis spoke.

"I am most honoured," he said, "to be permitted to make the acquaintance of Monsieur le Chevalier, whose name, if I mistake not, is already, though that of so young an officer, mentioned with distinction in the despatches of Monsieur de Broglie. For what you have said to me, Mademoiselle—and what you have condescended to confide to me has torn my spirit—I fear I can offer you but little consolation. Your good

sense has already assured you that these things are settled for us. They are inevitable. And in the present case there are circumstances which make it absolutely essential to the interests of Monsieur le Comte, your father, that these espousals, at any rate, should take place at once. Even were I"—here he turned to the Chevalier with a smile—"even were I to pick a quarrel with your friend, and a few seconds sooner than in the natural course of events it probably would, allow his sword to pass through my heart, I fear the result would be simply to substitute another in my place, another who, I, with perhaps a natural vanity, may fancy, would not place matters in a happier light. But let us not look at things too gloomily. You say that this is your last hour of happiness; that is not necessary. It is true that the espousals must take place at once. The interests of your father require this. But there is no need that Mademoiselle's feelings should not be consulted with regard to the final consummation of the nuptials. These need not be hurried. Monsieur le Chevalier may have other opportunities of making his adieux. And I hope that my influence, which, in after years, may be greater than it is at present, will enable me to further any views he may have with regard to higher commands in the service of his majesty."

The words were those of ordinary compliment, yet the manner of the Marquis was so winning that had it been possible it would have affected even the Chevalier himself; but if a highwayman is threatening your life it is not much consolation that he offers to return you a franc piece.

The Chevalier remained cold and gloomy.

The Marquis looked at him for a moment; then he continued, addressing himself to the girl—

"But I am intruding myself on Mademoiselle. I will continue my walk to the terrace, the afternoon is delightfully fine. As you are

aware, Monsieur le Comte is hunting in the valleys to the west. All the *piqueurs* are withdrawn to that side of the forest. I should hope that Mademoiselle will not again be interrupted in her walk."

Then without another word he courteously saluted the young people, and continued his walk up the path. He never turned his head, indeed he would have allowed himself to be broken on the wheel rather than have done anything of the kind, but the others were not so reticent; several times they stopped and looked back at the Marquis as he paused every now and then as if to admire the beauties of the scene. At last he reached the corner of the cottage and disappeared from their view.

The beauties of the scene, however, did not entirely occupy the mind of the Marquis. At the most enchanting point, where opening valley and stream and mountain and distant tower burst upon his view, he paused, and murmured to himself, "Some men, now, might have made mischief out of this. Let us wait and see."

II.

THE Chateau de Fronténac was built upon a natural terrace half way up the slope of the forest with the craggy ravines clothed with foliage surrounding it on every side. It consisted of two courts, the oldest of which had been built in the earliest days of French domestic architecture, when the detached buildings of the mediæval castle were first brought together into a compact block. In accordance with the singular notion of those days that the south and west were unhealthy aspects, the principal rooms of this portion of the chateau faced the north and east. They consisted of vast halls and saloons succeeding each other with apparently purposeless extension, and above them a suite of bed chambers of solemn and funereal aspect. These saloons and bed chambers had been left unaltered for cen-

turies, and the furniture must have been antique in the reign of Henri Quatre. The other court had been built much more recently, and, in accordance with more modern notions, the chief apartments faced the south and west. From its windows, terraced gardens descended into the ravine, and spread themselves along the side of the hill. The architecture had probably, when first the court had been added to the chateau, contrasted unpleasantly with the sombre pile beyond; but the lapse of centuries with their softening hand had blended the whole into a unity of form and colour, and adventurous plants creeping silently over the carved stone work of the straggling fronts wrought a soft veil of nature's handiwork over the artificial efforts of man.

The saloons in this part of the chateau were furnished more or less in the modern taste with cabinets of ebony and ivory of the days of Louis Quatorze, and buhl work of the eighteenth century; but as the modern articles were added sparingly, the effect on the whole was quiet and pleasing. The De Fronténacs, while enjoying the more convenient portion of their abode, prided themselves upon the antique apartments, and kept them in scrupulous repair. In these vast and mysterious halls all the solemn meetings and ceremonies of the family had place. Here when death had touched his own, the De Fronténacs lay in state; here the infant heir was baptised; here the important compacts of marriage were signed; here the feast of Noël was held. It is true that for the last century or so these ideas had been growing weaker, and the usages of modern life and the fascinations of the capital, had broken in upon these ancient habits, and weakened the attachments and associations from which they sprang; but the De Fronténacs were a fierce and haughty race, and never entirely lost the characteristics of their forefathers. Now and again, at some distaste of court life, or some fancied slight on

the part of the monarch, they would retire to their forest home, and resume for a time at least the life and habits of a nobler and a prouder day.

In the largest of these old saloons, the day after the meeting in the forest, the whole household of the château was assembled. At a long table were seated several gentlemen well known in Paris as among the highest of the *noblesse de la robe*, and rolls of parchment and masses of writing, with great seals hanging from their corners, covered the table. The walls of the saloon were hung with portraits of several epochs of art, including the works of artists then alive; for it was a peculiarity of the De Fronténacs that venerating, as they did, the antique portion of their château, they invariably hung the portraits of the family as they were painted in these old and faded rooms, reserving for the modern apartments the landscapes and fancy pictures which from time to time they purchased.

When the moment had arrived at which the contracts were to be signed, there was a movement in the room, and Mademoiselle de Fronténac, accompanied by her mother, entered and advanced towards the table. She was perfectly collected, and bowed to the Marquis with an unembarrassed grace. No one ignorant of the circumstances of the case would have supposed that anything approaching to a tragedy was being enacted in that room.

The Marquis signed more than one document, and as he stepped back from the table he ran his eyes carelessly over the room, with which he was unacquainted. Fronting him, above a massive sideboard with the full light of the opposite window upon it, was the portrait of a young man in the cuirass of an officer of cavalry of a previous century, whose eyes were fixed upon the Marquis with a stern and threatening glance. It seemed that, stepping from the canvas, there confronted him, as a few hours before he had met him in the forest, the Chevalier de Grissolles, whom he

had found with Mademoiselle de Fronténac.

Nothing probably could have made the Marquis start, but he gazed upon the portrait with interest not unmixed with surprise, and as soon as Mademoiselle had retired, which she did when her signatures had been obtained, he turned to the Count with a courteous gesture.

"These apartments, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "are certainly as fine as anything of the kind in Europe. I have seldom, indeed, seen anything that can be compared to them. And doubtless the portraits upon the walls are of exceptional interest. By your leave, I will glance round them;" and, accompanied by the Count he passed through several of the rooms, listening attentively to the descriptions and anecdotes which the different portraits required and suggested. There was somewhat of sameness perhaps in the story, for the French nobility had little scope of action other than the battle-field, and the collection lacked the pleasing variety of an English portrait gallery, where the variety of costumes, here a soldier, there a divine, now a lawyer or judge, and then a courtier, charms the eye and excites the fancy. The Marquis came back perhaps all the sooner to the great saloon.

The saloon was empty, and the lawyers and rolls of parchment were gone. The Marquis went straight to the portrait which had attracted his attention, and stood facing it without saying a word; the Count, after glancing carelessly round the room, followed his guest's example.

The vast hall was perfectly empty. The tables had been pushed aside into the windows, and the superb figure of the Marquis, standing upon the polished floor, would have been of itself sufficient to furnish the scene, but in proportion as the interest which the portrait had excited was manifested in the attitude of the Marquis, so much the more the figure on the wall seemed to gather life and intensity,

and to answer look for look with its living opposite.

"That painting," said the Count, after a moment's pause, "is the portrait of a cadet of my family, or rather, I should say, of a female branch of it, a Chevalier de Grissolles. He was a youth of great promise, a favourite, and aide-de-camp, of the great Prince de Condé; and he fell at Jarnac by his master's side. Enough of him," and the Count's manner changed as he glanced round the chamber, and advanced confidentially to the side of the Marquis. "Enough of him; but I am not sorry your attention has been directed towards his portrait, because it enables me to introduce, with somewhat less embarrassment, a subject to which I have hitherto shrunk from alluding. I am sorry to say, Monsieur le Marquis," continued the Count, with an uneasy smile, "that the chevalier whose portrait you see before you, was not the last of his race. There have been others who have borne the name, and there is one now. He is a lad in the regiment of Flanders, and was brought up in my family. Unfortunately he was allowed to attend Mademoiselle de Fronténac in her recreations, and a boy and girl attachment was formed between them, from which harmless child's play no one foreboded any evil. The young fool is constantly breaking away from his regiment, in which he is a great favourite, and is hanging about my daughter; and from what Madame la Comtesse tells me—I—I hardly like to say it, it is so absurd!—she is positively attached to him, seriously and devotedly attached. Positively I cannot sleep sometimes; this stupid affair has given me so much annoyance."

It did not increase the good humour of the Count, who was already in a sufficiently bad temper, to notice, as he could not help doing, that the Marquis did not seem in the least surprised at the information he had received, and what was still more irritating, that he seemed to regard it with perfect indifference. He appeared, in fact, to

be much more interested in studying the portrait before him, probably admiring it as a work of art.

"My dear Monsieur le Comte," he said at length, "I am really sorry that you should allow yourself to be so much annoyed over what seems to me to be a mere trifle. This marriage contract, so honourable to me, is now signed: at the present moment *mes-sieurs de la robe* are engaged, I doubt not, in arranging those pecuniary matters which you explained to me were of so much importance: why, then, should we trouble ourselves? As to this little *pastorale* which it seems is being enacted as a sort of interlude to the more serious business of the stage, it is what I imagine invariably takes place. What would become of the poets and romancists, otherwise? We must think of our own youth, Comte, and not be too hard upon the young people. Positively I feel quite old when I think of those delightful days—that spring-time of existence, those first loves," and the Marquis closed his eyes and sighed deeply, apparently from his heart.

The Count took a turn or two in the saloon, but it did not seem to soothe his temper.

"This is all very well, Monsieur le Marquis," he said, sharply, "and very witty; in delicate badinage we all know no one can equal Monsieur de St. Palaye, but I assure you, this is no laughing matter. This affair has grown beyond a joke. When my daughter has the honour—an honour I am well aware far higher than any she had a right to expect—of signing herself Madelaine, Marquise de St. Palaye, it will not be my place, of course, to say a word. Then her honour will be in her husband's keeping—her honour and his. But while she remains in my house she is my daughter, and in my care, and I tell you plainly that this matter is past a joke."

A fleeting expression of extreme *ennui* passed over the Marquis's face,

and he evidently suppressed an inclination to yawn. Then with more *bonhomie* than he had previously shown he put his hand on his companion's arm.

"Well, my dear Comte," he said, smilingly, "I will do anything you wish—anything, that is, short of unpleasantly hurrying the nuptials—that I cannot do. It would be—in fact it would be such wretched taste—tears!—a scene!—a—an *esclandre* in general, my dear Count!"

Then linking his arm in that of the Count, he led him, still sulky and grumbling, out of the saloon, and into the modern court of the château; and the long lines of ancestors on the walls followed them as they passed, with angry and vindictive looks, as though enraged that they could not descend from their places and join again in the turmoil of life.

III.

THE second morning after the contract had been signed, the Marquis was seated in his dressing-room, about an hour before *déjeuner*, reading, apparently with great entertainment, though not for the first time, *Le Tauréau Blanc* of Monsieur de Voltaire. While he was thus agreeably occupied the door was violently thrown open, and the Count, heated and excited, burst into the room.

"Marquis," he said, utterly regardless of any who might hear, "let me beg of you to get to horse at once and come with me. I have positive information that my daughter is at this moment giving an interview to that young scoundrel on one of the terraces in the wood. While we speak they may be planning an elopement—nay, even carrying it into effect. Let me beg of you to come at once!"

The Marquis laid down his book, crossed one knee over the other, and leaning back on his chair looked the Count in the face steadily for a second or two, as who should say "This man will be too much for me; I shall have

to press forward the nuptials, I see, in self-defence." Then he sighed deeply and rose from his seat.

"Very well, my dear Count," he said, "I will be as quick as possible. Pierre, see that they bring some horses round; come into my closet yourself, and send Charles and Alphonse and all the men here at once. I will make haste, my dear Count, indeed I will."

Whether the Marquis did make haste as he said, or whether the number of valets impeded each other, it is certain that it was a long time before he descended to the court of the château, where he found the Count pacing up and down, fuming and cursing his delay. They got to horse as soon as possible, and rode down the forest road, but the Marquis reined his horse in so often, and made such inappropriate remarks upon the beauty of the morning and of the view, that the Count could bear it no longer.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "I am sorry I have disturbed you so much; I am very anxious to press forward, but I will not hurry you, I will ride forward at once."

"Pray do not delay a moment on my account," said the other; "I shall rejoin you anon."

The Count put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his servants, was lost to sight behind the windings of the path.

The moment he disappeared the Marquis drew his rein, and turning to his valet, said in a tone perfectly different from that which he had hitherto used:—

"On the north terrace, do you say?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the man, with a smile; "on the north terrace to the left: not on the old terrace, as the Count is wrongly advised. They have been there a long time; I should think they must be about parting."

The Marquis turned his horse, and, followed by his men, retraced his

steps until they reached a scarcely perceptible path which now on their right hand, found its way down into the road. Here he dismounted, and taking his riding-whip with him in place of a cane, began leisurely to ascend the path. When he had gone a yard or two, however, he turned to the valet and said:

"Wait here with the horses, and should Monsieur le Comte return, say to him that I have taken the opportunity of the fine morning to enjoy one of the numerous views on his delightful estate. Say that to him, neither more nor less."

When the Marquis reached the head of the path he found himself at the end of a long and grassy terrace, from which the path was screened by thick bushes. Standing, for a moment, so concealed, he became conscious of the presence of the two young lovers whom he had met some few days ago in the forest. Again he could see the face of the young girl, and again he was moved by the sight. He waited till they had reached the other end of the terrace, and then came forward, so as not to startle them by his sudden appearance. They met half way.

"I am sorry once again," said the Marquis, speaking simply, and without affectation, "to intercept Mademoiselle, especially as this time I have no excuse but have acted with pre-pense. Monsieur le Comte, your father, is ridden out in hot haste and temper upon some mischievous information he has received concerning Mademoiselle and Monsieur le Chevalier. I did what I could to delay him, and finally left him, having better information, it appears, than he had. But he will be here anon. I was compelled to leave my horses in the road below, and when he returns from his fruitless quest he will doubtless follow me here. Monsieur le Chevalier will doubtless see the propriety of avoiding an unpleasant meeting."

"I have to thank you, Monsieur le Marquis," said the young man, whose

manner seemed compounded of an intense dislike, and a sense that politeness was due to one who, under singular circumstances had behaved in a more friendly manner than could have been looked for; "I have to thank you for previous courtesy, and for, I have no doubt, much consideration to-day. I will not linger any more."

He took the girl in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips, which, under the circumstances, was perhaps scarcely courteous; then, gloomily bowing to the Marquis, he plunged into the thickest of the wood and disappeared.

The Marquis took no notice of the warmth of his leave-taking, but, having his riding-whip and hat in one hand, he offered the other arm to the girl, saying—

"If Mademoiselle will honour me by taking a turn upon the terrace before her father's arrival I shall esteem it a favour, as it will give me the opportunity of saying a single word."

The girl took his arm willingly, and as she did so she said, with a winning and confiding gesture—

"Monsieur le Marquis, I think you are the best and kindest of men."

"I wish to put before Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, speaking gently, but very gravely, "one or two considerations; and I could wish that it were possible for her to regard it as the advice of an absolutely impartial friend. The first is one of which I hesitate to speak, because it seems to cast a slur, in some manner, upon the character of Monsieur le Chevalier. But man is very weak, especially when exposed to such temptation as, fortunately for him, rarely in this world crosses his path. These shady groves and grassy banks are the places where the deceitful god delights to work his mischief—a mischief which is never repaired. I know, of course, that there are many who speak of these things lightly, and who even view these flowery, but

dangerous, paths with approbation; but I cannot think that Mademoiselle would tread them without violating the *bienséance* which alone makes life tolerable, or tainting the purity of those lustrous ranks of which she will be the brightest star. I pass, at once, to another thought which it is not impossible Monsieur le Chevalier has already suggested." He paused, as the tremor of the girl's hand upon his arm showed that he was not speaking in vain. "I mean," he continued, "the project of seeking in another land that happiness which I fear appears to Mademoiselle to be denied her in this. Could I see any permanent prospect of happiness in such a course I would not shrink, Quixotic as it might seem, from advising you to adopt it. But there appear to me insuperable objections to such a course. I do not see how it is possible for Mademoiselle so to elude the affectionate solicitude of her family as to obtain more than a couple of hours' start. Couriers on swift horses would be sent to the *Intendants* of the provinces, to the postmasters on the great roads, and to the officers on the frontiers. After experiencing toil and hardships which it is pitiful to think of, Mademoiselle would probably be overtaken before she reached the frontier. But supposing that such was not the case; supposing that she succeeded by the skill of Monsieur le Chevalier and the swiftness of his horses in reaching a foreign land, the Chevalier is a sworn servant of the King of France. He would be arrested in any court and city of Europe; he would be brought back to France, and the Bastile, or some inferior prison, would be his home for life. When I add to this the hardships of life in a foreign land, of the rupture of family ties, of hatred and animosity where there should be nothing but serenity, of the failure of family schemes and hopes, and of the tie which binds persons of our rank all over the world to discountenance actions which

are regarded as subversive of family order, and even life—I cannot, I say, when I think of such certain hardship, of such possible disgrace and misery—I cannot advise Mademoiselle to adopt such a course. The certainty that she would soon be separated from her friend seems to me to decide the matter."

The Marquis paused; but as the girl made no reply, he continued—

"For myself, I say nothing; it is my misfortune that I have been introduced to Mademoiselle under circumstances which render it impossible that I should make that impression which it would have been the ambition of my life to achieve; but this, perhaps, I may say, that should Mademoiselle decide to let matters take their course, and as far as circumstances will permit, to repose in me her confidence, it would indeed seem a fatality no less strange than sad, should she prove the first who, in the long course of centuries, had reason to regret that they placed confidence in the word of a St. Palaye."

It seemed that something in the words of the Marquis, strange as they may appear to some people, or something in his manner as he spoke them, did not affect the girl unpleasantly, for she was in the act of saying, what indeed she had said before, but now with one slight but important modification—

"Marquis, you are the best and kindest of men"—when her father, heated with riding and with anger, burst through the trees at the end of the terrace, and overlooking in his fury what was before his eyes, exclaimed—

"Well, Marquis, I told you how it would be: I cannot find them! This wretched girl—" he stopped suddenly, open-mouthed, as straight before him, apparently on the most friendly terms, the girl hanging confidently upon her companion's arm, stood the Marquis, and she of whom he was in such desperate chase. It was impossible for either to conceal a smile.

"My dear Comte," said the Marquis, "I am sorry you have had so much unnecessary trouble. The truth is that after you left me it occurred to me that, in the little domestic scene you were anticipating, I should play an insignificant, not to say a somewhat ridiculous figure. Warm as is the interest which I must naturally feel in everything that concerns Mademoiselle, I think that these family matters are always best managed by the family itself. I therefore turned aside to enjoy perhaps the most beautiful of the many beautiful views to be found on this estate, and to my delight I found Mademoiselle engaged in a precisely similar occupation. It augurs well, I am sure, for our future happiness, that at this early period our tastes are found to be so similar."

The Count saw that he was being laughed at, and indeed it may as well be confessed at once that the Marquis erred in the manner in which he treated the Count. This, however, should be remembered in extenuation, that nothing could be more intolerable to him than the part of jealous husband and lover which the Count appeared determined to force him to play. It was not in human nature but that he should take a little quiet revenge.

"But did you see nothing of the Chevalier?" blundered out the Count.

"Really, my dear Count, I have not had time, had I possessed the power, to challenge my adversary to mortal combat, to run him through the heart, to cut him up into small bits, and to bury him beneath the sod. Besides, you will observe that the grass all around is perfectly undisturbed. I assure you solemnly, Monsieur le Comte," continued the Marquis, apparently with the greatest earnestness, "that the Chevalier does not lie murdered beneath my feet."

The words were spoken in jest, but they were recalled to memory, afterwards, by more than one.

The Count turned sulkily away, and his daughter and the Marquis followed him back to the château.

IV.

A few days after these events the Count removed his family to Paris, travelling in several large carriages, and accompanied by numerous servants on horseback. The Marquis accompanied them, and, by what might appear a curious coincidence, on the very morning upon which they set out on their journey, the Chevalier received, at the little *Auberge* on the farther side of the forest, where he lodged, an imperative order to join his regiment without delay. Furious at the success of what he conceived to be the interference of the Marquis and the Count, he obeyed the order, resolved to return to Paris at the earliest opportunity.

The winter passed in Paris as winters in great cities usually do. The Chevalier stole up from the frontier more than once, and at court balls, at the theatre, and at the private assemblies he succeeded in seeing Mademoiselle de Fronténac more often than he perhaps had expected, but though his opportunities exceeded his hopes, the result was not proportionally favourable. Whether Mademoiselle had succumbed to the paternal influence, or whether the Marquis had succeeded in substituting his own attractions for those of the Chevalier, it was evident that her manner became colder and more reserved at each interview.

The winter at last was over, and one evening in summer, after a royal concert at Versailles, when the king's violins had performed such delicate and yet pathetic music of Monsieur Rousseau's that the court was ravished by it, the Chevalier met his mistress by appointment in one of the pavilions of the orangery. He had secret means of obtaining admission to the precincts of the palaces which were well understood by the courtiers of those days.

Mademoiselle de Fronténac was perfectly pale as she came into the pavilion, and she seemed to walk with difficulty; she stopped immediately

when within the door, and spoke at once, as though she were repeating a lesson.

"Do not come any nearer, Monsieur le Chevalier," she said; "I am the wife of another."

He stopped, therefore, where he was, on the other side of the small pavilion, and across the summer evening light that mingled with the shimmer of the candelabras, he saw her for the last time.

Neither spoke for a moment or two, and then she said, still as though conning a part—

"I have promised, Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, to be the wife of the Marquis de St. Palaye, and I will keep my word."

"You are not speaking your own words, Madeleine," he said, eagerly; "let your own heart speak!" and coming forward across the pavilion, he was on the point of taking her hand.

Then the door by which she had entered opened again, and the Count de Fronténac, with a quiet and firm step, glided in, and stood by his daughter's side.

At this sight, which revealed to him, as it seemed, the faithlessness of his mistress, and the plot which was woven around him on every side, the Chevalier lost his self-control.

"I was aware, Monsieur le Comte," he burst forth, "that in this *pays du diable* the privileges of parents were numerous and inalienable, but till this moment I did not know that eavesdropping was one of them."

The Count made no reply, except by raising his hat; and his daughter, bowing with a mechanical grace that was pitiful to see, said—

"I wish you farewell, Monsieur le Chevalier."

"Madeleine," said the young man, "I wish you farewell for ever; and I pray God, with what sincerity will be known when we stand, each of us, before His judgment bar, that you may not bitterly regret your words this night."

Then, perfectly pale, but more com-

posed than before he had spoken, he too raised his hat courteously, and left the room.

That evening there were enacted within a stone's throw of each other, two very different scenes.

When the Marquis de St. Palaye returned to his hotel he was told that the family lawyer, Monsieur Cacotte, was waiting to see him, having at the first possible moment brought him some deeds which Monsieur le Marquis was very anxious should be completed.

The Marquis would see him at once, and, after a few minutes' delay, he entered the room in which the lawyer was seated at a table which was covered with parchments. The room was one in which the Marquis usually sat when the festivities of the day, whether at home or abroad, were over; it was richly furnished as a library, and upon the wide hearth there burned a fire of wood, though it was summer. Greeting the lawyer with great friendliness of manner, St. Palaye threw himself somewhat wearily into a chair, and gazed at the blazing wood-ashes.

A servant entered the room with wine.

"I am sorry, Monsieur le Marquis," said the lawyer, "to come to you at so unseasonable an hour; but your instructions were so precise that the moment this first will was ready it should be brought to you to sign, that I did not dare to wait till the morrow."

"You did quite right, Monsieur Cacotte," said the Marquis. "No one can tell what may happen before the morrow."

"I have indeed," continued the lawyer, "prepared both wills, so that Monsieur can satisfy himself that they are both exactly alike. The one will be signed immediately after the marriage; the other at once. They both contain the same clauses, and especially the one upon which Monsieur le Marquis so much insisted; that the sum of fifty thousand louis

d'or, charged upon the unsettled estates in Poitou and Auvergne, should be paid within three months of the death of the testator to Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, for a purpose which he will appreciate and understand.' Those, I think, were the words Monsieur wished to have used."

"They seem quite correct," said the Marquis.

"I am sorry," continued the lawyer, "that this extra expense, which seems to me unnecessary, should be entailed."

"In that," said the Marquis, politely, "you only show, Monsieur Cacotte, that care and interest in the good of the family which you have always manifested both in the time of my father and of myself. My father, the late Marquis de St. Palaye, always expressed to me the obligation under which he conceived himself to be in this respect, and this obligation is, of course, much increased in my case."

"The obligation, Monsieur le Marquis," said the lawyer, "if such there be, has been too liberally repaid both by your father and yourself."

"To tell the truth, Monsieur Cacotte," said the Marquis, leaning back in his chair, with his feet stretched out towards the fire, and speaking with an appearance of being perfectly at home with his companion, and desirous of confiding in him, "to tell the truth I am even in this age of science and encyclopædias somewhat superstitious, and I have a presentiment—the St. Palayes often had it—that I have not long to live. Do not suppose that I shrink from this prospect, though it is a singular statement for a man to make who is about to marry, and to marry such a bride as mine! Yet I do not mind confiding to you, Monsieur Cacotte, that I am somewhat wearied of life. The world grows very old, and it does not seem to mend."

"Monsieur le Marquis has been too long unmarried," said the lawyer. "I am not surprised that he should be

wearied of the enjoyments which he has had the opportunity of tasting to such repletion. He will speak differently when he has a lovely woman by his side, and knows the felicity of wife and child."

"Ah, Monsieur Cacotte!" said the Marquis, smiling, "you speak, as they all do, of felicity. There is such a thing, believe me, as the intolerable weariness of a too constant felicity. When I hear even of the joy of the future, and of the bliss of heaven, it seems to me sometimes that the most blissful heaven is to cease to exist. Let me sign the deed."

A servant was called in as a witness, and the Marquis signed the first will. Then he said to Monsieur Cacotte—

"The marriage will take place in six weeks in Auvergne; I hope that Monsieur Cacotte will honour the ceremony with his presence. I can assure you from my own experience that you will have nothing to complain of in the hospitality of Monsieur le Comte."

* * * * *

The Chevalier returned to his lodging about the same time that the Marquis entered his hotel. His valet awaited him that he might change his dress as usual before going into the town to spend the remainder of the evening. The man perceived at once that his master was excited and unhappy. He was an Italian by birth, and had accompanied the Chevalier in his campaigns, and in his secret visits to the Château de Fronténac. He saw that the crisis had arrived.

"Does Monsieur go down into Auvergne this autumn?" he said.

"We go down once more," said the Chevalier, gloomily. He had divested himself of his court dress, and was taking from his valet a suit of dark clothes somewhat resembling a hunting suit. "Yes, we go down once more: this cursed marriage will take place a month hence."

"Monsieur takes this marriage too much to heart," said the Italian—and

as he spoke he handed the coat, which his master put on—"it may never take place. A month hence in the country they will begin to hunt—to hunt the boar. No doubt the party at the château will divert themselves in this way while the nuptial ceremonies are arranged. It is a dangerous sport. Many accidents take place, many unfortunate shots—quite unintentional. Monsieur le Chevalier is a finished sportsman. He has a steady hand, and a sure eye. *C'est un fait accompli.*"

The Chevalier started: in the large glass before him he saw a terrible figure dressed as for the chase, but pale as a corpse, and trembling in every limb as with the palsy. He shuddered, and turned away.

V.

THE *piqueurs* sent up word to the château that a magnificent boar had been lodged in a copse at the foot of the forest road. An answer was sent down accordingly that the Marquis would drive him early in the morning, and that he should be turned if possible towards the château.

In the morning, therefore, very early, the whole household was astir. The ladies were mounted, and, divided into parties, cantered down the road and along the forest paths to those points where, according to the advice of their several attendant cavaliers, the hunt would most likely be seen to advantage. The Marquis, it was said, had been down at a still earlier hour to rouse the boar. Every now and then a distant horn sounding over the waving autumn forest told that the sport had commenced.

The ladies were gay and delighted, and those of the gentlemen who, like Monsieur Cacotte, were not much accustomed to country life and scenes, shared their enjoyment to the full. And indeed it seemed a morning out of fairyland. From every branch and spray upon which the leaves, tinted with a thousand colours, were trem-

bling already to their fall, hung sparkling festoons of fairy lace, the mysterious gossamer web which in a single night wreathes a whole forest with a magic covering which the first hour of sunlight as soon destroys. Yellows, browns, and purples formed the background of this dazzling network of fairy silver which crossed in all directions the forest rides.

But though the morning was so lovely the ladies grew tired of riding up and down waiting for the hunt. The horns became fainter and more distant, and it became evident that the chase had drifted to the eastward.

"Why do you stay here, Monsieur de Circassonne?" said Mademoiselle de Fronténac, smiling, to a young man, almost a boy, who had with the utmost devotion remained by the side of herself and a very pretty girl, her companion. "Why do you stay here? You are not wont to desert the chase. What can have happened to the Marquis and the rest?"

The boy looked somewhat sheepish, and replied to the latter part of the question only.

"I fancy that the boar has broken out, in spite of the *piqueurs*, and that the Marquis has failed to turn him. They have probably lost him in the forest."

"But is not that very dangerous?" said the pretty girl. "If they do not know where the boar is, he may burst out upon us at any moment."

The boy looked at her as though much pleased.

"That is quite true," he said. "It was one reason why I stayed."

Monsieur de Circassonne was not far wrong in his opinion. This is what had happened.

When the Marquis arrived at the cover, very soon after sunrise, he found that the boar, ungraciously refusing to wait his opponent's convenience, had broken cover, and wounding one of the *piqueurs*, who attempted to turn him, had gone down the valley. He was described as an unusually fine

animal, and the dogs were upon his track.

The course which the boar had taken lay through the thick of the forest. It was rugged and uneven, and he could only be pursued on foot. After some distance had been traversed, the scent was suddenly crossed by a large sow, who, as frequently happened, apparently with the express purpose of diverting the pursuit from her companion, crossed immediately in front of the dogs and went crashing down through the coppice to the right. Most of the hounds followed her, and the *piqueurs*, with few exceptions, followed the dogs. The Marquis, however, succeeded in calling off some of the oldest hounds, and accompanied by two or three *piqueurs*, followed the original chase. Some distance farther on, however, the boar had taken to the water, and the scent was lost. At the same time the horns sounding in the valley to the right, showed that the deserters had come up with their quarry, and distracted the attention of both *piqueurs* and dogs. The former were of opinion that the boar had simply crossed the river, and taking the dogs across they made a cast on the opposite bank, where the dogs ran backwards and forwards baying disconsolately. The Marquis, however, believing that the boar had followed the course of the stream for at least some distance, kept on the left bank, and forcing his way round one or two craggy points, found at last the spot where the boar, apparently but a few moments before, had scrambled up the bank. He sounded his horn, but either from the baying of the dogs, or the noise and excitement in the valley below, he was disregarded, and pushing aside the branches before him, the Marquis found himself at the foot of a ravine down which a mountain torrent was rushing to join the river below. The bed of the ravine was composed of turf over-strewn with craggy rock, and on either side rugged cliffs, out of the fissures of which lofty oaks and chestnuts had grown

for centuries, towered up towards the sky.

The Marquis waited for a moment, but hearing no reply to his horn, he entered the ravine alone.

As he did so, the strange shapes which the hanging roots and branches of the trees assumed might seem to beckon and warn him back; but, on the other hand, a thousand happy and pleasing objects spoke of life and joy. The sun shone brilliantly through the trembling leaves, birds of many colours flitted from spray to spray, butterflies and bright insects crossed the fretted work of light and shade. The chase was evidently before him—why should he turn back?

Some fifty yards up the valley the rocks retreated on either side, leaving a wide and open grassy space, down which the torrent was rushing and over which fragments of basaltic rock, split from the wooded cliffs above, were strewn. At the summit of this grassy slope, standing beneath a bare escarpment of basalt, the Marquis saw the boar.

Its sides and legs were stained with mud and soil, but the chase had been very short, and the animal seemed to have turned to bay more out of curiosity and interest than from terror or exhaustion. It stood sniffing the air and panting with excitement, its hair bristling with anger, its white and polished tusks shining in the sun.

When the Marquis saw this superb creature standing above him on the turf, a glow of healthy and genuine pleasure passed over his face. He swung his horn round far out of reach behind his back, and drew his long and jewelled knife. The boar and he would try this issue alone.

For some seconds they stood facing each other. Then the posture of the Marquis changed inexplicably. He rose to his full height, his gaze was fixed as if by fascination upon a long range of low rocks above him to the left, and an expression of surprise, which did not amount to anxiety even, came into his face. Then he dropped

his knife, threw his arms up suddenly over his head, and falling backwards, rolled once over and lay motionless upon the uneven turf in an uneasy posture, his head lower than the limbs. A puff of white smoke rose from the rocks above, and the reverberating echo of a hunting piece struck the rocks and went on sounding alternately from side to side down the valley.

The boar, startled at the shot, and, still more, probably, by the sudden fall of his adversary, crept into the thicket, and, while a man might count sixty, an awful silence fell upon hill, and rock, and wood. The myriad happy creatures that filled the air with murmur and with life, became invisible and silent, and even the rushing torrent ceased to sound. Then a terrible figure, habited in the costume of the chase, but trembling in every limb as with a palsy, rose from behind the

rocks upon the left. With tottering and uneven steps, it staggered down the grassy slope, and stood beside the fallen man. The Marquis opened his eyes, and when he saw this figure he tried to raise himself from the uneasy posture in which he had fallen. When he found it was impossible, a smile of indescribably serene courtesy formed itself gradually upon his face.

"Ah, Chevalier," he said, speaking slowly, and at intervals, "that was scarcely fair! Make my regrets to the Marquise. Monsieur Cacotte—will speak to you—about—my—will."

Then, the smile fading from the lips, his head fell back into the uneasy posture in which it had lain, and the Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth de St. Palaye rested in peace upon the blood-stained grass.

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

THE LONDON POLICE.

THERE is nothing which foreigners who have been any time in London admire more than the police of this metropolis. The men who compose the force are so utterly different to the *gens d'armes*, or the *sergents de ville*, or other guardians of the peace in any continental city; they are so entirely unconnected with politics, or with any political movements; they are so visibly and essentially custodians of law and order; they are, with rare exceptions, so civil and obliging to all who seek their assistance; and though last, not least, they manage to make themselves obeyed to the very letter of their instructions; that to such as witness their working for the first time they are a never-ending subject of wonder and admiration, which, we who have always been accustomed to them, have considerable difficulty to understand. The vast majority of Englishmen regard them as they do any other body of public servants who are paid for doing a certain work. And yet, if we reflect that in the metropolitan district alone there are 607,014 houses,¹ inhabited by 4,814,838 inhabitants,² and that to guard them, and to maintain order in the crowded streets, there are, including all ranks, only 11,205³ members of the police force, of whom, save on exceptional occasions, not more than half can be on duty at the same time, we must come to the conclusion that, taken as a whole, the police duties of this great city are most admirably performed.

It has fallen to the lot of the present writer, on two occasions, to hear eminent foreigners speak of the Lon-

don police in the most eulogistic terms. The first was in the winter of 1863-64, when passing through Paris on his way home from Syria, where he had been employed for three or four years in organising a police force under the Turkish government. In those days, the comparatively recent massacre of the Christians on Mount Lebanon, was still a topic of interest with most Frenchmen. The Emperor Napoleon heard of an Englishman who had witnessed all the horrible scenes of 1860, being in Paris, and expressed a wish to see him. The interview took place, and the conversation turned upon police matters in different parts of the world. The Emperor expressed himself in the highest terms of admiration respecting all he had seen of our London police. "A dozen of your constables," he said, "will keep a crowd in better order than a battalion of French soldiers; and what is most to be admired about them is that they so rarely seem to lose their temper, and hardly ever appear to abuse their power. I was in London," he continued, "during the Chartist riots, and saw a great deal of the police, and I saw nothing but what I greatly admired in their conduct."

Another opportunity of hearing a well-known Frenchman speak of the force occurred at Versailles in 1871, when Paris was in possession of the Commune. The present writer was there as special correspondent of a London paper; and having a letter of introduction to M. Thiers, was asked by the latter to breakfast with him and his family, French fashion, at twelve o'clock. During the meal, news was brought in of some fresh atrocity committed by the scoundrels

¹ From statistics furnished the writer of this paper at Scotland Yard, February, 1882.

² Ditto, ditto.

³ Ditto, ditto.

who then ruled over the capital of France. As the conversation proceeded, the President looked across the table to the only Englishman present, and said, "If we could only organise such a police force as you have in London, these *émeutes* against law and order would be as rare in France as they are in England." And he went on to relate what he had observed respecting our force when over in this country, at the time the Orleans family took refuge amongst us in 1848. What seemed to have struck him most forcibly, was the forbearance and good temper, combined with firmness, which our police displayed upon every occasion when their services were required. In Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, and even to a certain extent in New York, the police seem to look upon themselves as more the masters than the servants of the public. And, as in every human institution what does not improve is pretty certain to retrograde, our police force is in many respects much more efficacious than it was in the days of which the Emperor Napoleon and M. Thiers spoke. The manner in which constables are stationed at all the more crowded crossings, and the way in which they pilot across the dangers of the street women, children, elderly men, and, indeed, all who seek, or who seem to need, their help, is beyond praise, and never fails to excite the wonder and admiration of foreigners. An instance of this occurred in London not long ago. At the post-office at the Piccadilly Circus one very foggy afternoon, an Italian gentleman was wildly gesticulating, and trying to make himself understood by a small crowd that had gathered round him. As he did not speak a word of any language save his own, this was difficult. The present writer accosted him, and offered to act as interpreter. He found that this individual's trouble was as follows. He had been safely taken over the crossing by the policeman on duty, and, as he said, the latter had saved

him from certain death, which must have occurred had he been run over by one of the numerous vehicles which throng that particular spot. He believed that the constable's act had been one of pure and exceptional kindness to him; and he wanted to know how much he ought to give the man as a present. When told that what had occurred was a simple act of duty, and that the policeman could not under the circumstances receive any *bueno mano*, his astonishment was great, and he went his way up Regent Street exclaiming how different were the police of London from those of his Italian home.

Better testimony as to the manner in which the metropolitan police carry out the rules of order among us could hardly be found than in a recent speech of Sir Edmund Henderson, the Chief Commissioner of the force. The occasion was a dinner given by the inhabitants of Hampstead to the men of the S division of police. Sir Edmund replied to one of the toasts, and in doing so said that it was "by strict attention to duty, by sobriety, and, above all, by civility," that the police endeavoured to do their duty. "I lay great stress upon civility," said the Chief Commissioner, "for I think it is the great characteristic of the metropolitan police force. The police have a tremendous power in their hands, and if there is one thing which an Englishman values more than another, it is his liberty. It is what Englishmen have inherited as an instinct. It is as deep rooted in the prince as it is in the burgher, and perhaps a little stronger in the latter than in the former; and when the policeman puts his hand upon an Englishman and touches him, he touches that man upon his tenderest point, and it must be done with a great deal of tact. Not long since," he went on to state, "two or three gentlemen were standing in the way, and making themselves very obnoxious. The police officer on duty went up to them and said, 'Stand back, gentlemen, and you

will greatly oblige me.' The persons stood back at once. This was a little thing; but it showed the tact of the officer."¹

Sentiments like these from the Chief Commissioner of the police force will go farther towards making the men of the metropolitan police what they ought to be, than all the orders and regulations that could ever be officially published from Scotland Yard.

There can be no doubt but that, as Sir Edmund Henderson stated in the latter part of the same speech, a very great deal, or he might have said the greater part, of the success which attends the labours of the metropolitan police in the cause of order, is owing to moral force. He related how, when the Shah of Persia was in England, that monarch asked him, "How many persons he had to take care of?" The Chief Commissioner replied, "About four millions." The Shah then asked how many men he had to do this with? Sir Edmund replied, "About ten thousand." "How do you do this?" asked the Shah. The answer was, "I can hardly say: but it is done by moral force." "Can you explain what this moral force is?" was the Shah's next query. The Chief Commissioner answered, "I don't know what it is, but that is how we do it."² And of this there can be little doubt. It is chiefly by this "moral force," assisted, no doubt, by the common sense and law-abiding disposition of the great mass of Englishmen, that order is maintained in this, the largest, the most widely-spread, and the most widely-spread metropolis in the world. We are all far too apt not to make allowances for the police when a constable is wanted and is not to be found. But we ought to remember that however good the qualities of the force may be, it is impossible for any one of them to be in two places at the same time. The suburbs of this vast wil-

derness of bricks are every day increasing, and are spreading themselves in a manner which it is wonderful to contemplate. North, west, or south-west it is the same. After an absence of a year or two from any of the out-lying districts, it is almost impossible to recognise the place again. New terraces, crescents, roads, and villas spring up in every direction. To keep even a partially effective supervision of the houses in these places would require an increase of at least a hundred per cent of our present police force. With very few exceptions, the inhabitants of all our suburbs are so careless of consequences, that they almost seem to invite burglars to try their hands on habitations which are as utterly unprotected as if the world was peopled with none but honest people. If a house is broken into, and a constable does not happen to put in an immediate appearance, the cry is, "Where are the police?" But those who are the most ready to blame the force never think how few in number the latter are, when compared to the extent of straggling "roads," "terraces," and isolated buildings of all sorts they have too look after; and would probably be the very first to grumble and remonstrate were the police of their district doubled, and the rates made proportionally greater.

Another great difficulty that the London police have to contend with, more particularly in the suburbs, is the way in which our houses are built. The front doors and the entrances to the area may be secure enough; but who can answer for the back part of the same domicile? A constable may in the course of his beat examine carefully the chief entrance to every house, but did he do so both front and rear, he would not be able to go more than once over his beat during the entire night. It is true that these are evils for which no effectual remedy can be even suggested. To all who know what the suburbs of London are, and how very

¹ From the *Globe*, 8th February.

² The *Globe*, 8th February.

little hindrance the houses offer to burglars, the wonder is not that there are so many, but that there are, comparatively speaking, so few attempts made to break into them.

But the work that our London police have to do, must not be judged by what they have to prevent in the fashionable, or what may be called the respectable middle-class quarters of the metropolis. It is in the east, in parts of the west centre, and in the south of London, that when a constable goes forth to his beat of nightly duty, he may be said to carry his life in his hand. When a man may be set upon at any moment by a dozen roughs, who, on small provocation, will not only disable him by the most brutal means, but will, if left to finish their work, kill him outright, there must be not only a considerable amount of personal courage required, but a degree of moral as well as physical pluck that would do honour to any hero. Many of us must remember a case which occurred about two years ago in the Waterloo Road, where a constable who had attempted to separate two men who were fighting, was knocked down by the more than brutal spectators, and literally kicked to death. Nor was this a solitary instance of similar treatment which policemen have to endure when doing their duty in certain parts of the metropolis. Hardly a week passes that one or more of the force is not seriously injured by roughs, when attempting to carry out the orders they have received. For this reason, and because of the fact that burglars are getting more and more into the habit of carrying revolvers, it is becoming imperative that, at any rate in certain districts of London, the police should be allowed fire-arms. In a population of close upon four millions, there must necessarily be a large proportion of roughs of the worst and most brutal character, whose trade it is to live upon their fellow-creatures, and whose hands are against every one save their own fellow-scoundrels. It is becoming more and more evident

that the fear which these men used to have of the police is fast diminishing; and the only means of restoring it is by arming the force. The London rough is at heart a coward of the most arrant kind. If he has three or four companions to back him, he will attack and, if it suits him, murder, a policeman; but will never do so on anything like equal terms. Of fire-arms they have a mortal fear.¹ In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the mere show of a revolver would protect a constable from ill-usage; but if it were needful, the policeman should have full power to use the weapon, and until this is done, the force will never have the power they ought to possess among what Frenchmen would call "*les classes eccentricques*" of London.

Another reform which ought to be effected in our police force is that of doing away with the duty now imposed upon them of lying in wait to detect certain petty offences, which, when all is said, cannot be called sins against the community at large. It seems almost incredible that in a city like London, where vice and crime of every kind is to be met with at any time, and to any amount, and where the number of the police is very much too small for the work they have before them, the services of not by any means a few constables should be taken up not only with having to arrest, but with being obliged to appear in police offices against men who may make a bet in the street, or against publicans who keep their houses open a few minutes after hours. The evils caused by this old-womanly kind of legislation are numerous. The police themselves hate

¹ In 1856 the present writer when walking home in the early dawn of a summer's morning, was attacked by three roughs, all bigger men than himself. He happened, by the merest chance, to have an unloaded revolver in the pocket of his overcoat. With this he not only kept the ruffians at bay, but made them walk before him the better part of a mile until he arrived at a police-station and gave them in charge.

the work ; it makes them exceedingly unpopular with a class of men who might otherwise be of the utmost use to them. It is fast tending to create in England a feeling of setting class against class, and making the working man — rightly or wrongly — believe that there is one law for the rich, and another for the poor. If it is unlawful for two or three mechanics to compare their betting books in the Strand, or at the bar of a public-house, how can it be lawful to commit the same offence—only on a much larger scale—at Tattersalls, or at any West-end club? If two, three, or a dozen gentlemen were to offer each other bets, or make entrances in their betting books at the door of their club in St. James's Street or Pall Mall, would the police interfere? Or if a member of a proprietary club were to order claret for his breakfast, or a *chasse* of curaçoa after his coffee on a Sunday, would he be interfered with? It may seem like a social heresy; but very many who have watched the working of these laws, are of opinion that a great deal of the drunkenness we see on Sundays is caused by condensing, as it were, the hours in which the public-houses are allowed to remain open. Whether these rules are right or wrong, however, the police force ought not to be used, and their time taken up, for purposes so utterly trivial and absurd. If any one creates a disturbance, whether in the street, public-house, or elsewhere, let him be taken into custody. But the police ought not to be brought into discredit by having duties thrust upon them for which they were never intended.

Most people have a sort of idea that the men of the London police are left pretty much to themselves as to the duties they have to perform and, until not very long ago, such was the case. But within the last twelve months, Mr. Howard Vincent, the Director of Criminal Investigations, has compiled an admirable *Police Code and Manual of Criminal Law*, in one small portable volume, which leaves nothing to be

desired in this respect. As the author very truly remarks in his preface: "The duties of a police-officer are so varied, and depend so much upon surrounding circumstances, that much must necessarily be left to practical experience and individual tact. But if there is a good foundation of theoretical knowledge, and a general acquaintance of the powers conferred by law, a constable will find himself the better able to discharge his duties to the public." The book must be a most valuable one for all who are connected with the force, and is by no means without interest for those who are interested in one of the most important questions of the present day regarding crime and its prevention.

Thus far, in the present paper, the subject of our London police has only been touched upon so far as the regular constables or order-keeping portion of the corps is concerned. Our street police may be said to have been improving ever since the corps was formed, and are now almost as near perfection as it is possible to make them. But it has been, and is yet in no slight degree, far otherwise with the detective portion of the force. For many years this branch of the service was in exceedingly bad repute. It was left very much to those who composed it to do as they liked; and abuses crept in, of which the less said the better, and culminated in the scandals which were made public at the trial of Benson and his confederates, some five or six years ago.

The old saying, that when things come to the worst, they must mend, was then verified. The Government of the day took the matter up, and appointed Mr. Howard Vincent to be Director of Criminal Investigations. This gentleman has been in the army, and since leaving the service has been called to, and has practised at, both the English and the French bar. The

¹ *A Police Code, and Manual of Criminal Law.* By C. E. Howard Vincent, Director of Criminal Investigations. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. London, 1881.

appointment has proved in every way to be a judicious one, for Mr. Vincent has gradually, but very effectually, made changes and reforms in the department since he has been at its head. But there remains still a great deal to do before our detectives can be made as practically useful in the discovery of crime as their French brethren are, and have been for many years past. It is true that cases of murder are generally as quickly and as completely unravelled in England as in other countries. But in robberies, and more particularly those on a large scale, the result of our detectives' working leaves much to be desired. The reason seems to be, that in this country, public opinion, or, as it might, with truth, be called, popular prejudice, is not favourable to the system of men going about disguised for the discovery of crime and criminals. In an article upon the subject of "The French Detective Police," published in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, the writer remarks that "for the detection of such crimes as the great jewel robberies which are so common in England, perpetrated by organised gangs of thieves and receivers, the French system is wonderfully effective; but it often fails in unpremeditated criminal offences, committed by persons of previously unsuspected character. Even here, however, the special training of the French detective comes in. He does not, like his English colleague, bluster about the place, conducting a sort of rehearsal of magisterial examination, frightening honest servants, and putting real offenders on their guard; but goes quietly about his business, making his deductions often from the slightest and most trivial premises."¹ This, in few words, is a very fair statement of the question so far as it goes; but it hardly goes far enough. The chief reason why in robberies of great magnitude, the French detectives are so much more efficient than our own, is that the former are, so

¹ *Saturday Review*, 11th February, 1882.

to speak, a body of men quite apart from the regular police, and are rarely, if ever, brought amongst the latter to perform their functions. They are to the chiefs of the force they serve very much what spies are to the general of an army in time of war. The French system is based on the theory that it is practically always at war with the criminal classes; and that, as everything is lawful in war, so in a never-ending campaign against those who have broken, or will break, the law, it is perfectly justifiable to take any steps that will lead to the detection of the criminals. Curiously enough, in England we do, and yet we do not, hold the same doctrines. In petty matters of card-playing, betting, or supplying customers with drink at forbidden hours, we not unfrequently read in the police reports that "plain clothes officers," as they are called, will ask for what will, and does, bring those who supply them into trouble before the magistrate. But we refrain, as though it were morally dishonest to do so, from organising any system of secret supervision, or secret detection, by which robberies on a large scale could be found out. In private life, no doubt, the maxims which govern our detective system would be deemed highly honourable; and there is a very old proverb which tells us that honour exists among thieves. But ought this to hold good when the struggle is between thieves and society at large?

As an illustration of his meaning, the present writer may be allowed to relate an anecdote of what happened in a case of which he was cognisant, in Paris some years ago. An *agent de change*, who had in his custody a great number of bonds and other valuable documents belonging to his *clients*, was robbed of a number of share certificates stolen from the safe in his office. The value of these papers was considerable, amounting to close upon 300,000 francs (12,000*l.*) As in France all scrip is payable *au porteur* (to bearer), it is much more easy to

dispose of this sort of property than it would be in England, where a formal transfer has to be made. In the present case, the plundered party did not want to make the affair public for two reasons. In the first place, he was convinced that the robber was his own son, who had absconded from Paris a day or two before; and in the second, the fact of his having lost the documents would, in all probability, have greatly injured his credit on the Bourse. He went to the *Préfecture de Police*, saw one of the chiefs, and a few hours later an *agent secret* was sent to his office. He related his story, saying at the same time that he suspected his son to have been the principal actor in the affair. In return, without a moment's hesitation, he was told the name of a firm in Paris whose chief business was to trade in stolen property of the kind. He was, moreover, informed a few hours later, that some days previously his son had been seen more than once in the office of this firm; and that it was more than likely the bonds were in their possession. The police agent went to the suspected office, and with money advanced him by the plundered man, transacted some stock, or share, buying and selling. He returned there again and again, each time doing some business which gave the firm a certain profit. This went on until he had gained a sort of footing with the suspected parties. He then asked them to purchase for him a few thousand francs worth of the kind of bonds that his employer had lost. This was done. The numbers on the scrip given him corresponded with those which the *agent de change* had shown him when he first commenced the inquiry. His work was then plain enough. The head of the firm was accused of having in his possession documents which had been stolen, knowing them to have been so. By making a clean breast of the matter, and by restoring all he had bought from the son of the *agent de change* (for which he had paid about a fourth of their marketable value) he

escaped with a year's imprisonment. In England the affair would have been impossible. But the question remains whether it is not better to fight rogues with their own weapons, than to allow them from motives, which are correct in themselves, to go scot free. There can be little doubt but that in the present state of the world, when so many men live by preying on others, it is very necessary to keep some sort of supervision over scoundrels, or it will often be very difficult for honest people to come by their own.

In England we are far too apt to run to extremes in all things. We either leave rules and regulations to chance, or we are over strict and particular; and this in matters where it is far better that there should be no strict rules of any kind. Such is the case very much with regard to our detective police. In the *Police Code*, which has been alluded to before in this paper, there is a section which defines the duties of detectives, but which, even if carried out to the letter, leaves us very far behind the French in the only police work that can really and truly be of use in almost all cases, in detecting crime, or in restoring property to the rightful owners. We are told in this volume—which as has been said before is a most admirable guide in nearly all matters connected with the police—that “the unravelment of crime must necessarily depend in a very great measure upon the energy, the ability, the judgment, the zeal, and the integrity of the police force;” and yet, on the following page, it is stated that “the idea that a detective, to be useful in a district, must be unknown, is erroneous in the great mass of cases, as he is then unable to distinguish between honest men who would help a known officer, and others. It is nevertheless highly undesirable for detectives to proclaim their official character to strangers by walking with police in uniform, by walking in step with each other, and in a drilled style, or by wearing very striking clothes, or

police regulation boots, or by openly recognising constables in uniform, or by saluting superior officers." ¹ Now of two things, one: either a detective ought, or ought not to be known as such. If the former, he may as well wear a blue tunic as any other dress: if the latter, the less he is like other policemen, and the less recognisable he is in every way, the more useful he is likely to be. In a word, if the *raison d'être* of detectives is the detection of crime, they ought not to be known to any one as belonging to the police. If it be otherwise—if the fact of one who is inquiring about a crime being a detective officer is known—more than three-fourths of his usefulness is gone. It is, however, only fair towards the police authorities to say that the fault of not making an alteration in the right direction is not so much theirs, as that of the public in general. There is in England such a strong, and in this case such an unreasoning feeling against anything like secrecy, or not doing everything in the light of day, that if the French detective system were introduced into this country we should no doubt have scores of petitions against it, and gushing letters and leading articles written to prove that it was in every way un-English and demoralising. The verdict of that wonderful personage, the British public would no doubt be much the same as that of a notorious English welcher, who some years ago went over to try and make some money on the French racecourses. But he very soon came back telling every one that France was not a country for an honest man to live in as the police "were down on a fellow whatever he did, and found out any game he was up to by some disgracefully secret means."

And yet there is no doubt but that something must be done, and that quickly, if we are to have anything like adequate protection of property in this land. Times change, and not

only honest men, but thieves also change with them. The robbers of the present day—or at any rate those who do business in that line on a large scale—are a hundred times better educated, and therefore more clever and cunning, than were their predecessors in the same profession. In the detection of crime we must progress in the same ratio as those whoseascalities we want to prevent. It is therefore absolutely necessary that we should give the police more power than they have, and that we should not criticise too closely the means they may take in the detection of crime. Some persons have so great a dread of the police gaining greater power than they now have, that they would rather see matters remain as at present than run the risk of Scotland Yard becoming too great a power in the land. But surely this is a mistake. In a country where the shortcomings of every public servant, from the cabinet minister to the telegraph boy, is regarded as lawful matter for public comment, there can be little fear of policemen violating with impunity the rules which the force has, with very rare exceptions, observed since it was first created.

During the parliamentary session of last year, an attempt was made by the Lord Chancellor to introduce a *Stolen Goods Bill*, which would no doubt greatly help the police in the execution of their duty when there was question of property being restored. Like a great many other useful measures, this one was crushed out before Parliament rose; but it will probably be brought forward again shortly.² The object of this Act is to give the police power to search pawn-brokers and other places where they may suspect stolen goods to be stored, upon information sworn to before a magistrate. This would no doubt be a step in the right direction. But it is quite an open question whether the

¹ *Police Code and Manual of Criminal Law*, pp. 104, 105.

² Since the above was written, the Bill has been read a second time in the House of Lords.

desired end might not be arrived at with a system of detective supervision such as exists in France. No doubt it is needful to make the power of searching for stolen goods quicker and easier than is the case at present; but even under the proposed Act, before information can be sworn to, it must be obtained; and how is it to be obtained so long as the receivers know perfectly well who the individuals are who are trying to get the information?

Amongst other details worthy of praise connected with our police force, that of what is called the convict office in Scotland Yard, is particularly so. The executives of this office, consist of eight officers under a chief inspector, and it forms part of the Department of the Director of Criminal Investigations. Here are kept criminally classified albums of photographs and masks of all convicts discharged on license, and of all persons who are under police supervision. Their antecedents are further recorded in the register together with such particulars as to their conduct while on license as can be gathered in the periodical visits which are ordered. Nothing can be more orderly, more methodical, or more exact, than the manner in which all the documents of this office are kept; and the civility of those in charge leaves nothing to be desired. It has not been fairly at work for more than two years; but it has already been of the greatest assistance to the police. Moreover, those who have been the victims of any criminal offence, have now the opportunity of identifying the delinquent. Amongst the criminal classes, this office is looked upon as a great obstacle in their professional career.¹

There is one thing which ought not to be forgotten when the merits and defects of our police are under discussion. Whatever may be the faults or shortcomings of either the force collectively, or of those who form

¹ Branch offices of this kind are shortly to be established in all the large towns throughout the kingdom.

part of it, we are sure to hear of the same. But when all goes smoothly, little or nothing is said either in praise of the system, or of those who work it. The particular department in which it is not up to the mark, has been commented on in this paper. But even in that respect, the fault is no doubt greatly owing to public opinion and national prejudice. Taken as a whole, there is amongst the heads of the police departments an honesty of purpose and a determination to improve wherever improvement is found necessary, which is not only most praiseworthy, but is a very sure guarantee that the force will not deteriorate in the future; and that it never will be aught save one of the most admirable of our best and most valued national institutions.

Since the first part of this paper was written, two double murders in Ireland have drawn public attention to the want of anything like a detective police system in that country. It would be useless to comment here upon the bold brutality of the ruffians who butchered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phoenix Park last May; or the equally daring repetition of the same crime which took place near Gort on the 8th of June, when Mr. Bourke and the Dragoon who was with him were both shot dead. These deeds were a disgrace to any civilised country; and they also proved that without some secret system by which the perpetrators of such crimes can be discovered, law and order, nay, the safety of life itself, will become unknown in the land. There can be little or no doubt but that both these murders, like many others committed in the same unhappy country, were the work of some secret society; and that until a startling blow is struck at the existence of the latter, it is next to useless to legislate for the well-being of Ireland. But then comes the question, how is the working of those mysterious associations

to be counteracted, unless the authorities adopt the maxim of the homœopathic doctors, and do their best to cure likes with likes! To attempt to find out by open and visible means how, where, and by whom these revolutionary societies are constituted and worked, would be worse than useless. It would not only be the throwing away of both men and means, but it would also cause the evil-doers to triumph over law and justice, inasmuch as they would be only the more on their guard than they are now. It has been officially stated that Colonel Henry Brackenbury, late British military *attaché* at Paris, has been commissioned to organise a detective police for Ireland. If such a measure is carried through properly, political and agrarian crimes of violence will, at any rate in a great measure, be stamped out. But this can never be done by the mere "plain-clothes officers" system. Even the plots and plans of English burglars rarely, if ever, have been discovered, still less counteracted, by means of so-called detectives, who are as well known to professional thieves as if they wore the uniform of their corps. How much less chance therefore must there be for detective officers on the London plan to make any way against a body of men, some of whom are, no doubt, more or less well educated, whose bond of union is secrecy, and who evidently work together under a well-organised leadership.

What Ireland wants most at the present time, and what would be the greatest possible blessing for the country, is that the perpetrators of some one or two great crimes should be discovered, brought to summary justice, and undergo supreme punishment with little or no delay. If this could be done, an effective blow would probably be struck at the evil doings of a certain class, whose object and aim it is to maintain the present state of disorder and crime in the land. Unless the disorder and crime for which the sister isle has become so

notorious is in very great measure crushed out, legislation of any kind is little better than a farce. It is easy enough to enact laws; but by no means so easy to make men obey laws which they know are opposed by a secret and almost omnipotent organisation, whose aim and object it is to thwart in every possible manner the government of the country. The one only remedy for such a state of things is the detection and punishment of crime; and the sole means by which this can be carried out is a really efficient detective police.

The question then is, how is such a force to be constituted, and of what kind of men ought it to be formed? To reply to these questions in detail would be difficult, if not impossible. There can be no doubt that the various classes of crime require different sorts of detectives to unravel them. In Ireland it is not so much thieves or burglars as a bold kind of semi-political murderers, who are the pest of society and the bane of all government. Nor, as I have said before, can there be any doubt that these assassins form an organised body, and are under excellent secret discipline. It seems almost incredible that within less than five weeks of each other,¹ two double murders should be committed in, what is after all, a part of the United Kingdom, and not a trace of the murderers be found, notwithstanding the immense reward offered for the discovery of the crimes. The evil that must arise out of such a state of things is incalculable, and ought to be met by measures of quite an exceptional kind. Mere routine and well-organised regulations are not sufficient to cope with such a state of things. The Irish detective force ought to

¹ Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered in the Phoenix Park, on Saturday, 6th May. Mr. W. M. P. Bourke, and the dragoon who accompanied him, met the same fate, near Gort, on Thursday, 8th June.

comprise in its ranks men of different classes, intelligent and zealous, but reticent and undemonstrative. Above all things, they ought not to be known as belonging in any way to the police, nor as having anything whatever to do with the Castle or the authorities. In a former number of this magazine¹ I gave a sketch of what I had seen of the working of a French detective. It would be well if the new police department in Ireland were formed somewhat after that model. In a country where murder is regarded by a certain class of men more as a patriotic duty than a foul crime, a detective officer may often have a very dangerous game to play. His life will seldom be worth a week's purchase, provided his true character is found out. For this reason he ought never to give out who he is, or what is his business, even to those who are the friends of order. Above all, he ought never, under any circumstances whatever, have to do with the execution of warrants, or the arrest of suspected persons. To use an old simile, he ought to act as the dog that points where the game is to be found,

¹ See "The French Detective Police," *Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1882, p. 296.

but never as the sportsman who shoots the birds. Rome was not built in a day, and with the best of wills it must take some little time before a new force like this can become efficient. But there can hardly be a lack of characters and disguises which the detectives can assume when working out the problems given them to solve. During the coming autumn the number of English tourists in Ireland will not be so many as not to admit a few detectives amongst them. As a "loafing" American Fenian, or the special correspondent of an English, French, or American newspaper, a detective who is in earnest could generally find out, at any rate the outline, of what he may want to know. These, however, are details into which it is needless to enter. The great want of Ireland at present is a really effective detective force; and the same ought to be organised on the French rather than the English pattern, or, at any rate, as unlike the London "plain-clothes officers" as it is possible to make what will, if properly organised, be the salvation of the country.

M. LAING MEASON.

A SONG FOR WOMEN.

Within a dreary narrow room
 That looks upon a noisome street,
 Half fainting with the stifling heat
 A starving girl works out her doom.
*Yet not the less in God's sweet air
 The little birds sing free of care,
 And hawthorns blossom everywhere.*

Swift ceaseless toil scarce winneth bread :
 From early dawn till twilight falls,
 Shut in by four dull ugly walls,
 The hours crawl round with murderous tread.
*And all the while, in some still place,
 Where intertwining boughs embrace,
 The blackbirds build, time flies apace.*

With envy of the folk who die
 Who may at last their leisure take,
 Whose longed-for sleep none roughly wake,
 Tired hands the restless needle ply.
*But far and wide in meadows green
 The golden buttercups are seen,
 And reddening sorrel nods between.*

Too pure and proud to soil her soul
 Or stoop to basely gotten gain,
 By days of changeless want and pain
 The seamstress earns a prisoner's dole.
*While in the peaceful fields the sheep
 Feed, quiet ; and through heaven's blue deep
 The silent cloud-wings stainless sweep.*

And if she be alive or dead
 That weary woman scarcely knows,
 But back and forth her needle goes
 In tune with throbbing heart and head.
*Lo, where the leaning alders part,
 White-bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,
 Above still waters skim and dart.*

A Song for Women.

O God in heaven! shall I, who share
 That dying woman's womanhood,
 Taste all the summer's bounteous good
 Unburdened by her weight of care?
*The white moon-daisies star the grass,
 The lengthening shadows o'er them pass:
 The meadow pool is smooth as glass.*

A. MATHESON.

The following, from a list of the wages of women-workers, sent by the chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, to the May number of *The Women's Union Journal*, gave occasion to the above lines:—

Making Paper Bags—4½d. to 5½d. a thousand; earn from 5s. to 9s. a week.

Making Knapsacks—3½d. each; average 10s. a week.

Buttonholes—(Various deponents) ¼d. for seven, 6d. for twenty-four, 3½d. a dozen, 3½d. for three dozen in shirts; makes 8s. a week—15s. with help of children.

Shirts—2d. each and find own cotton; can get six a day done from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M.

Button Maker—(Girl of sixteen), 2s. for one hundred gross, lathe-work with chest.

Bookfolding—2½d. per gross sheets.

Sack Sewing—6d. for twenty-five, 8d. to 1s. 6d. a hundred, 6d. a dozen, (smaller size) makes 1s. to 1s. 6d. a day, 7s. a week.

Carpet Bag Making—8s. a week.

Pill Box Making—1s. for thirty-six gross; can make 1s. 3d. a day.

Collar Button-Hole Making—1d. a dozen; can do three or four dozen collars a day, begins at 5 A.M., ends at dark; others make 1s. 6d. to 2s. a gross.

Whip Making—1s. a dozen; can do a dozen a day.

Trouser Finishing—(After machine) 3d. to 5d. each; can do four a day.

Trouser Basting—(Before machine) 15d. a dozen.

Cork Branding—6s. a week.

Tobacco Spinner—7s. a week.

Shirt Finishing—3d. and 4d. a dozen.

SOME THOUGHTS ON BROWNING.

IN one respect the position which Mr. Browning occupies with the English reading public is different from that of any other contemporary poet. Each of the other great masters of verse has a circle of fervent admirers who are intimately acquainted with all he has written; and, in addition, a large number of readers who study him more or less, who know him thoroughly or slightly, who at any rate keep a copy of his principal works in their house and look into it from time to time. Of warm admirers Mr. Browning has perhaps as many as the most popular poets of the day, but casual acquaintances, half-and-half disciples, occasional readers, he has—none. No one was ever yet found who liked his works a little; strong aversion, or still stronger admiration, are the sentiments with which they are invariably regarded. This peculiar attitude of the public towards him is typified by many outward signs. We do not see his writings displayed in the shop-windows, in the glories of vellum and gilt edges, neither does Doré illustrate them. There is no "Browning Birthday Book." Among a collection of wedding presents may be found five copies of Tennyson's *Idylls*, but not a page of Browning; no doctor or dentist lays one of his works on the waiting-room table; no railway stall reserves a corner for them.

Yet edition after edition comes out, and is sold to purchasers who value the plain brown and green volumes as they value few others on their shelves. They become the possession of men and women, who (not in noisy drawing-room discussions, but in the quiet talks where friend opens his heart to friend) speak with earnest, loving gratitude of the writer, and tell how he has raised their aims, awakened their energies, quickened their hopes, comforted them under failure, and

taught them to live down doubt; or who bear the same testimony in another way, and by work grown heartier, brows clearer, and hearts more calm, seem to say, "Thou hast instructed many; thou hast strengthened the weak hands; thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees." Truly these are the rewards coveted by a poet for "the bestowal of a life upon a labour, hard, slow and not sure." (Browning's *Essay on Shelley*.)

My wish is to note down some of the chief characteristics of Mr. Brownings writings, not for readers who are already students of his writings, but for those who, being but little acquainted with them, may have felt disposed to wonder at the enthusiasm which they unquestionably excite in those who know them best. If any of these should be induced to brace themselves up to the study of these poems, my object will have been fully attained.

But first, for honesty's sake, and also because it never helps any cause to advocate it in a one-sided manner, I will admit that the nature of Mr. Browning's poetry is not such as to attract at first sight. It takes some time to grow accustomed to his queer choice of subjects, his rugged verse, his strange metaphors, and his involved elliptical language. Why he should, as Calverley says in his clever parody, *The Cock and the Bull*, "... love to dock the smaller parts of speech," why he should give us infinitives without "to's," nouns without articles, phrases without prepositions, and lines where the conjunction is but ill replaced by a comma or a dash, he himself best knows. These grammatical peculiarities sorely puzzle the uninitiated, who stumble sadly over such lines as those in which Guido laments

the good old days when no silly fuss was made about a murder or two, and describes the manner in which his grandsire—

“ . . . drew rein, slipped saddle, and stabbed
knave
For daring throw gibe—much less stone—
from pale.”

True it is that the difficulty of the poems, especially that of the later ones, is greatly overrated, and that many of those who talk loudest of it, confess, after a little gentle pressure, that their judgment is based on a dimly-remembered perusal of Calverley's parody, or a belief that they “have Mrs. Browning's *Selections* somewhere at home.” “Where you are ignorant, at least be reverent,” said James Hinton, a maxim which this class of critics would do well to remember. Still, deducting the outcry made by these persons, and many more who are only a shade less incompetent, there remains a standing, and I think justifiable, complaint against him of great and unnecessary obscurity.

He himself, as is natural, repudiates the charge, and in *Pacchiarotto* tells us it cannot be otherwise when you want to put a “big and bouncing thought” into “one small line.” But, to begin with, many of his dark passages are *not* obscured by any particularly gigantic thought; and next, if a “big bouncing thought” in one line is incomprehensible, how gladly would we see it overflow into a second. All sorts of reasons for his unintelligibility are given by his admirers: he “neglects the form” for the substance; he “writes too hurriedly”; he “only cares to be understood by those who do not grudge the effort.” All these excuses may be true to a certain extent, but it often strikes me that there is a further cause as well. I believe that, with all his genius, Mr. Browning has one decided want in his mind, and that he is deficient in the faculty of gauging the apprehensive power of the ordinary intellect; that he does not puzzle us wilfully, but he has never learnt, and

has no idea, what people can and cannot be expected to understand. I know that I am saying in other words: he has never discovered how very stupid we are. Be it so. He himself tells us, in the *Essay on Shelley*, that the poet should be so acquainted and in sympathy with the narrow comprehension of the “average mind” “as to be careful to supply it with no other materials than it can combine into an intelligible whole.” Why then has he not measured our stupidity and respected it?

Let me give an instance of the altogether unreasonable things which he expects us to understand.

In the preface to *A Soul's Tragedy*, he explains that by the title of *Bells and Pomegranates* he had meant to convey “an endeavour towards something like an alternation or mixture of music with discoursing, sound with sense, poetry with thought.” Students of rabbinical or patristic lore would, he says, know that such is the common acceptance of the term, but he goes on very naively to observe: “I confess that, letting authority alone, I supposed the bare words in such juxtaposition would sufficiently convey the desired meaning.”

Does this passage not give an alarming impression of Mr. Browning's estimate of the average human mind? It is very flattering that he should have so exalted an opinion of us; but I, for one, would gladly undergo the humiliation of having him undeceived, if possible.

As it is, however, unlikely that he will make any fresh discoveries on this head, or will do anything to suit his style to our limited intelligences, let us do the only thing that remains, if we wish to know him—train our intelligences to his style, a task well worth the arduous struggle which it costs. In the vast majority of cases indeed a short course of persevering study brings with it an honest liking for the straightforward, hard-hitting, rough-and-ready phraseology; but even where this does not happen, the matter of the poems is such as to

make the reader very tolerant of any blemishes he may find in their form.

And among Mr. Browning's merits, that which I should single out as the one which primarily draws people towards him is his strong hopeful philosophy of life. It has been said of him that "he brings out of his individuality something which he does not receive from the age, and which he offers it as a gift." This "something" I hold to be the constructiveness of his teaching as opposed to the destructiveness of the school of thought which has prevailed for so many years. He is the embodiment of Goethe's theory that the best literary work is marred by "perpetual negation and fault-finding;" not only, he remarks, "does the discontent of the poet infect the reader, but the end of opposition is negation, and negation is nothing. . . . The great point is not to pull down, but to build up: in this humanity finds pure joy." (Eckermann, vol. i. p. 208.)

In the *Essay on Shelley*, Mr. Browning, echoing this sentiment, says: "The best way of removing abuses is to stand fast by truth. Truth is one, as they are manifold, and innumerable negative effects are produced by the upholding of one positive principle." Such being his point of view, he emphasises our hopes rather than our fears, our certainties rather than our doubts, our ultimate triumph rather than our present failures: in a word, he is not a condoling poet, but the very reverse. We gather from *The Two Poets of Croisic* that he considers light-heartedness, and a turn for making the best of things, as a proof of intellectual strength. He there tells us that in estimating the relative merits of two eminent bards, we may decide the question by asking—"Which one led a happy life?"

"If one did—over his antagonist
That yelled or shrieked, or sobbed or wept
or wailed,
Or simply had the dumps—dispute who
list—
I count him victor."

And in *At the Mermaid* he uses language more emphatic than polite to

the critics who tell him he will never enter the human heart without appealing to the *Welt-schmerz* common among men. No doubt a reader may be in such a frame of mind that this characteristic of Mr. Browning's poetry shall repel rather than attract him. For a space in most men's lives the negative aspect of things suits them best; they like to be told that effort is vain, and love is hollow; that there is no light on earth, and a doubtful God in heaven; but with most healthy minds this state of things passes off early—

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,"

they say, and they refuse to spend the rest of their lives shackled and enfeebled by this gloomy philosophy. Then it is that Browning's positive teaching comes like a voice from above to strengthen and cheer.

And if we ask what is the basis of his invigorating tenets, the reply is, the intense realisation of a loving God, and a future life, given him by his "poet's faculty of seeing more clearly, widely, and deeply" than the common eye." (*Essay on Shelley*.) We too behold these things in our rarer moments, but with us—

. . . . "there's provision
Of the devil's to quench knowledge; lest
we walk the earth in rapture"

(*Christina*.)

and we soon fall back to mere belief. But what we only believe, he sees; and in his verse recalls and makes permanent our own momentary gleams.

What a triumphant outburst is the following well-known passage from *Abt Vogler*, and how finely it expresses man's inward convictions—

"There shall never be one lost good! What
was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought; is silence im-
plying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with for
evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven
a perfect round.

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of
good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty,
nor good, nor power

" Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour! "

The key-note of this passage is a vivid faith in a loving God, who gathers up the broken threads of his creature's aspirations and strivings and longings, to restore them one day perfected and completed; a God who looks not to results, but to effort—

" All I could never be
All men ignored in me,
'This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped. "

(*Rabbi ben Ezra.*)

This intense faith would in itself afford ample consolation under the sting of failure, and the pressure of disappointment; but Mr. Browning finds a second source of comfort in his strongly realised conception of eternity. To him failure is not irretrievable non-success. This life is not the only period for work, progress, and development. Heaven is not the reward of the faithful soul, severed from all connection with its previous state of existence. All good work begun here will go on there without let or hindrance; and therefore man should map out his life not with reference to what he can complete here, but with reference to the endless centuries of futurity. " Aim high," he seems to say, " try not for one hundred but for a whole million; the entire quality of your work will be better than if you adopt a lower standard, and though you will not fully attain here, what does it matter? " or in the words of the " grammarian "—

" Others mistrust and say, ' But time escapes !
Live now or never !'
He said, ' What's Time ? Leave *Now* for
dogs and apes !
Man has *For ever.* ' "

These are however but parts of Mr. Browning's views concerning failure, and its attendant compensations; he goes further—

" And makes the stumbling-block a stepping-stone. "

(*The Pope.*)

Failure and imperfection are not only no blot on man in God's sight; not only are they but temporary and retrievable, they are the very signs of man's supremacy in creation. God being all powerful, and perfect, failure cannot be thought of in connexion with Him; the beasts being perfect in a limited sphere, and incapable of rising to a higher one, neither strive nor fail—but man, who knows

" . . . but a man's joy,
While he sees God's, "

(*Cleon.*)

occupies a midway position between the two; he alone is capable of progress, and hence liable to failure. Therefore it is his glory, not his shame, that falling yet rising again, faint yet pursuing, hindered yet overcoming, he ever struggles forward, saying—

" Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
but go !
Be our joys three parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never
grudge the throe ! "

" For thence—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail ;
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me :
A brute I might have been, but would not
sink i' the scale. "

(*Rabbi ben Ezra.*)

Such are Mr. Browning's vigorous utterances upon the most universal and depressing of the sorrows of humanity. Let us see what he has to tell us about another of the shadows which fall across the path of man's earthly pilgrimage—temptation. True to the theory that all things work together for good, and that evil is but the grit that polishes the stone, he says :—

" Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master, and make crouch beneath his
foot,
And so be pedestalled in triumph ? Pray,
' Lead us into no such temptations, Lord, '
Yea, but, O Thou, whose servants are the
bold,

Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That so he may do battle, and have praise."
(*The Pope.*)

A burning zeal for the defeat of evil, the full assurance that those exist who can vindicate the supremacy of good, the earnest longing that the question should be tried to the uttermost, and withal the consciousness of weakness that should make each man, unless visibly the chosen of God, shrink from courting the struggle for himself; all these things are here set forth in a passage of great power and beauty.

I should like to go on and show how Mr. Browning defies the various other calamities which have so often caused the spirit of man to faint within him. I should like to quote the whole of *Prospice*—that strangest of productions which must surely have filled hundreds with the desire to know more of the poet who could write and mean it; but as space is limited, I will only give one more extract in illustration of this branch of the subject. This passage is from the *Flight of the Duchess*, and deals with old age as a part of man's life that may indeed be to him a "stumbling-block" or a "stepping-stone." All our common forms of speech, all our little evasions and pretences in talking of the lapse of years, are evidence of the usual habit of thought on the subject. Listen now to Mr. Browning—

"So at the last shall come old age,
Decrepit as befits that stage,
How else wouldst thou retire apart
With the hoarded memories of thy heart,
And gather all to the very least
Of the fragments of life's earlier feast,
Let fall through eagerness to find
The crowning dainties yet behind?
Ponder on the entire past
Laid together thus at last,
When the twilight helps to fuse
The first fresh with the faded hues,
And the outline of the whole,
As round eve's shades their framework roll,
Grandly fronts for once thy soul.
And then, as 'mid the dark, a gleam
Of yet another morning breaks,
And, like the hand which ends a dream,
Death, with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh, and the soul awakes,
Then ———"

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Often as I have read this magnificent passage, I never come to the close without an expectation that the unseen world is about to be revealed, and a chill of disappointment when it ends without telling the untellable. Happy the aged who can realise it in fact!

Contrast with this passage some verses by another living poet who tells us what old age is—

"It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

"It is to suffer this,
And feel but half and feebly what we feel;
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none.

"It is—last stage of all,
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man."
(M. ARNOLD.)

If this is old age well may we say, with those of yore, "Whom the gods love die young." Let us get rid of all the sanitary inspectors, and welcome every kindly illness which will rescue us from ourselves!

But to return to our poet. His strong faith in the ultimate triumph of good might have made a smaller man unsympathetic with the transitory sufferings of the world, but not so Mr. Browning. He knows that in spite of the glories of the future, sorrow and sin and pain are awful realities, and his heart goes out in tender sympathy with the keen soul-piercing miseries with which life abounds. How else should he have given us the touching picture of Pompilia's wrongs, the pathetic mixture of disappointment and trust shown by Festus at the sight of his friend's degradation, the regretful longings of Andrea del Sarto for the higher aims which through weakness of will he had never attained? When he surveys life in the abstract he sees so clearly the good and beauty which now animate it in part, and will finally

prevail, that he is never inspired with the wail of despair which its contemplation seems almost exclusively to awaken in other poets; and being an honest man he never simulates it, but voluntarily sets himself the difficult task of making cheerfulness interesting, and foregoes the easy source of popularity which lies in appealing to people through their weaker, not their stronger side. Nevertheless, when he descends from the general to the particular, he shares the joys and sorrows of his creations with an intensity which none of the tearful school have ever surpassed; and with an inexhaustible and unwearying sympathy which has its origin in his deep-rooted, wide-spreading love towards humanity. The meanest created beings are for Mr. Browning objects full of interest and hidden capacity; he loves them one and all. The prominence which he gives to love is a beautiful part of his philosophy. He places it above knowledge, above power; or rather he knows it to be the truest knowledge, the highest power. Where all else fails, love will draw the wicked from his sin, the foolish from his folly; love is the hand that leads men, the key that unlocks their hearts; it is the breath of life that awakens their best aspirations, the sunshine that draws them up into being; it is the inspiration that gives wisdom to the simple and vigour to the weak.

The power of love is an idea which pervades all his writings, and is especially illustrated in *Paracelsus*, which depicts the inner life of a man who with every earthly gift, sank and failed, because he made no account of love in his dealings with mankind. I open it at random. This is the first passage that meets my eyes—

“ I learned my own deep error, love’s undoing
Taught me the worth of love in man’s
estate,
And what proportion love should hold with
power
In his right constitution, love preceding
Power, and with much power always much
more love.”

(P. 194.)

Paracelsus confesses that he saw no good in man,

“ and why?
In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love’s faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mask of love’s,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success, to sympathize, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears, and cares and doubts,
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him,
All this I knew not, and I failed.”

(P. 195.)

It is this love of mankind, even in its meanest and most degraded forms, that accounts for the almost entire absence of bitterness and cynicism in Mr. Browning’s works. Blame and rebuke he can, and that in no measured terms; but sneer he cannot. Sin and suffering are serious things to him, and he is lovingly tender to weakness. He knows nothing of the craving for telling paradoxes, and stinging hits, which besets the inferior writers who make pertness and smartness supply their want of finer qualities. Humour he possesses in no small degree, but he employs it on legitimate subjects. Ruined lives are grievous to him, sore hearts are sacred, pettiness and vanity are deplorable; he has no wish to transfix them on pins’ points, and hold them up to the world’s ridicule.

“ No knight of Arthur’s noblest dealt in scorn ”
says one who has himself been a worthy follower of “ Arthur’s noblest ” in this respect, and now as ever—

“ Mockery is the fume of little minds.”

It is also in great part the love of humanity and the absence of the mocking spirit which have enabled Mr. Browning to attain to his unparalleled excellence in the delineation of human character in its higher forms. He himself tells us that what interests him most are “ the incidents in the development of a soul. Little else,” he says, “ is worth study.”

Now I suppose even a poet's insight into character needs perfecting by a close study of human nature; and what part of their truest selves do men or women disclose to one who seeks for the base or the ridiculous in mankind in order to make sport of it with keen shrewdness? The works of such men furnish the best answer. Look at Pope, Byron, even Molière; they have struck off with painful accuracy the meannesses of their fellows; they have jeered at their delusions, and made merry over their shams; but have they ever depicted a truly noble, heroic, or beautiful character; have they ever succeeded in creating anything better than a parody of what is great and good?

Men are keenly sensitive to ridicule; to the railer and the cynic they will not show themselves; their foibles they cannot hide, but their virtues they can and do conceal. The mocker knows them at their worst; he seldom believes in man, because man successfully endeavours to hide from him all that could justify belief. "He who would work aright must never rail," says Goethe, and certainly Browning has this preliminary essential for right work.

What wonderful men and women he introduces us to, and how they enlarge our acquaintance with our fellow-creatures!

The very point in which his genius differs from that of more truly dramatic writers, the subordination of action to psychological analysis, makes the characters stand out all the more clearly and distinctly before us, not as men whose dispositions prompt them to *do* this or that, but as men whose dispositions are to *be* this or that. How intensely individualised are the actors in the *Ring and the Book*, and how deep is the sympathetic insight with which they are drawn! Even the wicked count, while showing his moral baseness in every line, contrives to make us admire his silent endurance of a poverty which distressed him less as a source of personal privation, than as a cause of

degradation to a noble house, and to make us pity him as the victim of an unscrupulous trick.

Still more absorbing than Guido's two narratives is the monologue of the fine old Pope, who, with "winter in his soul" has sifted the whole mass of confused evidence, and hands the prisoner over to his doom, calm in the confidence that he has not been slack in using the "judging faculty which God gave," and that should he unfortunately have judged amiss, God would call ignorance his error, not his sin, so that in that other world to which his eighty-six years are hurrying him, he would—

"... face Guido's ghost, nor blench a jot."

Equal in interest is the moving deposition of Pompilia, the tender, all-forgiving dying wife; and grand above all the narrative of Capponsacchi before his judges. I know nowhere a more thrilling piece of emotional writing than his description of the fatal flight from Arezzo. We follow the travellers with a painfully strained interest throughout the journey. We watch the priest tasking himself to justify Pompilia's confidence; we admire his reverent care of his companion; and his withholding, by an almost superhuman struggle, all expression of his overwhelming love; we mark his pathetic joy when, having consulted him on a question of right and wrong, she added that she wanted his advice because he was her "friend," not as he had dreaded she was about to say, because he was "a priest"; we love him for his delicate tact when Pompilia, wearied out, and all but broken down, cried, "Take me no further, I should die," and he ventured not to comfort her himself but sent a peasant woman to her, who put her infant in her arms, and made her smile and say—

"... how much good this has done!

This is a whole night's rest, and how much more!"

We never can help hoping, on each fresh reading, that, somehow, the fugitives will reach Rome and be saved;

we never are quite prepared for the horrible frustration of the scheme, when, but a single stage from their journey's end, the villanous husband overtakes them, and all is lost!

In speaking of Mr. Browning as a dramatist, or rather as what Mr. Hutton calls a "great intellectual interpreter of the approaches to action," it is natural to turn first of all to his principal work, from which we have just been quoting. But, scattered throughout his writings are studies, or more correctly manifestations of character, that, with the exception of *Capponsacchi* (which seems to me to be his most perfect specimen of poetic art, because in it he has for once allowed the emotional element to overbalance the intellectual), are by no means inferior to anything in *The Ring and the Book*.

The marvellous versatility of the poet sets him on a pinnacle as compared with the men of two or three types who compose the subordinate grades of our versifiers. As the palæontologist, from one small bone reconstructs all quadrupeds from the mammoth to the rat, so Mr. Browning, from some single hint or trait of character, develops the whole of the inner man. He sees that all humanity has certain elements in common, and that it is from the various proportions in which these elements mingle that the variety of human nature results. He never portrays demons; he never gives us angels, but men and women, good or bad according as they have allowed the demoniac or angelic elements which meet in all mankind, to get the upper hand. Given a mind where a quick penetration and perception of the right is overbalanced by self-interest, and he constructs a Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau; given an animal nature revelling on the thought of unlimited and untempered power, and he constructs a Caliban; given a soul full of abhorrence for the base and mean, yet unsoftened by pity, and he constructs an Ivan Ivanovitch, and so on throughout all grades and kinds of men. He has represented

painters, musicians, poets, soldiers, Church dignitaries, peasants, women of high degree, women of lowly birth, contemporaries, men of the long-flown past; Englishmen, Italians, Frenchmen, and Germans; citizens of the East and of the West. Sometimes he fills the greater part of a volume in noting down the minutest features of an individual, sometimes he hits off a whole type in a single line, as in that intensely dramatic touch at the end of *A Death in the Desert*, where, in Pamphylax's casual remark—

"So, lest the memory of this go quite,
Seeing that I to-morrow fight the beasts,
I tell the same to Phœbus, whom believe,"

we have not only the reason of the speaker's anxiety to record the testimony of the last eye-witness to the earthly life of Jesus, but a vivid picture of the early Christians; their self-forgetfulness, their disregard of life, their calm and steadfast faith, their noble devotion to their cause, and their hourly peril from cruel and crafty foes.

Probably no other poet, who is not wholly dramatic, has written so exclusively of animate as apart from inanimate nature. There are here and there grand descriptions of some aspect of the sky or earth, there are occasional touches which show that he is not insensible to the transmutation of "Jura's black to one gold glow," to the stretch of the "warm sea-scented beach," or the "pink perfection of the cyclamen," but inanimate nature is interesting to him only as the sphere of being in which his human creations move. In him we see at its height the reaction from the over-exaltation of nature as compared with man, which had been the characteristic of an opposite poetic school, whose exaggerated style he thus laughs at in Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau—

"O littleness of man!" deplores the bard;
And then, for fear the Powers should punish
him,
'O grandeur of the visible universe
Our human littleness contrasts withal;
O sun, O moon, ye mountains, and thou
sea,

Thou emblem of immensity, thou this
That and the other,—what impertinence
In man to eat and drink and walk about
And have his little notions of his own,
The while some wave sheds foam upon the
shore."

"First of all," he observes, "'tis a lie some three times thick," and then he proceeds to make good this statement. Certainly this is an error into which Mr. Browning has no tendency to fall. He would laugh at Wordsworth's statement that it would be preferable to be a "Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn," than to be a man whom the "worldliness of to-day" had rendered insensitive to the "sea that bares her bosom to the moon" and the

"Winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;"

and it is true that in the poetry of nature such overstrained sentiments frequently occur. Yet, were it not ungrateful to want more where we have so much, I could wish that the energetic bustle of Mr. Browning's poems were sometimes varied by a more tranquil strain, that now and again he could sit like Wordsworth a silent meditative recipient of lessons whispered to his soul by the flower, the brook, the forest, or the breeze, and tell us what they teach him.

But to empty his mind of thoughts and feelings, and allow it passively to refill with promptings from nature, is a thing that never befalls him. The sun may shine over the hill and prepare to journey upwards along its "path of gold," but the dawn of a new day suggests, not the wish to wait and watch its beams spreading across the sky, but, as he tells us in *Night and Morning*—

"... the need of a world of men for me."

Yes! the world of men is his true element, and his method of describing its inhabitants is as un-Wordsworthian as his method of dealing with nature. He paints them not with tender loving sympathy from *without*; but he first makes himself one with them, and then causes them to reveal themselves

with spontaneous, unconscious self-betrayal; he thinks with their brains, feels with their hearts, and speaks with their lips; so that the pronoun "I" recurs for ever in the pages of this the least egotistical of the poets.

How thankful we should be to him if he would become a little more egotistical, and at last return to his own individuality and tell us what he himself thinks of the great subjects of which he treats. Any one who had not read the first half of the *Pacchiarotto* volume would naturally suppose that we could easily piece together his opinions from his works, but in that book, which, rightly or wrongly, is generally said to contain under various parables a statement of his own relations to the world around him, he explicitly denies our right to do so, and maintains that his works do not furnish even the most elementary disclosures of himself and his beliefs.

"Here's my work: does work discover
What was rest from work—my life?
Did I live man's hater, lover?
Leave the world at peace or strife?
Call earth ugliness or beauty?
See things here in large or small?
Use to pay its Lord my duty?
Use to own a lord at all?
Blank of such a record, truly,
Here's the work I hand, this scroll,
Yours to take or leave; as duly
Mine remains the unproffered soul."

This is not a little puzzling. One would have said that those were just the sort of things that spoke from every page of his writing. Are we not to believe that he holds the views which he has spent fifty years in advocating? Are we to conclude that all his finest passages on man, and man's destiny, duties, and privileges are nothing more than expressions of a "high and pure mood of the creative mind dramatically simulated"? Surely not! I can but think that a great part of the *Pacchiarotto* volume was written in a mood of pardonable irritation brought on by the peeping and prying of

unmannerly critics. In his wish to give them a repulse, he has overshot the mark, and has administered a series of snubs, not only to those who unjustifiably wish to intrude on the secrets of his heart, but to the friends, who only wish to think they can see the man through his works, and attribute to him certain opinions on great and important subjects concerning which other writers do not think it necessary to maintain this close reserve. Those who wish to know him he bids "dive by the spirit sense," which is already a contradiction to the assertion that he is inscrutably hidden behind his works, for if they are indeed "blank of any record," whither could the deepest dive of the keenest spirit-sense lead us?

Let us, then, do our best to obey him, and let us as a result hold fast to the faith that, like many other disguises literal and metaphorical, his is not as impenetrable as he fancies. Let us trust him, against himself, as he trusted Shelley, and continue to believe that he is "the splendid spirit of his own best poetry," and let us look out for the "great moral purpose" which he says has usually "mainly inspired any conspicuous achievement" "even where it does not visibly look out of the same." We will not be put down by the unkind little hits of the *Pacchiarotto* volume, but will say his works are not "blank" of such records as he enumerates; that we know quite well that he is "man's lover" not his hater; that he makes it his business to promote peace, not "stir up strife" in the world; that he has a singular power of seeing beauty in the ugliest things of the earth; that nothing that is part of a great whole is "small" to him; that he *does* own a "Lord of all," and doubtless strives to pay that Lord "his duty."

If we were forced to look upon his

utterances respecting God's dealings with man, and man's relation to God, to his fellow, to his aspirations, to his work as nothing but "dramatic simulations," then evidently we must regard him as a great thinker and dramatist, but no longer as a teacher, for surely no man can be called a teacher who does not intentionally try to impart views that are his own. And we cannot afford to give him up as a teacher in these days when signs are not wanting that England is ripe for another kind of intellectual guidance than that which she has welcomed for many a long year. Madame de Staël says of men of genius that they are "*toujours contemporains des siècles futurs par leurs pensées*," and this fact combined with the truth contained in Mr. Browning's own line in *The Death in the Desert*, that "none can learn except the already taught," explains the small appreciation with which his works were received whilst the morbid, unsatisfied, introspective, denying spirit was at its height, which enfeebled the middle decades of the century. But now at last signs are not wanting that "despondency corrected" is to be the motto of the future. Nations like individuals have their phases, and there is good cause to hope that our recent tendencies to mourn over all we have not got, is yielding to the healthier tendency to rejoice over what we have and use it to the uttermost. We are now to a certain extent "already taught," and are therefore prepared for more teaching.

The best wish we can offer to the remaining years of the nineteenth century is that future historians may be able to say of it that whereas Clough and Matthew Arnold embodied the philosophical and religious thought of its central period, Robert Browning became the representative man of its close.

MARY A. LEWIS.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ONE OF THE LEAST EFFECTIVE METHODS OF PERSUASION IS RATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.—ONE OF THE BEST WAYS OF BECOMING YOURSELF IS, SOMETIMES, TO BECOME SOMEBODY ELSE.

APRIL is not invariably the pleasantest month of the London year: in character it is inclined to be retrospective; it evinces a shrewd recollection of March and February, but is reluctant to commit itself to any promises regarding May and June. Nevertheless, there are moments in which it unbends, and, like some persons of a uniformly unconciliating demeanour, wins immense credit by a touch of merely ordinary affability. It is during one of these fortunate intermissions that I must request the reader to cross the threshold of the Vivians' London residence, and ascend the stairs to the drawing-room, where is to be seen a unique and attractive mantelpiece ornament. A breadth of pallidly agreeable London sunshine falls through the southern window of the room, investigates the flowery pattern of a Brussels carpet, and smiles upon the legs and cushion of a comfortable easy chair, in which is seated a fair-haired and full-chested woman, clad in a black dress trimmed with crape. She sits with her head thrown back, showing a pleasant and spirited profile of straight forehead, aquiline nose, and well-made mouth and chin. Her hands rest on the arms of the chair, upon the ends of which her fingers beat occasionally a restless tattoo; her eyes are directed, not upon the mantelpiece ornament, but upon the carved cornice of the room; but she alters her position slightly as from time to time she

speaks—which she does in short sentences, rapidly pronounced.

The mantelpiece is a low and broad structure of black marble, with a French plate-glass mirror, in three compartments, with bevelled edges, resting upon it. It is low enough to admit of a person standing on the hearthrug leaning his arms upon it easily. The person now occupying this position (and the person is, in fact, the mantelpiece ornament above referred to) is not, however, a man. The glass behind reflects the nape of a long neck of dusky whiteness, with a soft shadow of hair growing low down upon it; above, is a black coil of broad braids, bound upon a stately and well-proportioned head. You may see, likewise, the smooth outline of an evenly-curved cheek, and, depending from the lower tip of a delicate ear, a large hoop of reddish gold. The person, therefore, is evidently a woman; and you would be apt to surmise that she is also a handsome woman, in the first bloom of youth.

But here, instead of any longer confining your researches to the chary revelations of the looking-glass, you will probably prefer to avail yourself of your undoubted privilege to view this interesting object as she actually appears. You see a girl under twenty years of age, though the ease and dignity of her carriage, and the expression of her face, at once grave and vivid, make her seem older. It is a face capable, upon occasion, of singular and subtle mobility. Without any apparent muscular contortion, its owner could make it reflect a complete series of emotions, from the mirth of comedy to the terror or madness of tragedy. Her figure was the fitting instrument to carry out the requirements of such a countenance. It was

somewhat tall and slender, but completely developed, and in its motions and poses gave evidence of thorough physical training. Sometimes this lithe figure seemed to dilate and tower; and then the voice, seldom hurried and never indistinct, came in deep tones, more feminine than any shrillness, and more impressive than vociferousness; and one could not choose but listen. Altogether, here was a young lady likely, from every outward indication, to make a figure in the social world, unless the divinity which shapes our ends were more than usually disregarding of her rough-hewing.

She was dressed in a morning costume of soft white cashmere, lined and trimmed with crimson silk. It fitted tightly over the shoulders and upper part of the figure, but the sleeves were very wide below the elbow, and down the front of the dress was inserted a broad strip of puckered silk. Besides her earrings she wore no ornament but a delicate gold chain, to which was suspended some object hidden in her bosom. Her slippers were of crimson satin; and as she stood, one of them was crossed over the other, while her arms were extended along the mantelpiece, against which her shoulders rested. A comfortable fire glowed in the grate beneath; a silent commentary upon the inefficiency of the April sunshine.

"Well, I mean to go," declared this personage, speaking in a measured tone, after there had been a short pause in the conversation. "I see no necessity for a chaperone."

"I'd go in a minute, my dear, if it wasn't a masked ball; but that would be a little too absurd even for me, wouldn't it?" said the older lady. "And if it weren't a masked ball, I shouldn't a bit mind your going without a chaperone—at least, not so much. That's the way I feel about it."

"Nobody was ever any better for having a chaperone."

"Well, society is. It's what people

think, we have to look out for. If you do anything unorthodox, people think something's wrong; and that hurts them, if it doesn't hurt you."

"It is not my business to take care of them."

"Yes it is, if you live with them, and go to their parties. And all the more because you are somebody. If you were Jane Smith, you might do what you liked, and nobody'd mind; but since you're Miss Madeleine Vivian, and heiress to a big fortune, you have to look out."

Miss Vivian drooped her black eyelashes, and drew up one hand to filip her earring. "Its being a masked ball makes it more easy for you to go, instead of less," she said, shifting the ground of the argument. "Nobody will know who you are."

"Oh, my dear child, we don't keep our masks on. As soon as the people are all there, and supper's ready, we take our masks off."

"We are not obliged to take them off. And we need not stay to supper."

"Well, but at any rate it would be known I was there. Invitations are issued, you know; and if Mrs. Kate Roland accepts, how will it mend matters whether she's seen or not?"

"You could refuse, and then go."

"They wouldn't let me in."

"I would give my name to the doorkeeper, and say you were my friend, and wished to remain unknown. There would be no difficulty about that. Aha! Mistress Kate, I have thee on the hips!" Miss Vivian extended her arm towards her friend, threw up her head, and smiled splendidly.

"You are a very cunning, underhand, intriguing person," said Kate, folding her arms and laughing. "I don't love you a bit! But now see here; it must be all clear and above-board between us two, you know, however much we may deceive other people. I want you to tell me what makes you so set upon going to this particular ball?"

"Because it's a masked ball," replied Madeleine, coming with a sauntering step across the space that intervened between her and Kate Roland. Then she seated herself upon the side of the latter's chair, put an arm round her neck, and kissed her cheek.

"And in what do you suppose a masked ball is better than any other kind of ball?" demanded Kate, when these endearments had continued a few moments.

"There is the same difference that there is between a ruby and——Whoever heard so absurd a question?" said Madeleine, raising her head and turning it scornfully.

"You are showing your ignorance, my dear. In an ordinary ball you wear what you're accustomed to, and feel comfortable and respectable; and in a masked ball you wear some outlandish thing that makes you feel like a guy, and a horrid hot mask that gives you a headache."

"No!" exclaimed Madeleine, starting up. "Everything most delightful and romantic in life is a masquerade! You can throw aside yourself—you can become what you want to be! I never can be myself—I am ten times myself—as soon as I am not myself! All the world shows like a splendid story; you can do and say the poetry and romance that you have no heart even to think about at ordinary times. And if anything worth living for is to happen to you it would happen then. You would meet some one you loved; or some beautiful dream would come true. I should like to be at a masquerade that went on for ever!"

"Ah, well, there might be some sense in that," remarked Kate, conscientiously retaining her matter-of-fact attitude. "It's when you're driving home that you always begin to feel like a fool. As for meeting some one you loved, I don't know whom you'd be likely to meet, unless it were Stanhope Maurice."

Madeleine let her arms drop listlessly to her sides.

"If I met him there even a masquerade would seem commonplace," she said.

"I don't know what you call commonplace. You won't find a better man anywhere. And he loves you as hard as he can. And I believe he's lost a lot of money over those wretched mines."

There was a touch of genius in this latter argument.

"I am sorry if he is losing money," said Madeleine. "I would give him all he has lost if it would cure him of thinking he loved me. Perhaps I couldn't find a better man. But I don't want a better man—I don't want a good man at all! You always know what a good man will do and say. A man might as well not be at all if you can say that of him."

Madeleine was not naturally of a law-abiding temperament; or, if she recognised laws of her own, they were not at all points in harmony with the code in vogue among the orthodox. Bryan Sinclair, therefore, was a more likely person than Maurice. He must be classed among those who, justifiably or not, are at war with society. The profession of outlawry has always lent itself readily to romantic treatment; by suppressing a number of coarse and ignoble details, and dwelling upon the heroic and adventurous side of the character, a fine picturesque effect may be produced. Bryan could not be termed handsome, but this, instead of being an obstacle to Madeleine's regard for him, was rather in his favour. Either she was handsome enough for two, or else beauty did not form an essential part of the masculine ideal. But Kate did not believe that he cared about Madeleine in a way that would warrant his binding her to himself for life: while it was intrusively apparent, on the other hand, that Sir Stanhope loved the girl without stint. Of late, however, his reverses in his mining speculations had assumed proportions so serious that his pride had taken the alarm, and, from a morbid fear lest his

motives should be misconstrued, he had ceased to urge his suit upon the presumptive heiress. Kate was ready to demonstrate to him that he might find a shorter road to her sympathies by a judicious use of this disqualification than by most other methods; but Sir Stanhope would lend countenance to no such argument. His wooing must succeed upon fair terms or not at all.

Such being the situation, Kate was not at a loss to divine who Madeleine was thinking of when she spoke of meeting "some one you loved" at a masquerade. It did not, of course, enter into Kate's mind to conceive that the some one in question might possibly be present at that entertainment; no news had been received from Sinclair since he went away, and there was no present probability of his return. But she was reminded afresh that Madeleine's sentiment towards him was unchanged, and the manner of the young lady's reference to his character as being all the more lovable because not conventionally virtuous, cost her a foreboding sigh.

"I hope you will have a happy life, my dear," she said at length.

"There will be black and white in it, but I hope no grey," Madeleine returned.

She was in the habit of making such remarks, and they could be taken to signify little more than that she was impatient of a humdrum existence, and longed to be violently absorbed in something. Of Madeleine it might be said, that, as she herself would phrase it, she could only be fully herself when she imagined herself to be some one else. In all her most powerfully-coloured forecasts of life she saw herself enacting the part, not of simple Madeleine Vivian, with her uneventful history and prosaic limitations, but of some untrammelled and dramatic heroine, within whose imagined nature she fancied she could attain wider and more trenchant action. Of course this is only another way of saying that it was her instinct to let the action

colour and mould the actress; as, to a certain degree, it does with every one. But with Madeleine the modification would be not unconscious and involuntary, but deliberate and adjusted, insomuch that when she had conceived of a given set of circumstances in which she should play a part, she would fix upon the figure in her *répertoire* that would best fulfil the exigences of the occasion; and would say to herself, "Here I will be Juliet, or Rosaline, or Cordelia; here I will be Lady Macbeth or Desdemona; here I will be Cleopatra"—her *rôles* being nearly all of the Shakespearian category. This trait, while showing an aspiration for a range of existence wider and more many-sided than falls to the ordinary human lot, betrayed at the same time a comparative lack of that idiosyncrasy which prompts a person to cling to his private selfhood as to the most precious and necessary of his possessions. Madeleine, however, never absolutely forsook her identity. But her identity was elastic and versatile, instead of being narrow and rigid; and, like a plant, it arrived at a complete conception of itself only when it had blossomed forth from its potential or seed-like condition, and thrown abroad the branches and blossoms to its utmost experimental development. In a word, she was, by temper and intuition, that strangest of beings, a great actress. Whether she would ever be able to give this spiritual tendency its concrete and nominal realization was a secret which the future held in reserve. Certain is it, meanwhile, that if the opportunity came it would not find her unprepared; and on her side, she was more than disposed to help on the opportunity.

The conversation between the two friends came to an end, as such conversations generally do, without reaching a definite conclusion. It is seldom possible to any one to speak of really vital things, unless in moments of exceptional exaltation of feeling, or vividness of circumstance. At the same time, friends whose rela-

tion to one another is close and sympathetic, often interpret a silence as easily and accurately as a spoken word. There are many methods of communion between human beings, of which speech is by no means either the commonest or the most explicit.

After the silence had lasted a little while, a servant entered the room, and said that Mr. Bryan Sinclair was down stairs, and wished to know whether the ladies were disengaged.

"Mr. Sinclair may come up," said Madeleine, in an indifferent tone.

But when the servant had gone out again, her eyes met Kate's. Kate perceived in her expression what seemed to be the sudden and strong up-gush of a new great fountain of life. It parted her lips, arched her brows, and heaved her bosom.

"How strange, just as we were speaking of him," Madeleine said.

To this Kate could not restrain herself from answering—

"My dear, we've neither of us said a word about him."

Madeleine blushed; and while she was doing so, Mr. Sinclair came in.

CHAPTER XXX.

PROVIDENCE OFTEN ILLUSTRATES THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN BY PLACING WISE PEOPLE IN THE CATEGORY OF FOOLS. JACK HAS OFFERS OF EMPLOYMENT FROM TWO MASTERS.

SINCLAIR shook hands with the two ladies in his usual hearty and bluff fashion.

"How jolly to find you together," he said. "You're looking capitally, Mrs. Roland. City life seems to agree with both of you. How about Lady Maurice and Stanhope?"

"They have sold the Devonshire Place," replied Kate, after waiting a moment to see whether Madeleine was going to speak. "Stanhope seems to have made a muddle of those mines of yours."

"I was afraid he would," said Sinclair, crossing his legs and shaking his

head. "Poor Stanhope doesn't know when to stop. But now I'm here again things will mend."

"Not to break is better than to mend," Kate observed. "Are you tired of California?"

"California has served my turn. I am the new Columbus. I brought you a specimen, Miss Vivian."

He took out of his pocket a necklace, made of nuggets of virgin gold, varying gradually in size from bits as small as a pea to a pendant an inch in length; and handed it to Madeleine. She took it, glanced at it, and let it rest on her lap.

"The country is full of those things," Sinclair remarked.

"I should have been tempted to stay longer," said Kate.

"Oh, I got what I wanted. A year was my limit. Now the other fellows may try their luck. All I wanted was the bloom of the peach. I found something else there, better than gold in its own way."

"What was it?" inquired Madeleine, speaking for the first time.

"A genius."

"Have you taken the bloom off him too?"

This question came from Kate.

"He's bloom all through," said Sinclair, running the tip of his tongue along his upper lip, and looking amused. "He invented art for himself. Sculptor in a line of his own—wild animals. I'm going to make a sensation out of him. You ladies must take him up and bring him into fashion. Nothing like him has ever been seen in London."

"Is he an Indian?" asked Kate Roland.

"A white Indian. He had lived with the red-skins some six or seven years when I found him. The tribe had been massacred, and he was on his way to the coast. He had been a sort of chief among them. Imagine a fellow six foot high in his stockings, handsome as Apollo, and graceful as a panther. He's cut off his hair; it used to curl down his back fifteen

inches. He was as simple as a child, and serious as a sagamore; but since we've been together, especially on the voyage over, I've put a little nineteenth century civilisation into him. Or rather, he got it out of me," added Sinclair, catching and understanding a glance that Kate shot at him. He paused a moment, and said with a chuckle, "You mustn't think I've spoilt him, Mrs. Roland; that isn't my cue; I know the value of pure metal when I see it. But he seems to suck in information through all his pores, and the more he gets the thirstier he is. Turns it all to good purpose too. They say genius is like fire; but it's like ice in the way it keeps a man fresh. Whatever is of no use to him he'll have nothing to do with."

"A sculptor is he?" Mrs. Roland said.

"I never knew what there was in wild beasts until I saw his models. He can make a figure of a grizzly bear six inches high look as big as life. We took some clay on board with us, and he has been at work during the voyage, and modelled half a dozen groups. The captain bought one of them for the amount of the artist's passage-money. As soon as the thing gets wind, he can make his living. A work of art by a native prince of California will be the thing that no fashionable drawing-room can be without. And the prince himself will turn the heads of half the women in London. If he plays his cards well, he ought to marry an earl's daughter, at least, in his first six months."

"And if he doesn't play his cards well, in six months he will be a good-for-nothing toper and vagabond, I suppose," said Mrs. Roland. "That is generally the way with people who are brought suddenly into civilisation. We must try to keep him barbarous, my dear," she added, turning to Madeleine, who still sat with her necklace in her lap, singularly undemonstrative.

"I shall not see him at all," Madeleine answered, with slow decision.

"My goodness, child, why not?"

Madeleine only shook her head, with compressed lips.

"My talk about him doesn't do him justice," said Bryan, in a Christian spirit. "He needs to be got hold of by the best people. Not a bit vicious, you know; but the one thing he cannot get through his head is the immortal difference between a man with a good coat and a man with a bad one. He would have the same manner for her majesty and for her majesty's laundress. Coming over he was four hours in the fore-castle for one in the cabin—because, as he very neatly put it once, the sailors will say what they think, and the cabin folks think what they'll say. But he doesn't talk fore-castle lingo. He's a prince, wherever he is. Oh, I'm proud of him."

"Well, what are your present intentions? Shall you stay in London?" asked Kate.

"My present intention is to go to Lady Mayfair's masked ball on the 7th of next month."

"Oh!" said Kate, with a glance at Madeleine, who moved slightly, and flushed. "On the 7th, is it?"

"So her ladyship told me."

"How long have you been in London?" demanded Madeleine, in a dry tone.

"Long enough to wash my face, and have a suit of clothes made," he replied cheerfully. "You'll be at the ball of course? Lady Mayfair says she entreated you."

"I shall certainly not think of going," said Madeleine, with stern impressiveness.

Kate Roland looked up in quick surprise, doubting the evidence of her ears. Madeleine's face was as grim and dark as the Cumnæan Sibyl's. Now, it was Kate's desire to keep Madeleine and Sinclair apart; and she had easily inferred, from Madeleine's agitation at Sinclair's unexpected appearance, that he was not indifferent to her; and again, from her subsequent silence, that something had gone wrong. But she sagaciously

reflected that the best way to promote the misunderstanding would not be forcibly to keep the parties to it from a private interview, while the breach was yet warm ; and it was just possible that Bryan might actually have altered his view regarding Madeleine ; and if so, the sooner Madeleine knew it the better. Inspired by these arguments, Kate, after a little further conversation, remarked that she had some shopping to do, and requested to be excused while she went to put on her bonnet.

But Madeleine would not accept this concession.

"It is not quite time yet," she said ; "and since I am going with you, you need not get ready before I do."

"It is quite time for me to be off," observed Sinclair, getting to his feet briskly. He betrayed no discomposure ; but he had a faculty, upon occasion, of retiring behind the material substance of his face, as it were, and leaving the features to brazen it out without him. "I looked in to say how-d'ye-do, but it isn't a serious call. I'm not settled yet. I want to have a talk with Stanhope. I shall see you again."

"Well, I should imagine so," rejoined Kate with a laugh. "Bring Stanhope with you when you come. He has been moping lately and needs comforting."

"Yes, it seems a long time since we saw him," said Madeleine. Then, as Sinclair held out his hand to say good-bye, she put the necklace of gold nuggets into his palm, as if she had supposed that was what he wanted. Sinclair let her hand remain as it was, and looked straight into Madeleine's eyes. After a few moments she said, rather feebly,

"You will want to take it with you, I suppose."

"The thing is a curiosity," he replied. "Each piece of gold has a story to it. Some day I'll tell them to you. Suppose you keep it meanwhile ?"

Madeleine eyed him hesitatingly.

After a pause she slowly put out her hand and received back the necklace. Sinclair thereupon smiled, nodded a good-bye to Kate Roland, and took his departure.

At the street door a brougham was standing, with a coachman in livery on the box. As Sinclair stepped into it he said, "Drive to the studio, Tom, and look sharp !" The coachman touched his hat, and the vehicle rolled away.

Jack and Bryan had been in London some two weeks. Bryan had taken lodgings in a fashionable quarter, and was for having Jack do likewise. But Jack, as it turned out, had views of his own. Fashion did not as yet fascinate him. He could not understand how Plantagenet de Vere came to merit and receive more consideration than John Hodge. He was more attracted by the emotional than by the intellectual side of his fellow-beings ; and he conceived that intellect tended to diminish or at least to veil emotional activity. When he left the vessel, he carried with him the affectionate regards of the men before the mast ; while the denizens of the after part of the ship regarded him, some as being cracked, others as a prig. For his own part, he had enjoyed the ocean beyond measure, and was sorely tempted to adopt seamanship as a permanent profession ; but he controlled his longings and came ashore. After the first day or two he and Bryan to some extent parted company. Jack was set upon seeing and feeling London in his own way, before turning his attention to clubs and evening receptions, or even to theatres. Bryan was wise enough to let him follow his bent ; he gave him a few pieces of sensible and plain-spoken advice, and left him to his devices ; only insisting that he should report himself every two or three days. Jack hired a room in the Aldgate coffee-house at a shilling a day, where his furniture consisted of a short bed, a rickety chest of drawers, and a bottomless chair ; his company, of music-

hall actors, fourth-rate shopboys, and tumultuous seamen. From this centre he explored the city, becoming acquainted with regions and phases thereof about which few people west of Temple Bar had so much as heard. His excitement and curiosity enabled him to overcome even the annoyance of his boots, enhanced though it was by the unrelenting hardness of the stone pavements. But when the edge of novelty had worn off, he paid his reckoning to the stout landlord and conveyed himself and his luggage to a respectable old brick house on the Chelsea embankment, the attic chamber of which was henceforth to be known as his studio. He made the acquaintance of one or two artists, who, impelled first by curiosity and afterwards by interest, gave him a good deal of their company, and introduced him to the wonders of the Zoological Gardens, the British Museum, and the National Gallery. He could now be said to be launched upon his artistic career. Within a week he sold another of his groups. It was bought by an elderly gentleman for whose introduction Bryan was responsible, and who, though a lawyer by calling, owned to artistic proclivities. A few days later this gentleman called again, and imparted the information that a certain Lady Mayfair wanted a life-size bronze group of wild animals in her entrance-hall, and that the sculptors of London had been invited to send in competitive designs. "My advice to you is to compete," added the gentleman; "and I prognosticate your success."

"I can send her this," said Jack, giving a preoccupied dig to the piece on which he was at work. His ignorance prevented him from appreciating the greatness of the opportunity.

"What are you going to call that, if I may ask? Elephant and tiger?"

"I don't know elephants and tigers. This is a deer and panther."

"I see. I dare say, now, you understand wild beasts as well as I do common law—eh?"

"I know some animals. I used to hunt them and watch them in California."

"Yes—yes; you were born in California, I think?"

"No; I went there—a long way."

"I see; Canada."

"I passed through a part of Canada. But my first place was New England."

"Ah! I know something about New England: Boston, Newburyport, Portsmouth—eh?"

"Were you ever there?" demanded Jack with some interest.

"No. Never made the trip; but I had a case once that led to my making inquiries. Case of inheritance—romantic, rather. Nothing came of it though. So you're a Bostonian?"

"I never was in Boston."

"Ah! I fancied all New England people went to Boston."

"Very few Suncook people ever went there," said Jack.

"Eh—what's that? What name?"

"Suncook. That was my first place."

The gentleman had been on his feet during the latter part of this conversation, and was apparently on the point of taking his leave. But he now put his hand on a chair, and sat down upon it with measured deliberation. He raised his eye-glass, and scrutinised Jack with some earnestness. Then he looked away and seemed, for a few moments, to take silent counsel with himself. Jack continued his work without noticing him.

"Suncook—Suncook," said the gentleman at length, repeating the word slowly. "Odd name that. Let me see—inland town, I believe, in—Massachusetts?"

"No; it's on the sea." Jack then described its position with some particularity. "I believe I was born there," he added. "It's the first place I remember. I haven't seen it for seven or eight years. I have hardly spoken of it till now."

"Seven or eight years. You couldn't

have been over twenty when you left it?"

"I am only a little over twenty now."

"Parents still living there, I suppose?"

"I had no parents that I know of. There was only an old man—M. Jacques."

"H'm! Rather odd your leaving so suddenly—eh?"

"I wanted to go away," replied Jack, with reserve.

"Of course—of course—very natural! Well—the papers you brought away with you—they got lost I suppose—eh?"

"What papers do you mean?"

"Certificates of birth—all that sort of thing."

"I never had any. There were no such papers."

"Papers to prove your identity in case of need. If you wanted to prove your name was Jack Vivian, for instance,"—here the lawyer glanced keenly at the young man, who, however, betrayed no sign of intelligence,—"documentary evidence might be indispensable."

"My name is nothing but Jack; M. Jacques used to call me Jacques sometimes. There can never be any need of my proving that," observed Jack indifferently. But after a while he paused in his occupation, looked at his visitor with a slightly puzzled expression, walked to the corner of the room where the banjo was standing, and taking it up, seated himself and began to tune it with an air of abstraction. By and by he said, half to himself—

"I seem to have had a talk something like this before."

"Ha! very likely. With Mr. Bryan Sinclair, I presume? You must often have talked over all these matters with him—eh?"

"No, I never have. I never even spoke to him of Suncook. It was much longer ago than that—it was a dream, perhaps. I forget it."

The lawyer stayed some while

longer, and asked a number of questions, or, to speak more accurately, made a number of interrogative remarks; but without eliciting anything of importance from Jack. At last he took his leave, but not until he had prevailed upon the young sculptor to dine with him one day during the following week.

"We shall be quite alone. I have a few pieces of statuary and pictures I should like to show you—and a glass of port or madeira—the genuine thing, I can assure you."

"Will Bryan be there?" Jack inquired.

"Not on this occasion. No. And—but, by the by, will you do me a favour?"

"Yes," said Jack, who had not learnt the imprudence of conferring an obligation which might cost him something.

"Simply—for the present—not to mention our conversation to our friend Sinclair. I'm preparing a bit of a surprise for him, perhaps; I'll explain to you later on. That's understood then? Thanks. Till Thursday at six o'clock. Good day, Mr. Vivian—Mr. Jack I would say—Good day."

"Vivian!" mused Jack, resuming his banjo. "And my having but one name. I wish I could remember! I wish Bryan were going to dine with us."

He fell into a reverie, humming a song in an undertone to the accompaniment of the musical strings. In the midst of this, Bryan came in, having just arrived from that interview with Madeleine which has been described.

"Where did you pick up that tune?" he demanded, after the first words of greeting had been said.

"I found it myself when I was a child," Jack replied.

It was, in fact, the little wordless song which his unknown mother had sung.

"If I'm not mistaken, I heard it in Paris ten years ago—the air is very peculiar. I recollect—the old maiden

lady, whose niece had run away—— well, that's curious. Was your mother a Frenchwoman, Jack?"

Jack made no reply: he was not attending.

"It would be a capital joke," continued Bryan, chuckling, "if you could be made to appear as the lost heir of Castlemere! If I'd thought of it in time, I might have introduced you to English society as the claimant. What a blow for poor old Murdoch!"

"Who?" demanded Jack, suddenly.

"Oh, a fellow-conspirator of mine in bygone days. We met in Paris at the old lady's *salon*. The plot was, that I should marry his daughter, who was heiress to a great estate in the contingency of no nearer claimant existing. But, in one way and another, evidence was forthcoming that such a claimant possibly existed, and poor Murdoch set out for America to make investigations. What the deuce can have become of him! Did he and the boy play the Kilkenny cats, or what! There are a great many loose ends in this world. On second thoughts, my man, we won't set you up for the heir. You would spoil my game. If you are Jack Vivian, fourteenth Baron Castlemere, it will become my duty to pitch you out of the window, or brain you with the poker."

While Bryan rattled on in this style, Jack was pursuing his own thoughts, which took a turn that seemed to him very strange. A vision of faces and events that he had supposed to be the exclusive property of his own remembrance had suddenly risen up, as it were, and uttered themselves aloud. The effect was to make him mentally shrink back and conceal himself. Only after long private meditation could he resolve what to say, if he said anything. Meanwhile, it did not need his promise to the lawyer to lay an embargo upon his tongue.

"You show no curiosity regarding the success of my mission," exclaimed Bryan at last.

Jack looked at him inquiringly.

"My interview with my lady-love, man! Where have your wits gone wool-gathering again? You are not at all the character to play *fidus Achates* in an intrigue!"

"I remember now: Miss Castlemere."

"Miss Castlemere, as it suits me to call her—though the deuce knows why I should take such precautions with you, or with anybody else, for that matter! You would never believe, Jack, what a charming alteration has come over the demeanour of all my fashionable friends since my return. When I went away to California, I was a sort of pariah; there were shady passages in my past; my governor had cut me off with a shilling; I was living by my wits; I was a detrimental; the papas and mammas of society warned their offspring against me; the committees of my clubs gently suggested that my name should fade away from the list of members. But now, all is sunshine and invitation! I go everywhere, dine out every night, am flattered and caressed by those who whilom mistrusted me; marriageable daughters are displayed before me in enticing attitudes, and innocent sons are confided to my guidance and instruction. It is very touching: it is enough to restore the veriest cynic to the first dewy purity of his belief in human nature; and it has, I am sure, nothing to do with the report that I have in some way fallen heir to a million sterling. The only person who doesn't seem to be favourably affected is my lady-love: her behaviour this morning was cold and reticent."

"I suppose she doesn't love you any more?" said Jack, ingenuously.

"Thanks for the inspiring suggestion. I was half inclined to think so myself at first. But that is an hour ago; and now I incline to the belief that she loves me more than ever. She is indignant about something; but she ended by keeping the neck-

lace. A word alone with her will make it all right; and that I will have at the masquerade. By the way, you must come to the masquerade, my man. I've got a card for you, and it will be a capital way of making your *début*. You can appear in character—put on deerskin and wampum, and paint your face red and black. You shall be presented to Miss Castlemere."

"Then she will go?"

"As a matter of fact, she said she wouldn't. But she will change her mind between this and the 7th of May. On that day I propose to publish to the world the fact of our engagement. The wedding will take place on her birthday, next November, when she also comes into her inheritance. You shall be my best man, Jack; unless you're married yourself before then."

"I may be back in America before then," said Jack, laying down his banjo and returning to his clay.

"Nonsense! We can't spare you, my man; and you'll find you can't spare us, after you have got used to us a little. What has put America in your head?"

To this question Jack vouchsafed no reply.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY MAYFAIR DEVISES AN ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF HUMAN SOCIETY.—MADELEINE AND KATE ROLAND EXERCISE THEIR TALENT FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LADY MAYFAIR'S abode was a sort of architectural continent. Travellers made journeys into it, and the discovery of new regions was occasionally reported. No one pretended to have more than partially explored it. It was the dwelling-place of fashionable civilisation; but it could only in a special sense be termed exclusive. Any sphere of society which had attained a certain level of cultivation and refinement was endowed with its rights of citizenship. In this respect

it was an eclectic republic. Royalty itself could not compete with Lady Mayfair in the brilliant catholicity of her entertainments. Her name was Alexandra, and she was called Alexandra the Great, because there were no more social worlds left for her to conquer. She was a slender, congenial, infallible woman, with a graceful neck, a drifting gait, a low voice, and an illustrious smile. Her person was youthful, her experience immense; she had the tact of a strain of music, and the judgment of a planetary system. No one knew who she was or whence she came; but one would sooner speak disrespectfully of the equator than of her; she was much the more absolute and indispensable institution of the two. This woman expressed what everybody was trying to think, and accomplished what everybody was trying to invent. To converse with her was to be made aware of unexpected reservoirs of culture and courtesy within yourself.

It was her custom to begin each season with a great party; a sort of grand review of troops at the opening of the campaign. Here you would recognise the famous figures of former years; and here you would catch the first glimpse of those destined to future renown. On the present occasion the world was to meet itself through the medium of a masquerade. There was once a time when it was not the thing to take one's children out driving in the Row; until one day the Royal family appeared in her Majesty's carriage. It was formerly unfashionable for a lady to be seen in a hansom cab in the afternoon; but on a certain afternoon the Princess of Wales did the impossible deed, and thenceforth it was all right. Within living memory masquerades were not held to be quite respectable; but when it became known that masks were to be worn at Lady Mayfair's, society acknowledged its mistake. Nothing was talked of but costumes and characters; and "What shall you go as?" became an integral part of the day's language.

The literature of masquerades was in demand at the libraries; and everybody became more or less of an authority on historical epochs. A little more, and society would have been in danger of getting irretrievably educated.

Invitations were for nine o'clock; but as supper was to be at one, it was evident that a broad margin would be allowed for late arrivals. Every guest was required to wear a mask, and not to take it off before supper-time; at that hour it might be removed or not, at pleasure. No one could appear without at least a domino; but characteristic costumes would be preferred. The number of persons likely to be present was variously estimated, and the possibility of unwarranted intruders finding their way in was a subject of interesting conjecture. But Lady Mayfair had never made a mistake, and it was not probable that she would fail in this point. Meanwhile, the idea that something unorthodox might conceivably occur served to enhance the fascination of the general prospect.

On the morning of the 7th of May the topic of the masquerade again came up for discussion between Madeleine and Kate; and the former reiterated her determination not to go. She had remained in an unusually morose frame of mind from the day of Sinclair's first call till now; and had evaded Kate's efforts to get her to explain. "Nothing is the matter," she persistently affirmed. "I have changed my mind." So much was evident; the question was whether she would change it again. Kate could not disguise her uneasiness. Madeleine could not go on being indignant and uncommunicative for ever; and when the reaction came, it might carry her dangerous lengths. Of course Sinclair was at the bottom of the trouble; though it was not apparent exactly what his offence had been. If, indeed, the offence had been patent, there would have been less cause for anxiety. But an offence which is imaginary or

impalpable is liable to be condoned as whimsically as it was taken. The matter of the necklace was an additional source of misgiving. So far as Kate knew, it had never been given back. Sinclair had called several times, but Madeleine had pointedly avoided seeing him alone; if, therefore, anything had been said between him and Madeleine on the subject, it must have been said in deliberate secrecy. Kate's fear had been that Madeleine had been waiting for the masquerade as an opportunity for coming to an understanding with Sinclair in some fashion suited to her dramatic and romantic genius. But she did not know whether to feel relieved or not when Madeleine finally adhered to her purpose of giving the masquerade the go-by.

An hour or two later Madeleine said—

"My Aunt Maria has written that she wishes to see me. I think I shall go there and spend the night. You won't mind being here alone?"

She was holding a letter in her hand as she spoke. Her Aunt Maria, it should be said, was at this time living in another part of London, in a small house which she had rented for her private accommodation. She and her niece had not agreed very well together as co-inmates of one dwelling; but as their differences were mainly temperamental, the separation had had the effect of renewing their friendly relations. They saw each other just as seldom as they pleased, and never outstayed their mutual welcome. Wealthy people ought never to bore one another; one of the most precious uses of money is the facilities it affords for enabling its possessors to keep apart.

"I think it's a good idea," Kate answered. "I can go with you if you like."

"No; Aunt Maria and I get on better by ourselves."

"When shall you start?"

"Not till the evening. She sits up most of the night, you know. She

likes a quiet game of picquet. You can improve the opportunity of going to bed early and sleeping late. I shall be back to lunch to-morrow."

After this conversation, Madeleine's spirits began to rise; she was more vivacious and talkative than she had been for many days past. There was a fine vein of arch humour in the girl, which seldom came prominently to the surface, but which, on those rare occasions, seemed to be one of her most charming traits. She had the power of making her mood contagious; and she and Kate behaved like a couple of romping school-girls all the afternoon. They laughed at everything, and said whatever came into their heads, if it was absurd enough. But Kate could not rival Madeleine either in the quality or the abundance of her drollery. She was frequently tempted to exclaim, "What a splendid comic actress you would make!" but restrained herself from doing so, she scarcely knew why. At last she could keep up the fun no longer, but sat on a sofa in a state of physical exhaustion. Madeleine resumed her favourite position against the mantelpiece, and by and by she said—

"Well, we have had one masquerade after all."

"Have we?"

"Yes, masks and all," rejoined Madeleine, with an ambiguous smile; and then she added, "I am going now to pack my portmanteau."

"Sha'n't I help you?"

"Not for worlds!" said Madeleine, with a grandiloquent gesture; and she swept out of the room.

Left alone, Kate became meditative and, as was apt to be the case with her, even after so many years, melancholy. She thought of her husband, and of the happiness they might have had. She wondered why Providence had not permitted them to have it. Then she reflected on the many cases of marriages which had been permitted to take place, and which had resulted in anything but happiness. Was the one a set-off against the other? But why,

under a beneficent ordering of things, should not the right people always be brought together? Was unhappiness really, as moralists affirmed, a blessing in disguise? If such were indeed the fact, the world was blessed wholesale. These considerations brought her to think of Madeleine, and her probable future. Would she be happy? Now that their hour of mirth was over, Kate perceived that it had been, in truth, a masquerade for both of them. The shadow which rested upon Madeleine was not really lifted; only, perhaps, it had become so irksome as to necessitate a nervous outbreak of some kind. Was it another phase of the same nervousness that prompted her to spend the evening with her aunt? That certainly seemed a strange way of working off suppressed excitement. And the more Kate pondered upon it, the stranger it seemed.

After an interval, Madeleine reappeared. She had changed her dress, and was in the plainest walking attire. It was now about eight o'clock. They had taken their dinner at luncheon time, and some coffee was now served previous to Madeleine's departure. She carried in her hand the necklace of gold nuggets, which she placed on the mantelpiece. Kate was glad of the assurance thus afforded that there had been no private dealings in the matter between her and Sinclair. Madeleine noticed the direction of her friend's eyes, and immediately said—

"It is just the sort of thing to please Aunt Maria."

They sat down to their coffee, and again Madeleine was unusually loquacious, though her observations no longer took a humorous turn. She talked, as an uneasy stranger might have done, to avoid stillness. Her discourse mostly related to herself,—what she would like to do; what was worth while doing; what a woman, relying solely upon herself, might accomplish.

"It is men that spoil women," she said; "all the famous women have managed without men; and

then, out of spite, the men have tried to make it out that the women were not respectable. I would rather be famous than respectable." When Kate, as in duty bound, protested against this sentiment, Madeleine added, "I mean what respectable people call respectable—that is, dead."

The servant came in to say that the carriage was at the door.

"Have you put in the portmanteau?" Madeleine asked.

The servant replied in the affirmative. Madeleine arose and put on her hat, and a long cloak that she sometimes wore. She put her arms round Kate and kissed her.

"Good-night," she said, "I suppose you'll go to bed early—unless you should decide to go to Lady Mayfair's after all! There's your card and your domino, if you do."

Kate smiled and sighed.

"I shall see you at luncheon?"

"If we ever meet again at all!" returned the other, laughing and kissing her finger-tips at the door: and with that she was gone.

Kate heard the carriage roll away, and then she took up a book, and fixed her attention upon it with more or less effort for nearly an hour. But it did not interest her, nor yet make her sleepy. She shut it up at last, and went over to the fireplace, to stir the dying embers in the grate. As she laid her hand upon the mantelpiece, it came in contact with a round, hard object—one of the component parts of Sinclair's gold necklace.

Madeleine had forgotten it. Kate's first impulse was to summon a servant, and send him with the necklace to Aunt Maria's; but she reflected that it would not do to entrust so valuable a thing to a servant's care. Then she asked herself whether she should not take it herself; but after some hesitation she decided that the matter was not of sufficient urgency to warrant that step. Possibly Madeleine had altered her mind about carrying it to show her aunt, who might ask inconvenient questions about it. Having adopted

this view, Kate took the necklace in her hand, and went up stairs to lay it away in Madeleine's toilet drawer.

The door of the chamber was shut, but, upon opening it, Kate found that the gas was alight on either side of the full-length mirror. A bit of gold lace trimming lay on the floor in front of the mirror. Kate picked it up; it was identical with the trimming which Madeleine had used upon her domino, before the idea of going to the masquerade had been given up. This domino, as Kate knew, had been put away in a certain part of the wardrobe. She now went and looked for it there, and it was not to be found.

This startled her; and some further investigations which, under the circumstances, she justified herself in making, all pointed in a direction towards which her suspicions were now turned. Finally she rang the bell for Madeleine's maid, and asked her whether she had dressed her mistress and packed her portmanteau? The girl replied that Miss Vivian had performed both these offices for herself.

Kate hereupon retired to her own chamber to think it over. She was by this time pretty well persuaded that Madeleine had not gone to her aunt's at all, but to the masquerade. For the present, and wisely, Kate forbore to speculate upon the causes which might have impelled her friend to act in this manner; what monopolised her thoughts was the course which she herself ought to adopt under the circumstances. It did not take her long to decide that she must follow Madeleine. It would not be difficult to find her; if she were not at her aunt's she must be at Lady Mayfair's. The first thing to do, therefore, was to inquire at the former place. It would have been easy to summon the coachman and ask him where he had driven; but Kate felt unwilling to give the servants ground for supposing that anything might be wrong. The more quietly she could proceed the better. She rapidly dressed herself in a simple evening costume, and in order to be prepared

for a probable emergency, she rolled up her mask and domino in a bundle, which she took under her outside cloak. She hung the gold necklace round her neck, her plan being, in case Madeleine was after all at her aunt's, to make the necklace the excuse for having called there. Her next care was to tell the footman that she was going to Miss Vivian's, and might be detained overnight; the street door was to be latched, but not bolted, and the servants were to go to bed at the usual hour; if she returned late, she would let herself in with her pass-key. Matters having been thus arranged, she ordered a cab to be called; and when it arrived drove at once to Aunt Maria's. Telling the cabman to wait, she ran up the steps and knocked at the door.

"Is Miss Madeleine Vivian here?" she asked of the domestic who appeared.

"She 'as been here, ma'am—Mrs. Roland," he added, recognising her; "she 'as been here, but she didn't stay more than it might be half an hour."

"But she was really here?" said Kate, who did not know what to think of this intelligence. It was neither one thing nor the other.

"Oh, yes 'm, she was here," the worthy Thomas replied; and, after a pause, "Shall I mention to Miss Vivian that you've come, ma'am?"

"No, I wasn't coming in," Kate said. "I only came—— I brought something that Miss Madeleine left behind, and that I thought she might require. I hoped to be in time before she went away." This she said in order that Thomas might not suppose that she was taken by surprise. Then it occurred to her to add, "She drove direct from here to Lady Mayfair's, did she not?"

"I couldn't say for certain, Mrs. Roland," answered Thomas; "the carriage was sent away, her own carriage was, and she went huff in a cab. I didn't 'appen to 'ear where she told the cabbie to drive. But I can inquire hup stairs, ma'am."

"Thank you, it won't be necessary. Of course she will be at Lady Mayfair's. I knew she was going there, but I didn't think she would go so early," said Kate, in her most cheerful accents. She hoped Thomas would believe that she was rather amused than otherwise by the mistake.

Thomas looked deferential, but unpleasantly sagacious. She went back to her cab, Thomas gallantly escorting her, and opening the door for her.

"Where shall I say, Mrs. Roland?" he inquired at the window.

"To Lady Mayfair's, please," returned Kate; and the next moment she was again alone with her fears and her perplexities.

It was not easy to see why Madeleine should have gone to her aunt's. Was it merely in order to maintain a literal truthfulness to the ear, while she broke it to the sense? Or could it be that she had finally decided to go to the masquerade only after arriving at Miss Vivian's house? Neither hypothesis was likely. It was more in Madeleine's way to have thought out her scheme beforehand; then she would either not carry it out at all, or she would carry it out as she had planned it. Kate now perceived that it might have been better to have had an interview with Aunt Maria, and to have found out what Madeleine had said and done while there. She consoled herself, however, with the reflection that the girl could be nowhere else than at Lady Mayfair's; otherwise she would not have taken her domino with her. For the rest, Kate was fain to trust to luck and to hope for the best.

The cab was now drawing near its destination, and Kate was reminded that she had not put on her masquerading attire. She unfolded her bundle, and effected the disguise with little difficulty, moralising the while upon the grotesque contrast between her inward anxiety and her external gaiety. But she was probably not the first masquerader who had been landed in a similar predicament. Glancing

out of the window, she found that her cab formed one in a long row of vehicles which were slowly filing past the Mayfair portal. To her impatience it seemed a long time before her turn came to alight. An awning had been erected from the hall door across the pavement, and a broad strip of carpeting was spread to protect the slippered feet from the damp. She was conducted up the steps by a servitor in the garb of the Pope's Swiss Guard at Rome; she had a passing vision of staring faces packed against both sides of the way; and then she was received into a warm glow of lights and colours, a pervading throb of musical sounds, and a thronging movement of quaint and splendid figures. The hall was lit with a ruddy firmament of Chinese lanterns. The pillars and mouldings were swathed with flowers, whose soft but penetrating fragrance rendered breath a luxury. The broad staircase, which reached the first floor by two wide landings, was carpeted with crimson damask; and silken banners and draperies of velvet and cloth of gold festooned the bannisters and drooped from wall and ceiling. As Kate reached the head of the staircase, the light became more brilliant, the strains of melody took on a fuller sound, and the multitudinous hum of voices, which the great size of the saloons prevented from becoming oppressive, nevertheless constituted a steady and even undertone. Near the entrance of the first drawing-room, underneath an arched canopy made of roses and lilies fastened to a framework and arranged in a star-shaped pattern, stood Alexandra the Great, as Queen and hostess of the occasion. She was dressed as Titania; and her face was the only one, out of the thousand or more surrounding her, that was unmasked. It bore the ordeal well; it had a quality at once queenly and fairylike, so that there needed little stress of imagination to believe that her magic power had created this wondrous and gorgeous scene out of nothing; and that a

wave of her wand could make it vanish into nothing once more. And truly, in one point of view, such was the case.

Having received the greeting of this potent personage, Kate was merged in the throng, and found herself moving slowly in no determinate direction, obedient to the gentle and fitful pressure around her. So luxurious and subtle was the flattery provided for every sense, that for a while she could be conscious only of sensuous enjoyment. She forgot what had brought her hither, and half ceased to realise where she was. It was a new world, resembling neither in its aims nor its aspects the sober, neutral-tinted world in which mortals live. Here were the swing of embroidered cloaks, the rustle of satin robes, the nod and beck of feathery plumes, the perfumed wave of painted fans, and the sparkle of jewelled sword-hilts. Here were grotesque or beautiful forms from elfland, from realms of myth and symbol, from the regions of poetry and romance. Everywhere, too, the eye was met by the ambiguous enchantment of a mask—surely one of the most impressive, albeit at the same time primitive, modifications of nature that humanity ever adopted. The effect of the human countenance—its paramount importance and significance—can never be appreciated until it has concealed itself behind a vizard. A world without faces, without the infinite variety and mobility of features, would be a world whose character and destiny no experience of ours could enable us to declare. A crowd of masks, with their unreal mockery of reality, their lifeless parody of life, is something at once terrible and ludicrous, exhilarating and appalling. If you yield to their influence, you are carried away from yourself, and the mask which you carry upon your own visage seems to have fastened upon your soul. You are the mere creature of a mummery—the apparition of a pantomime; your mask is the only genuine and permanent thing about

you, and to take it off would be to deprive yourself of such fantastic existence as you still possess. Meanwhile, within this masked world, there is a singular and intoxicating freedom, or rather license. Your part is as if it were not; your individuality, and with it your responsibility, are no more; you are emancipated from barriers and traditions; the words you speak, the deeds you do, will not be remembered or recorded against you. You are not only not yourself, you are nobody—you are a mask. Or are you more unrestrainedly yourself than ever before, and therefore, to others as well as to yourself, unrecognisable?

Kate, in her plain domino and black silken vizard, escaped much observation, and was allowed to pursue her devious way without any intentional interruption. But at length, as she was passing what appeared to be the deep and broad embrasure of a window, she felt a strong hand grasp her wrist, and turning, found herself confronted by a stalwart figure in chain armour, with a helmet surmounted by a lofty crest in the semblance of a golden eagle with outstretched wings. Kate looked at him attentively, and could perceive that his eyes were meeting hers; but it was impossible, through the polished bars of his helmet, to discern any more than this. She shook her head and was about to withdraw herself from his hold, when, with what seemed a low laugh, he bent down and whispered in her ear—

“I know you; there’s no mistaking you, Madeleine Vivian, even if it weren’t for my gold nuggets on your breast. I’ve been waiting for you this hour. Come in here; we sha’n’t be interfered with behind these curtains.”

So saying, he drew her into the embrasure, where, though only partially concealed from the assemblage outside, they were out of the general stream of movement, and quite sufficiently secluded for all practical purposes. Kate, after a moment’s hesitation, resolved to profit by this unexpected opportunity to learn what

Sinclair’s relations with Madeleine really were. He had thrown himself into her power, and it would be the height of flimsy Quixotism in her to apprise him of his mistake until she had made him serve her turn. So she endued herself with all she could muster of Madeleine’s manner and bearing, and spoke to her companion in guarded whispers.

CHAPTER XXXII.

“But my lover will not prize all the glory
that he rides in,
When he gazes on my face:
He will say, ‘O love, thine eyes build the
shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace.’”

SINCLAIR, on his way to the masquerade, had called at Jack’s rooms, meaning to accompany him to the entertainment; but Jack was not at home. He had gone out, Sinclair was informed, an hour or two before, and had left no word as to his destination. As he had shown some disposition to shirk the affair altogether, Sinclair came to the conclusion that he had taken this method to avoid being over-persuaded; so, as there was no help for it, he repaired to Lady Mayfair’s alone, where he occupied himself in searching for Madeleine with the result above indicated.

But Jack was not in precisely that shy and wavering mood which Sinclair had credited him with. A new and strange spirit had been rapidly developing itself within him of late. His interviews with the inquiring lawyer had been frequent, and their effect upon him was marked. He said nothing about them to Bryan; but occasionally, when Bryan was with him, he fixed his eyes upon him in a preoccupied way that almost made Bryan nervous. He was not averse from conversation, however; but he seemed inclined to discuss a new range of topics—matters which Bryan would have said were not in his proper line—such as the laws of

inheritance, the ownership of land, the organisation of society.

"If I were some one else, I should do as he would do," he once said; whereat Bryan laughed. Jack explained: "Our eyes are made to see with, and our tongues to talk with; in the same way, some of us are born to do one thing, and some another."

"You seem to have been studying a primer of physiology and a child's guide to political economy, and to have got them mixed," said Bryan.

"All sorts of things get done," proceeded Jack; "good things and bad. It is of no consequence who does them. If I never finish this group, it will get finished somehow."

"There you are wrong," replied Bryan.

"The meaning of it would get out in some way, if the group itself did not," Jack persisted.

"Oh, if you're going to argue on the principle of the conservation of energy, you'd better hire a lecture-room," exclaimed Bryan. "What you are aiming at amounts to this: men are eggs; the world sucks them. As long as the world sucks them dry, it's all one where the hole is made." At this Jack relapsed into silence and went on with his modelling.

However, he was really emerging from the primitive traditions of his past life, and entering upon a new phase. It was characteristic of him to take things as he found them. He accepted the Indian version of existence as long as he was in the way of it; and now the London version had begun to have its influence upon him. He had not the vanity or the strength that delights in isolation for its own sake. If he were eccentric and original, it was inadvertently. He was sure that, in all things for which he was responsible, he was strictly identical with his kind; if he produced anything (such as a prize group of statuary) which the ordinary run of men were not capable of, it was only because it happened so, and it in no

way altered or distinguished him personally. And, as he instinctively aimed to be like an Indian while he lived with Indians, so now (after the first strangeness had begun to wear off) his desire in England was to be like Englishmen. He did not recognise the right or reason of adopting and carrying out a private theory of life in opposition to the sense and practice of the majority. Some features of civilisation had, it is true, struck him at first as being very odd and unnatural; but when circumstances led him to picture himself as an outgrowth of civilisation, he felt the impulse to merge himself in it, oddities and all. Nevertheless, during the interval between the lawyer's visit to him and the evening of the masquerade, he was in a state of meditation and transition, and not prepared to avow himself explicitly. But he had made up his mind to go to the masquerade, and he went.

There was a person there in the dress of a Spanish cavalier,—a plumed sombrero, an embroidered cloak, doublet and trunk-hose slashed with silk, and boots of yellow leather to the knee. This person, wandering through the crowd, caught sight of a tall figure in the garb of a troubadour, and carrying under his arm an instrument that was neither a guitar nor a mandolin, though it had some of the features of both. The cavalier remembered to have seen something like it before, and was half minded to accost the troubadour, and ask him to sing a ditty to it. But the pressure of the crowd kept them apart; and the troubadour, who moved with a slight limp, passed through the doorway of an adjoining room, and disappeared.

The cavalier continued on his way, which was no way in particular, and gradually found himself approaching the end of the saloon, where, in a balcony elevated high above the floor, a band of stringed instruments was flinging out pungent melody over the heads of the assemblage. Com-

ing to one of the polished marble pillars on which the balcony was supported, he leaned against it and folded his arms. His masked face was turned towards the body of the room, alive with a gorgeous medley of shifting forms and colours; but his manner was abstracted. Perhaps he was listening to the waltz-music that the band was playing. At any rate he had, for the moment, forgotten where he was in thinking deeply of other things. Just then, a frisky individual, in the guise of Punchinello, tripped over the train of Mary Queen of Scots, and pitched heavily forwards against the cavalier's shoulder. He, in turn, was thrown against a Swiss peasant who was standing near him—to whom he instinctively said, in an undisguised voice—

"I beg your pardon, sir!"

It was a remarkable voice, low and clear, with a quality in it unlike the majority of men's voices. The peasant turned immediately, and surveyed the cavalier from top to toe. The latter, as if abashed at so earnest a scrutiny, raised his hand to his sombrero, and pulled it lower down over his brow. The peasant caught this hand—which was ungloved—and pointing to a sapphire ring upon the forefinger, said—

"I know you; I am Stanhope Maurice."

"How do you know me?" demanded the cavalier, drawing back.

"By your voice, and by Lord Castlemere's ring. Are you alone here, Madeleine?"

"For the present. I did not expect to meet you."

"I came here in the hope of meeting you. Otherwise I was going to call on you to-morrow. May I speak to you a moment? If you will take my arm, we can get over to one of the windows, out of the way of the crowd. I am very glad I found you. I should never have guessed you if you hadn't spoken."

Madeleine (for she it was) said nothing more until they got to a

curtained recess at the side of the room. At the end of the recess there was a low divan, on which they seated themselves.

"You are certainly well disguised," remarked Stanhope.

"I meant to be," she replied. "I am not going to unmask. What did you want to say?"

"Well, the upshot of it is, I want to say good-bye. I'm leaving England soon."

"I'm sorry for that," said Madeleine, after a pause. "What makes you wish to go?"

"It isn't a matter of wishing. I've been very unlucky lately—you may have heard something about it. I have heard of a capital chance to do a stroke of business abroad."

"Where?"

"In America."

"Who told you of it?"

"Bryan Sinclair. He has just come from there. He says——"

"Do you believe all that Bryan Sinclair tells you? Was it not he who got you into this trouble?"

"Bryan was deceived as well as I. He has always been the best of friends to me. It was partly as a compensation for my ill-luck that he told me of this, which is a secret."

"Perhaps it is not so much a secret as you suppose. I think Mr. Sinclair is quite as likely to deceive as to be deceived. Perhaps he only wants you out of the way. There may be something that he wants that he is afraid you might get, if you stayed here."

"What makes you suspect him? I thought you liked him?"

"I never liked him. I loved him!" said Madeleine deliberately. "And now that I have told you that, you know I hate him."

Stanhope did not speak for several moments.

"I would rather have heard anything of Bryan than that," he said at last. "He led me to believe otherwise. What has he done that makes you——"

"He has not done what I expect a

man who loves me to do," said Madeleine, in a voice that was low, but hurried and uneven. "He went away for a year, and when he came back. . . . There is no need for me to say anything. You are going away too."

"Madeleine, you know what I have felt for you; but now that I am poor—but if my staying here—if you think you could ever——"

"Oh, no, I did not mean that. Hating him does not make me love any one else. That would be too easy a way out of unhappiness. You had better go—if you are sure that things will turn out as he tells you to expect. No doubt you will make money; I believe he did." Here she sprang up with a laugh. "How absurd we look, talking melodramatic dialogue to each other in stage dresses! I came here in hopes of getting out of myself, so as to act sensibly; but I'm forgetting my part. I am Don Felix de Salamanca. Señor, do not let me detain you from your affairs."

Stanhope rose also, and said with much emotion, "I care more for you than for the world's opinion. If you tell me not to go to America I will stay."

Madeleine seemed to hesitate, and before she had time to decide upon her reply she caught sight of a figure in the crowd which changed the current of her thoughts. She murmured something, which Stanhope did not distinctly hear, put her hand in his for a moment, and then, with a quickness that prevented him from detaining her, she stepped past him and was almost immediately lost to his view. He turned back and reseated himself upon the divan.

Don Felix, meanwhile, was in close pursuit of a black domino, which he had had no difficulty in recognising. When at length he overtook it he addressed it without ceremony.

"Why did you come here? Have you seen any one?"

"I think you have made a mistake," said the black domino; but an instant afterwards she exclaimed, putting her

hands on the Don's arm, "Oh, my dear, is it you? I have been—I have so much to tell you! But how did you——?"

"I will explain about myself another time. What have you to tell me?"

"I have been talking with Sinclair. He mistook me for you. Of course he said all sorts of things; he asked me—you—to agree to marry him, secretly, next week. Yes, he did; I'm in such a state of mind I hardly know what I am about. Thank God it was I and not you—not that I suppose you wouldn't have answered him as I did; but—he's a terrible creature! I am trembling all over; if I'd been a man I'd have knocked him down!"

"Did he say anything else?"

"I don't remember half he said; I was so angry I could hardly help letting him know who I was. He began with a lot of excuses for not having spoken to you sooner. He couldn't get a chance with you alone, and thought you wanted to get rid of him—I don't know what all! I told him very plainly that I—you, you know—would have nothing to do with him, and that he was never to show his face at the house again. I thought for a moment he was going to strike me; I believe he would have done it if we hadn't been in sight of the people. The great brute! Do let us get home!"

"How was he dressed?"

"Oh, chain armour, and an eagle on his helmet—there! there he goes now! Don't let him see us. We can go out by this door."

"I am not going out yet," said Madeleine, in a voice that had a ring in it; she had been speaking very quietly heretofore. "You had no right to interfere. I do not choose to be spoken for. You need not wait for me. I can take care of myself."

"You are not——? My dear, where are you going?" exclaimed Kate, in a panic. But Madeleine had gone. She followed after the eagle helmet, with a

fierce and flushed face beneath her mask, and her heart beating high.

Now the wearer of the helmet, after his very unsatisfactory interview with the domino which he supposed to contain the heiress of Castlemere, had by chance come across the limping troubadour who has been already alluded to. The following dialogue then took place :—

"Well, my man, so you got here after all? If you are ready to be off, I'm with you."

"I shall stay as long as it lasts. I wish everything were like this."

"The devil is in it, in my opinion. Whoever invented masks either came from Tophet or has gone there. I have been near losing my temper. If I hadn't remembered that there would be no masks to-morrow I should have lost it past finding. To-morrow I shall see——! Come on! There'll be plenty more of this tomfoolery for you in the course of the season."

"Not for me; I am going to America next week."

"Have you still got that maggot in your brain? Damn all masquerades! Haven't you just won the competition for Lady Mayfair's prize group? America indeed!"

"I'll tell you the reason, now that I know it myself. I have found out who my father was. He was an Englishman: a baron. He died, so I am a baron. A part of the land of England is mine, and houses, and money."

"Well, this is news with a vengeance. And what has it to do with America?"

"Because my grandfather lives there, and I must get the papers to prove my inheritance. There is a lady here in England who thinks it is hers."

"Why, what in the name of——? What part of America?"

"The place I was born in—Suncook."

"Suncook! Look here, Jack—but hold on; come out of this cursed crush. Ah, this is better—sit down. Now, may I inquire your grandfather's name?"

"M. Jacques Malgrè. He is French."

"Was your father French too?"

"I told you he was English. His name was Floyd Vivian."

The wearer of the helmet clasped his hands over his sword-hilt, and rested his chin upon them. "If this is a fairy story," he observed, after a spell of silence, "it's deucedly ingenious. If it's a fact, you might as well have told me before I winged you in the ankle last summer. Well; now what of this lady, whose prospects in life you are going to knock into a cocked hat? Have you any acquaintance with her?"

"I only know she is the daughter of my father's brother. I don't mean to do her any harm. She can have all she wants. I shall tell her so when I come back from America."

"Aren't you afraid she may hire an assassin to put an end to you; or that some lover of hers——? However, Baron Jack, I congratulate you. Don't let your prosperity lead you to forget the friends of your adversity. You can tip me a fiver now and then for old acquaintance's sake. By the way, who put you up to this? Who communicated to you the romantic secret of your parentage?"

"I promised him not to tell at present."

"He wouldn't mind you telling me."

"He said, not you particularly."

"The devil he did! Well, as things have gone to-night, it isn't so much matter. Yesterday it might have been different. One gets one's tit for tat in curious ways. Upon the whole, I ought to felicitate myself on having had an escape. Baron Jack, you have helped me to my revenge! Well, I'm going home to think all this over. It may turn out to be only a bit of masquerading after all. Of course I shall see you before you go?"

"Yes," said the troubadour: and then the other took his leave: and it was while he was under the influence of this amazing news that the Spanish cavalier, Don Felix, accosted him.

The troubadour, meanwhile, remained in the alcove; and being somewhat wearied with the sights and excitement of the evening, he unslung his instrument from his shoulders, tuned it, and began to pluck at the strings. At first he echoed the tunes that the orchestra were playing in the saloon; but, by degrees, he came to rehearse musical reminiscences of his own. The crowd of masquers were by this time turning their faces towards the supper-room, so that the musician was left more and more in solitude. How long he had been thus he did not know, when, at length, a masquer entered the alcove with a listless and weary step, and flung himself down upon a settee. He threw back his silk-lined cloak, thrust back his plumed sombrero from his brow, and, with a certain recklessness of gesture, pulled off his mask. The countenance thus revealed was of striking beauty, but more smooth and delicate than generally belongs to a man. It was extremely pale, affording a marked contrast to the blackness of the eyes. The troubadour, who had scarcely noticed the cavalier's entrance, went on with his music, humming to it in an undertone.

For some time the situation remained unaltered; but at last the cavalier, emerging from his apparently painful preoccupation, looked up and said, "May I ask you, sir, where you learnt that air? It is a very peculiar one."

The musician turned, and seeing that his interlocutor was unmasked, he uncovered his own face likewise. The two looked at each other attentively.

"Did you ever hear it before?" the musician finally asked.

"Yes, long ago. But not in this country."

"Where?"

"It was in New England. When I was a little girl."

"A girl! then you are not a man?"

The cavalier's paleness changed to rose colour. "I forgot. No matter! Yes, I am a woman."

"I might have known that," observed the troubadour after a pause. "I have come round the world to find your face."

"Do you mean you are from New England?"

"It is eight or nine years since I was there."

"Yes; eight or nine years since I heard that air you were playing. It was on just such an instrument too. A banjo, I think?"

"This is the same banjo."

"Are you that little boy? But it can't be!"

"It was in the cave. I said I would come round the world, and play this air——"

"Yes—yes, I remember! You would play it, and by that I should know you. You are really he, then. How strange! I should never have known you but for this."

"I should have known you, but I should not have known you were that little girl."

"How would you have known me then?"

"Because your face is the face I have had with me ever since. Do you remember that in the morning, when we said good-bye, you gave me something?"

"A locket? Yes, I know. Have you got that still?"

"Here it is," said the troubadour, drawing it forth. "It has a portrait in it, you know, of a beautiful woman's face—the loveliest in the world."

"I had forgotten that——. Yes, now I remember! Let me see it."

He came and sat beside her, and they looked at the portrait together.

"It is a little like me," remarked the cavalier at length.

"It is you! I was always sure there must be such a face, and that I should find it. I have dreamt of it, and seen it in the air a hundred times. Whenever I was unhappy I took out this locket and opened it. I could never have done much of anything if it had not been for this. I should never have come to England."

"Has it been so much to you?" the other said gently and thoughtfully. "Well, I am glad the face was like mine. I am glad if even the picture of my face could be of any good or use to anybody. The face itself has never been. Oh, I have your keepsake too—see!" She put her hand to the breast of her doublet, and produced an Indian arrow-head, fastened to a fine gold chain. "I have always worn it," she added, with a smile.

He looked at it, and then at her. "Why do you say you have never been of any good?" he asked.

"I have only done harm; and most of all to myself."

"I don't believe you could ever be anything but good to any one."

"Ah! you don't know me."

"I don't know who you are. But I know you."

"I hope you will never know who I am. As long as you do not, perhaps I may be of some good to you. I should like to think that! Is there any chance of our knowing each other, like other people?"

"I may not see you again for a long time. I am going away very soon."

"Well—I am glad. But I am glad we have seen each other, once, like

this. I don't know what I may be a year from now. To-night I lost all I had ever cared for."

"I will give you anything I have if you ever want it."

"No; I want nothing. But never try to know more of me than you do now. Whatever happens to me, I shall like to know that you always believe I am something good. It may save me from becoming so bad as I otherwise might." She stood up. "This will seem like a dream to-morrow. The wildest part of all the masquerade."

"We shall dream it again some day," said he.

As they stood thus, facing each other, the sound of steps and voices approached the seclusion of the alcove. By a common impulse their hands met for a moment; then they resumed their masks, and so became invisible to one another, save for the outward show that is not reality. They felt a strangeness, the deeper for that strange familiarity which, in the space of a few unpremeditated minutes, had begun and ceased. As the other masquers entered, these two passed out and separated, and neither looked to see what course the other took.

To be continued.

THE POISONS OF THE DAY; A NEW SOCIAL EVIL.

THE increasing frequency of sudden and violent deaths, the consequences of potent drugs taken through "misadventure" or administered by design, has of late attracted considerable attention, and through the medium of the public press a variety of vague opinions and remarks have been made respecting the opportunities and facilities for obtaining the means by which these occurrences are effected. Considering the nature and properties of numerous drugs it is doubtless wise and necessary that the question of free and indiscriminate sale of such agents should engage the earnest attention of legislative assemblies. Some exposition of the statutes of this country respecting this merchandise, and their exact validity as to securing the objects for which they were enacted will not, perhaps, just now, be uninteresting.

The first fact to be observed respecting the sale of drugs in this country is the singular anomaly that it is governed and regulated by two distinct series of Acts of Parliament, having diverse interests and objects.

The First Series.—The Pharmacy Acts—enacted to *restrict* the sale of drugs for "the safety of the public," and under the supervision and guardianship of the Privy Council and the Council of the Pharmaceutical Society.

The Second Series.—The Medicine Stamp and the Medicine Licence Acts, enacted to *facilitate* the sale, chiefly in the interest of the public exchequer—supervised by and under the guardianship of the Stamp and Excise Commissioners.

The purpose of this paper is to direct attention to the chief provisions of such fortuitous legislation, and to elucidate for the general reader what

protection they afford from the dangers and evils of the sale of deleterious drugs.

In times not long gone by children of tender age, equally with others of more advanced years, possessed of a few pence, could, by giving any plausible excuse for its necessity, purchase arsenic—once the *chief* criminal poisoning agent—or any other potent drug, as readily as they could simple articles of commerce; and youths yet in their teens, with a very limited knowledge of the business, were not unfrequently employed in and largely intrusted with businesses of drug selling; and as consequences of such negligence and indifference, history tells in mournful numbers of criminal and wholesale poisonings through such carelessness as selling large quantities of poisonous and subtle substances in the place of simple and innocuous materials, to be applied and used for domestic and other purposes, viz., the manufacture of condiments and sweetmeats—yellow arsenic for turmeric, to colour buns, white arsenic and sugar of lead for plaster of Paris, for adulteration of lozenges—as in the Bradford case, where 200 individuals were seriously affected and seventeen died—as at the Norwood school, where the children were inadvertently treated to a grain of arsenic each, with their breakfast milk, whereby 340 were seriously injured; and as in the Stourbridge case, where 500 people were more or less injured. Such disasters as these—occurring from such wanton carelessness as keeping subtle and simple substances in contiguous drawers and casks insufficiently and indistinctly labelled, and served out by inexperienced hands—were not in times of yore considered gross

enough or culpable enough to bring the perpetrators of such calamities, or those in any way responsible for them, within the pale of the then common law, and most escaped with impunity.

It lacks but nine years of half a century since a band of "loving subjects" — pharmacists — seeing the unsatisfactory state, in some of its phases, of that branch of commerce, which had long been, and presumably now is, the exclusive province of chemists and druggists to be engaged in, first formed themselves into an association called "The Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain," "for the purpose of advancing chemistry and pharmacy, and for promoting a uniform system of education, and for the protection of those who carry on the business of chemist and druggist"; and three decades of years are now completed [since our Legislature first imposed restrictions upon the selling of drugs for the purpose of checking and minimising criminal and other poisonings.

The legislative enactments which have been effected for these objects are:—

THE ARSENIC ACT.

1851. *Victoria* 14, *Cap.* 13.

"Whereas, the unrestricted sale of arsenic facilitates the commission of crime, it is deemed expedient that it be restricted," &c., &c.

THE PHARMACY ACT, 1852.

15 and 16 *Victoria* *Cap.* 56.

"Whereas 'it is expedient for the public safety that persons exercising the business or calling of pharmaceutical chemists of Great Britain should possess a competent, practical knowledge of pharmaceutical and general chemistry; an Act (was passed) for regulating the qualifications of pharmaceutical chemists, and all before assuming such title should be duly examined as to their skill and knowledge,' &c. &c.

THE PHARMACY ACT, 1868.

31 and 32 *Victoria* *Cap.* 121.

"An Act to regulate the sale of poisons and alter and amend the Pharmacy Act of 1852."

The chief provisions of the Act

are embodied in sections ii., xv., xvi., xvii. :—

"Sec. ii.—Provides a schedule (A) of substances to be considered poisons,¹ and grants powers to the Council of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain to add others, with the approval of the Privy Council."

"Sec. xv.—Any person who shall sell or keep open shop for the retailing, dispensing, or compounding poisons, or who shall take, use, or exhibit the name or title of chemist and druggist, not being a duly registered pharmaceutical chemist, or fail to conform with any regulations as to the keeping or selling of poisons made in pursuance of this Act, shall for every such offence be liable to pay a penalty or sum of five pounds."

"Sec. xvi.—Nothing herein before contained shall extend to or interfere with the business of any legally qualified apothecary, or with any member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, nor with the making or dealing in patent medicines."

"Sec. xvii.—It shall be unlawful to sell any poison, either by wholesale or retail, unless the box, bottle, vessel, wrapper or cover in which such poison is contained, be distinctly labelled with the name of the article, and the word 'Poison,' and with the name and address of the seller of the poison; and it shall be unlawful to sell any poison of those which are on the first part of the schedule (A) to this Act, or may hereafter be added thereto, by section ii. of this Act, to any person unknown to the seller, unless introduced by some person known to the seller, and on every sale of such article, the seller shall before delivery make an entry in a book kept for the purpose, of—

"The date of the sale;

"The name and address of the purchaser;

"The name and quantity of the article sold, and purpose for which it is stated by the purchaser to be required, to which entry the signatures of the purchaser and introducer, if any, shall be affixed. For infringement of these conditions, a penalty not exceeding 5*l.* to be enforced for the first offence."

Such are the main points of the first series of legislative enactments which have for their object "the safety of the public" from the dangers of indiscriminate drug selling.

Now bearing in mind the frequency of "deaths by misadventure" with drugs and patent medicines, and the

¹ A definition of a poison according to the late Professor Dr. A. S. Taylor, was: "A substance, when taken internally in a small quantity, capable of destroying life without acting mechanically on the system."

result of coroners' inquiries of late years, the information now sought as to the practical "sufficiency or insufficiency of the existing statutes regulating the sale of poisons" is natural; and the question will occur to most, as to whether the public is better protected from these dangers now, in this fourth quarter of the nineteenth century, than in the unrestricted laxity of the non-legislative or the pre-pharmaceutical period.

We will now endeavour to elucidate what is the exact practical working of these several sections of the Act of 1868 toward the objects for which they are enacted.

Sec. xv.—The validity of this section may well be judged of from an action brought by the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain against the London and Provincial Supply Association, to recover a penalty of 5*l.* for the sale of a poison by the defendants, contrary to the provisions of this statute, they being a corporation carrying on business as grocers. After the hearing of the case before three different legal tribunals, with alternate decisions and reversals, it was ultimately settled in the House of Lords (L. R., 5 App. case, H. of L. 857). Their lordships held that the legislators did not mean to include in the word "person" a corporation, and that the defendants being a corporation carrying on business as grocers, had not committed the offence imputed to them by selling poisons.

It is now therefore clearly decided that henceforth a corporation aggregate may sell groceries and drugs, pickles and poisons, from the same stores provided always one of their servants is a qualified druggist. So we are evidently lapsing back into the practice of old, when in the windows of village shops might be witnessed a mixture of drapery and drugs, pickles and poisons, laudanum, oxalic acid, &c. &c. Consequently this section, and "The Pharmacy Act 1852," are of little avail.

Sec. xvi. gives exemption to all making and dealing in patent medicines. The Pharmacy Act was enacted to *restrict* the sale of poisons. The Pharmacy Act by this section *exempts* patent medicines. Patent medicines largely contain poisons. *Ergo*—the Pharmacy Act stultifies itself.

Sec. xvii.—Following on with the late decision in the House of Lords on this section, in the case of co-operative store-keepers selling poisons, we ask, Who is to be considered "*the seller?*" and Who is to be held responsible in the event of violation of the provisions of this section—the company, or the servant who is the actual *seller?*

It is evident that our legislators, by this Pharmacy Act, have taken much pains to bar the great front gates for the safety of the public, and by the same Act have most considerably left wide open a small postern—which is very freely taken advantage of—and a system of communism is consequently thoroughly established.

May not the Act of 1868, as to its practical value, be aptly likened to that law in mechanics, viz., that a chain, however apparently massive and powerful it may be as a whole, is no more effective than any single defective link it may have, however weak that link may be? So, by parity of reasoning, may not the recent decision in the House of Lords respecting section xv., and the exemptions effected by section xvi., render this statute weak and powerless for the purpose for which it was manufactured, viz., the safety of the public?

In order to have some clear idea of the character of sudden and violent deaths by drugs, it will be well to class them under the following heads:—

Inadvertences.

Suicides—Wilful and Accidental.

Murders.

Inadvertences.—Of course no more complete exemption and immunity from accidents can be expected from

drugs than from any other circumstances or events of life.

Wilful Suicides and Murders will ever and anon occur and be brought to light while human nature remains what it is, in spite of the severest legislation. What legislative enactments—in *esse* in *posse*—can or would restrain the hand of him or her whose legitimate occupation is in the manufacturing, dispensing, or prescribing aconite or arsenic or any potent drugs, when determined upon using them for unworthy purposes?

And, moreover, there are other laboratories besides chemical laboratories, free from all possibility of legislative restriction—even nature's laboratory. Our rural hedgerows and lanes evolve many wild flowers and plants, having lethal and potent properties, which, with a very little manipulation, may be distilled and rendered effectual agents for such designs.¹

“Within the rind of this small flower,
Poison hath residence, medicine power.”
SHAKESPEARE.

Accidental Suicides are that class of violent deaths, or “deaths by ‘misadventure’ by over-doses of drugs,” as patent medicines, *i.e.* secret mixtures of them protected by Government passports — Inland Revenue stamps. The above is now the familiar and common verdict of coroners' juries, and owing to its frequency of late years, it has been deemed necessary to direct the attention of our legislators to the subject.

We will now direct our attention to the second series of legislative enactment effected for regulating and facilitating the sale of drugs and medicines, chiefly in the interest of the public exchequer.

Patent medicines may be drugs, or mixtures of several drugs, arranged

and offered for sale to the public in accordance with, and subject to, the provisions of the Medicine Stamp Act, 1785, and Medicine License Act, 1785. The chief provisions are embodied in section xvi.

“Sec. xvi.—*Any person or persons whatsoever, who hath or claims to have any occult, secret, or unknown art for making or preparing medicines.*

“Or hath or claims to have any exclusive right or title to making or preparing medicines—and if such medicines are publicly advertised in any way, and if by these means they are recommended as specifics, or for the relief or cure of any complaint or malady, incident to or in anywise affecting the human body—there shall be charged and paid—”

a duty by stamps, to vary in value from three half-pence to five shillings, and now to thirty shillings, to be affixed to each packet, bottle, or other inclosure, according to the price of each packet charged to the public.

And a license duty shall be annually charged and paid by those manufacturing, or offering the same for sale.

The following enactments, as repeals or amendments of the foregoing, have been effected during this century, having mainly for their objects the enlarging and better collecting of the revenue thereby—

<i>e.g.</i> 1802	42 George iii. Cap. 56.
„ 1804	44 George iii. Cap. 98.
„ 1812	52 George iii. Cap. 156.
„ 1875	38 Victoria Cap. 23.

Of all these statutes, the one enacted in 1875, whereby “the medicine license,” previously 2*l.* in London and 10*s.* in other specified cities, was reduced to five shillings uniformly throughout England, has had results scarcely foreseen perhaps by our legislators. Now, little or perhaps no objection could reasonably be made to this “art” or practice of medicine, or system of secret remedies for suffering humanity—a system which may not inaptly be termed “the *Chancellor of the Exchequer's System of Medicine*”—provided always, that only simple or harmless drugs formed the component parts and ingredients of these

¹ *Hyosciamus niger*—Henbane.
Belladonna Atropa—Deadly nightshade.
Aconitum Napellus—Aconite.
Digitalis purpurea—Foxglove.
Conium maculatum—Spotted hemlock.
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"Patent Medicines"; but the matter presents quite a different complexion, and may most justly be taken exception to, when these "Patent Medicines," or secret mixtures, are composed, as many of them really are, of the most potent poisons on the schedule (A) appended to the Pharmacy Act; the sale of which is supposed to be so carefully restricted by sections 15 and 17 to chemists and druggists only. And moreover when many of these compounds are concocted, as the Medicine Stamp Act, 1785, allows, "by any person or persons whatsoever" fulfilling the very simple conditions of affixing an Inland Revenue stamp in a prescribed manner. And further, when the sale of these medicines is so fostered and facilitated as it now is, by the lately and greatly reduced cost (from 2*l.* to 5*s.*) (Excise Laws, 1875) of "the medicine licence" as to encourage and induce general storekeepers and other tradesmen, particularly grocers, to add to their already heterogeneous stores of groceries and wines—these deadly compounds, *some one or more*, ingredients of many of which, even in small fractional parts of grains or a few drops, "hold such an enmity with the blood of man, that swift as quicksilver they course through the natural gates and alleys of the body, and with a sudden vigour doth posset and curd, like eager droppings into milk, the thin and wholesome blood."

13,655 chemists and druggists were on the authorised register for the year 1881. Now assuming, which is not far from correct, that about ten thousand of them take out the medicine license aforesaid, and 19,000 of the licenses are issued in all England, for the same year, it is clearly shown, that close upon ten thousand persons in this country, other than chemists and druggists, are manufacturing and distributing broadcast, these dangerous compounds. During the year 1880-81 medicine-duty was paid by stamps upon 16,627,131 of these packages.

We here tabulate in parallel columns the chief points of the two series of laws respecting the sale of drugs now in force:—

The Pharmacy Laws,
1868.

Enacted—to regulate the sale of drugs for the safety of the public.

To restrict the sale of poisons to pharmaceutical chemists only.

Drugs of a poisonous character when sold, the vessel or package containing them to bear labels indicating their nature and the address of the seller, &c., &c.

Exemptions. — All persons (not excluding chemists and druggists) making or dealing in patent medicines, *i.e.* offering drugs for sale in accordance with conditions stated in opposite columns, to be exempt from all restrictions and conditions mentioned in this column!!

Such are the laws at present in force in this country—laws having opposing interests and objects—restricting and facilitating the sale of poisonous drugs; and looking into the matter as one of national interest it may reasonably be asked, Is the public safety or the public purse to have the prime consideration?

Should the pharmacy laws be compromised by the medicine stamp and medicine license laws? Should the public safety be thus jeopardised for the comparatively small addition of 145,000*l.* per annum (Stamps and License Revenue) to the Imperial Exchequer?

Medicine Stamps and Medicine License Laws, 1785.

Enacted—to regulate the sale of drugs and medicines for the benefit of the imperial exchequer only.

To facilitate the sale of drugs, whether poisonous or otherwise, by "any person or persons whatsoever."

Drugs, whatever their nature, however poisonous if advertised as medicines, neither their technical name nor their nature need be indicated if only a Government stamp be properly affixed to the vessel or packages containing them.

"We see the ground whereon these woes do lie:
But the true ground of all these piteous woes, we cannot without circumstance decry."

SHAKESPEARE.

In order to have substantial evidence whereon to illustrate the statements in this paper, I made an expedition myself, accompanied by a child under twelve years of age, into a region of shops. I sent her alone into grocers', oilmen's, linendrapers', and other stores, where intimations existed that "Patent Medicines" were sold. Without hesitation or inquiry of any kind, this child was supplied with any quantity of chloral or chlorodyne, and other articles she asked for, and in a short time we returned home largely supplied with various poisonous drugs and compounds of deleterious and lethal substance. Had we extended our journey onwards with the same object, this little child could have procured sufficient poisons to have converted any parish in London into "a city of the dead."

We will now read how our Gallic and Teutonic neighbours legislate upon selling secret mixtures of drugs:—

FRENCH.

"Un pharmacien qui vend des remèdes secrets non autorisés, est-il punissable ?

"Oui, car l'article 32 de la loi du 21 Germinal an xi. dit, La vente des remèdes secrets est interdite aux pharmaciens.

"Bien que l'article 32 de la loi (de Germinal) ne contienne aucune peine formelle contre le pharmacien qui vend un remède secret, il résulte de nombreux arrêts de cour de Paris, Rouen, et de la Cour de Cassation que la vente est punie comme l'annonce.

"La jurisprudence décide également que la mise en vente, la detention par un pharmacien dans son officine, ou dans les lieux qui en dependent, d'un remède secret, sont frappées de la peine indiquée par la loi interprétative du 29 pluviose, an xiii.

("Voir à ce sujet—Briand et Claude page 1040-41.¹)"

["Is a druggist who vends secret and unauthorised medicines punishable ?"]

"Yes ; for article, &c., says that the sale of secret remedies is forbidden to druggists.

"Although the law just cited contains no definite punishment for a druggist vending a secret remedy, it is evident from numerous convictions at Paris, Rouen, and the Court of Cassation, that the sale is punishable.

"The law decides that not only the open vending of a secret remedy, but the fact of possessing it on the premises, subjects the druggist to the penalties stated in the interpretative Act, &c."]

GERMAN.

"Die Apotheker dürfen nur medicinische Präparationen oder zugesammengesetzte Drogen irgend welcher Art verabreichen auf ärztliche Verordnung, versehen mit ihrer Unterschrift (einbegriffen Wundärzte und Officier de santé). Die Apotheker dürfen keine Geheimmittel verkaufen. Die Präparationen ihrer Apotheke dürfen nur nach Vorschrift der Pharmacopoe oder medicinischen Schulen bereitet sein."²

["Druggists may supply no medicinal preparations or combination of drugs, of any description, save only on the written demand of a medical man signed by himself. Drugs may be prepared only on the prescriptions of the Pharmacopeia or of schools of medicine."]

The very extensive and habitual use of seductive drowsy drugs bearing government passports—particularly *Chloral*—in the unobserved undercurrents of the domestic life of our times, is perhaps little generally known ; but that it is a very extensive and daily increasing evil, much encouraged and greatly facilitated by the present condition of the Medicine Stamp and Medicine Licence Acts, is beyond doubt or question, and a custom and habit known to medical men as the "chloral habit" is thus engendered, more enslaving, and more fraught with sad results, than the habits of alcohol drinking or opium eating. The first dose may perhaps be prescribed in the ordinary course of a physician's attendance, and the prescription is carefully treasured ; more frequently, however, the weary, the wakeful, and heavy-laden are allured by tempting advertisements of the miraculous effects of government-stamped bottles, to be obtained of all grocers and chemists, &c. The effect of the first dose is probably charming ;

¹ *Manuel Pratique de l'Inspecteur des Pharmacies*, 1880.

² *Die Apotheker—Gesetzgebung*, von Dr. Bottger, 1880.

another dose on the next occasion is equally satisfactory. No dangerous effects being indicated on the label, no particular danger is suspected, and by degrees the *habitué* resorts to it until it becomes a nightly necessity.

After a time the customary result is not experienced, and not unfrequently in the middle of the night, by familiarity become bold, the *habitué*, after hours of weary tossing, with trembling hand, pours out another *half-teaspoonful*, or a *few more drops*, as the label directs, and drinks it off. The desired effect, *and more*, is now produced; coma ensues for sixteen, twenty, or even more hours, greatly to the alarm of surrounding friends, and not unfrequently the consequences are such as to necessitate the services of the coroner.

From the happy, united family circle of yesternight, one is absent from the breakfast-table the following morning. A sudden change comes over the wonted cheerfulness of the home. The bright morning sunlight is dimmed, the tread of every step is altered and every voice is subdued; and anon, the festive chamber of the house is converted into a court of inquiry, with all its solemn and sombre paraphernalia, and after a short and tender deliberation, the final and soothing verdict of "Misadventure by an overdose of chloral" is entered.

I am prepared for the charge or imputation of treating a subject of such serious importance sensationally. Can it be otherwise? It is sensation based upon correct perception.

Having explained the subject in some of its legal peculiarities, the part regulated by the second series of laws here set forth cannot well be dismissed without allusion to its moral and ethical nature.

What can be said favourably of this aspect of the matter, particularly when deliberating upon the nature and consequences of preparations composed of large quantities of deleterious substances offered for sale and much used, not under their technical names, but labelled with fanciful and delusive designations?

Being now an institution of a century's existence, and involving large interests, there is little hope—however urgent the necessity—of any wide or sweeping alteration; but much advantage might be gained if the legislature would enjoin a fuller and better system of labelling on those who manufacture or have personal interests in these dangerous compounds, and would thus render those who use them, as well as those who offer them to the public, morally and legally responsible for their own acts. Such provisions would certainly act for the benefit of the many, while they would detract little, if at all, from the profits of the fortunate proprietors of the articles in question.

Moral and social influences, or legislative enactments, can avail but little to restrain the deeds of desperate men and women. The hand of the reckless poisoner cannot thereby be stayed; the morbid mind of the suicide cannot thereby be altered or averted. But to lessen the number of luckless and uninitiated victims of all shades and grades, who elect to alleviate their sufferings with the secret nostrums or drugs of the day, the sale of which *is facilitated and fostered for the benefit of the imperial exchequer*, regardless of other consequences, is a social evil which urgently requires the attention of our legislators.

HENRY W. HUBBARD.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GARIBALDI.

BY HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP.

THE first time I ever saw General Garibaldi was in Milan in 1848. He was reviewing the Anzani battalion, which, after the armistice between the Austrians and the Piedmontese, he led against the enemy—Mazzini bearing the flag of "God and the People" at the head of the column. Garibaldi had just returned from the camp of Charles Albert, to whom he had offered his sword and services. These the king had refused, while the minister of war, Ricci, said to him, "You can go and play the corsair on the waters of Venice."

The fame of his mythological feats by land and by sea in South America had already made him the idol of the Italian youth; his actual presence enhanced the enthusiasm. Of middle stature, square-built, well-knit frame, lithe and stalwart, his figure always reminded me of the *Miles Romanus*. He was dressed in a close-fitting brown coat and high hat; his beard was long and thick; his fair golden hair flowing over his shoulders; his profile was that of a Greek statue; the eyes small and piercing; the whole face lionlike. He was just forty years of age—in the flower of manhood and beauty.

He was accompanied by a band of officers who had fought under his command at Monte Video, and had followed him throughout all successive campaigns. Among them were Sacchi, Medici—now generals in the royal army—Leggero, Rodi, Bueno, and others; all of unrivalled courage, who looked upon him as the god of war, obeyed him with the blindest enthusiasm, and imbued the volunteers with those sentiments of devotion, admiration, and confidence, which

time and fresh victories generalised in Italy and in the world.

The Lombard campaign he finished on his own account; then after the defence of Rome and a year's banishment in America and Asia, he returned in 1856, as captain in the merchant service, to Genoa.

On the 9th April, 1860, at Lugano, where I was living in exile, I received the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MARIO,—The news from Sicily is good. Pay in the money you have collected to Dr. Agostino Bertani, of Genoa. Assuredly I shall do all I can for our unhappy Nice; if we cannot wrest it from the felon of the 2nd September, we shall at least protest. Write to Bisceio at New York, and tell him also to send his 250 dollars to Bertani.

"Affectionately yours,

"G. GARIBALDI."

In 1860 we landed with Medici at Castellamare, and arrived at Alcamo. Garibaldi came to meet us on horseback, delighted at the sight of this first expedition sent to him from the continent, and headed by his favourite friend and officer. I had never yet been personally presented to him, but he at once held out his hand, saying, "You are Alberto Mario; I am glad to have you here, you did well to come." He had guessed who I was, because I was accompanied by my wife, who for many years had known him, he having spent some time in her father's house at Portsmouth. He placed a carriage at our service, and we returned with him to Palermo; where, on the morrow, he received me in his little bedroom at the splendid palace of the Normans, and attached me to his staff. He was seated on his bed,

overlooking the wondrous view of the Golden Shell and of Monreale—as surely one of the most enchanting landscapes in the world. Offering me a cigar, he said—

“Do you know this morning I had a visit from Admiral Persano, who is here in the bay with two frigates. Guess why he came? He was sent by Cavour to beg me to arrest you and your wife—to consign you to him on board the *Maria Adelaide*, to be sent back to Genoa. I looked at him with astonishment, and answered, indignantly, ‘Signor Ammiraglio, reply to Count Cavour that I am not his police agent, like his lieutenants—Ricasoli, Farini, Lionetto or Cipriani—in Central Italy; that I do not arrest tried and honoured patriots who have come to our assistance, and that I feel much offended by the demand. Signor Ammiraglio, let us speak of other things.’ Quoth the Admiral, visibly disconcerted, ‘They are Republicans!’ and I, ‘Republicans? Their Republic at present is the unity of Italy, which we intend to found, and for which we are willing to spend our lives!’ And instead of sending you two on board the *Maria Adelaide*, I despatched La Farina, sent here by Cavour to create embarrassments, and to prevent me from completing the liberation of Naples by promoting the immediate annexation of Sicily, when even the island is not yet entirely freed from the Bourbon.”

Rarely have I seen the General so excited, for he usually preserved an Olympic calm in the midst of tempests and agitation. I thanked him, and told him that Cavour had sent the same orders to Colonel Medici, detaining the expedition at Cagliari. Medici, out of delicacy, did not inform us of the fact, otherwise we never should have allowed such an important affair to be suspended for our unimportant selves. I shall never forget Medici’s courtesy, especially as he owed much to Cavour and the Cavourians for the success of his undertaking.

During that month we made fre-

quent excursions on horseback in the city of Palermo and its neighbourhood. Palermo is populated with convents, and Garibaldi set his mind on penetrating their mysteries. The state in which we found the penitentiaries and foundling hospitals filled him with grief and indignation. He ordered rigid inquiries into the administration, had the food tested, and took steps for the amelioration of the health of the inmates. It was curious to note how, even into their jealously-guarded prisons, Garibaldi’s fame had penetrated; how nuns and little children clustered round him with enthusiasm and trust, hailing him at once as liberator and saviour; and how, after the first burst of welcome, one by one, and interrupting each other continually, the nuns in their convents, and the orphans in their squalid habitations, would narrate the cruelties, the privations, the tortures to which they were subject—their emaciated faces and attenuated frames attesting the truth of their affirmations. More than once have I seen tears standing in the General’s eyes as he ordered us to take notes of the declarations, and draw up reports that should serve as bases for future reform.

One morning he rode out to the fort of Castellamare which the populace were demolishing with hearty good-will. This fort had been erected to keep the city in order, and to serve as a prison for patriotic rebels; and many of the best and purest Neapolitan citizens had languished there for years.

“It is the consciousness of their right,” said Garibaldi, “which inspires these slaves of yesterday, which strengthens those arms, to shiver, like glass, this stronghold of infamy.”

From the fortress we proceeded to Monte Pellegrino, where three or four thousand children, belonging to the very poorest classes of Palermo, were undergoing drill. Garibaldi had ordered Major Rodi, one of his officers of Monte Video, who had lost an arm

on the battle-field, to collect these children, give them military training, and pay their parents three tari (a shilling) a day; thus relieving poverty, and keeping the children out of mischief.

"What beautiful lads!" he exclaimed. "We shall make brave soldiers of them; whereas the Bourbons were already training them for thieves and criminals." And regularly every morning he renewed his visits.

On one of these occasions he said to me—

"Will you organise a regular military school for these children?"

"Willingly, General."

"Good; draw up your project."

On the same day I presented him with the regulations drawn up in due form.

"So soon!" he exclaimed.

"There is no time to lose. If one cannot improvise under a dictatorship, what is the use of a dictatorship?"

It was settled that the new school should be entitled "Garibaldi's Military Institute," and should be adapted for three thousand pupils. The General very soon increased the number to six thousand; endowing it with the patrimony of several founding hospitals and other institutions, whose inmates were transformed into soldiers. I accepted the direction of the college, on the understanding that the post was to be gratuitous, and that I should be free to return to active service as soon as hostilities recommenced. A laconic order, placing the building and necessary funds at my disposal, enabled me, within a month, to organise the institution thoroughly. Officers, non-commissioned officers, schoolmasters, were all in train; two battalions lodged and boarded at Santa Sabina. For the remainder I had already provided in a convent inhabited by some Palermitan nuns, when one day I received a sudden summons from the General to his pavilion.

"I am displeased with you," he

said, half-seriously, half in joke; "you have emptied a convent of nuns, among whom is the sister of Rosalino Pilo, the pioneer of the Sicilian expedition, who died on the battle-field. She has been here repeatedly to express her indignation against you, and to entreat that justice may be done. Dislodge immediately from the convent, and give it back to Pilo's sister and her companions."

"But, General, you gave me *carte blanche*, and I have found a much better convent for them."

"No matter—keep it for the lads."

"But, General, excuse me, I have spent three thousand francs in adapting the convent for a military school. Another thousand would be needed to restore it to its former state."

On this Garibaldi made a gesture of impatience; but, reflecting on the financial condition of the island, and on the fact that his generals only received two francs a day, he relented.

"But you must never forget," he said, "how much priests and friars here in Sicily assisted in the liberation of the island. True, they are enemies to the modern ideas of progress, but, above all, they are enemies to the Bourbons. Try to pacify Pilo's sister, and henceforth leave my nuns in peace."

Garibaldi visited the institution every morning and took the most intense interest in its daily progress. Nothing escaped him. On some days he would be present at the class lessons, on others at the manoeuvres, listen to the band, direct the target shooting, taste the food, question the doctor as to the health of the children, himself give them short lessons in patriotism and morals. One morning he arrived at the institution with his felt hat pulled down over his eyebrows—a sure sign of vexation with him. After passing the two battalions in review, he walked away from where his staff stood, bidding me follow him.

"I am molested with persistent ap-

peals for annexation," he said; "and the annexionists are setting these good Palermitans by the ears. I am weary of the implacable war waged against me by Count Cavour, though the island is not yet entirely free. Let them annex it. With four hundred men we can cross the straits, march up Calabria, and free Naples."

"General, allow me to observe that if you permit Sicily to be annexed now to Piedmont you will not be able to secure the four hundred men for the passage of the straits. Those who agitate for immediate annexation do so in order to impede your further progress. Deprived of Sicily as your basis of operations what could you do with four hundred men? And in case of repulse, whence could help come? where could you take refuge?"

"There is much in what you say," he answered. "What think you of the constitution given by the King of Naples? Will it content the Neapolitans?"

"Not for a moment, General—not for a moment. It comes too late. The young king should have given it when he ascended the throne; no one now would believe in his sincerity. The Bourbons are a race of traitors."

"The young king is innocent of his father's crimes."

"But he has not washed his hands of them. And, besides, the Neapolitans are bent on Italian unity. No reconciliation is possible between them and the reigning dynasty."

"True, we must profit by a fair wind."

King Victor Emmanuel's Government had, ever since January, 1860, commenced negotiations for an alliance with the kingdom of Sicily, and even after Garibaldi's expedition to the island Cavour continued these negotiations, pledging the throne of Sicily to the Prince of Syracuse. Hence his anxiety for the annexation of the island to Piedmont, in favour of which a popular demonstration was organised. This irritated Garibaldi beyond bounds, and prompted

his famous speech, ending with the words—"Fight first, and vote afterwards."

Towards the end of June, as we were assembled on the terrace of the pavilion, where all the *élite* of Palermo used to gather in the evening in hopes of seeing the general, seven haggard and emaciated youths asked for me, bringing a letter of presentation from my wife. They were the surviving companions of Pisacane, who had perished with three hundred of his followers in the expedition of Sapri (June, 1857), and Garibaldi's victories had liberated them from the dungeons of Farignana, where they had been confined for three years. They were so changed that I did not recognise any one of them. All they asked was to be allowed to thank their liberator. Garibaldi was, at the moment, conversing with the commodore of the United States, his eyes caressing Enrico Cairoli, then a youth, who had received a bullet through his head at Calatafimi, and was killed on the Monte Parioli in 1867. The conversation was often interrupted by presentations by officers of the staff, of Palermitan ladies, hovering round for a smile, or for a word from the Dictator. Profiting by one of these intervals, I announced—"The galley-slaves of Farignana!"

"Where are they? Bring them to me."

As they entered he took the hand of each, and they silently, and many of them in tears, embraced him. The American commodore gazed in amazement at their wan faces and tattered vestments. At last Garibaldi broke the silence—

"Bravo! bravo! I am indeed happy to see you. Tell me of Pisacane's glorious end. If my soldiers sleep in this palace, on the carpets of kings, the merit belongs in great part to Pisacane and his followers, who were our pioneers."

This justice rendered by Garibaldi to their beloved chief, increased the emotion of the brave lads. Seeing

them become paler and paler, Garibaldi concluded, and rightly, that they were hungry, and bade me see to their wants. They were soon seated at the dinner-table of the staff in the pavilion, and finished off a hearty meal with the confitures and sweetmeats with which Garibaldi's nuns kept them constantly supplied.

Garibaldi then distributed some piastres to the men, who immediately asked him to enrol them in his ranks.

"The undertaking which you say was commenced by us in 1857 we wish to finish with you in 1860. We are trained sharp-shooters; will you not enrol us in the corps of the *Carabinieri Genovesi*?"

This was Garibaldi's crack corps, but he immediately summoned the Colonel, Mosto, who, however, could scarcely be persuaded to accept the poor fellows, so weak and helpless did they look. But, of course, to Garibaldi's demand, he answered "Yes."

Out of the seven, five fell, dead or wounded, on the battle-field of Milazzo.

After the battle of Milazzo, to my involuntary reproach for the manner in which he had exposed his life in a hand-to-hand duel with a cavalry officer, he answered—

"Don't worry yourself! our cause would triumph all the same even if I fell in action, but I know that I shall live to see its triumph."

On the evening after the battle, entering with my wife the hall where he was dining with the staff, he called us to his side, and with most punctilious courtesy to her, he said—

"Allow me to present to you the Admiral Persano;" and to the Admiral he added "The *Marios*."

The Admiral, as though he had never received any instructions concerning us, talked cordially on the subjects of the day, till Garibaldi interrupted the conversation by ordering me to go immediately to Palermo with instructions to General Sirtori and with the nomination of a vice-director of

the military college, refusing meanwhile to accept my resignation.

Persano, hearing the orders, said quickly—"I am going to Palermo at once, and shall be most happy to give you a berth on board the *Maria Adelaide*."

"Thanks, Admiral, but the General expects his orders promptly obeyed, and would scarcely approve of my going round by Genoa."

Persano, with a look of perfect unconsciousness said—"Why should we touch at Genoa?"

But Garibaldi laughed heartily, and invited the Admiral and ourselves to visit the castle of Milazzo, which the vanquished Bourbons were then evacuating, embarking their troops on board French ships. In the courtyard were numerous abandoned and frightened horses, and Garibaldi amused himself by dexterously catching them with a lasso as he used to catch the wild horses in the Pampas. When the sport was over I presented Colonel Mussolino, now deputy in the Italian Parliament, who brought the General congratulations from the French Liberals. Mussolino proposed to the General to land by surprise in Calabria at Cavallo, in front of the Faro. "Go at once yourself," answered the General; "examine the spot, and return to report to me at Messina."

On my return from Palermo it was precisely at Messina that I found Garibaldi, and there accompanied him every day to the Faro, he climbing even to the top in order to study the manœuvres of the Bourbon ships and the Calabrian shore. His whole soul was so concentrated on the idea of crossing over to the continent, that he often spoke no word either going or returning. It was a difficult problem to solve. The straits were possessed by the Bourbon fleet,—whereas Garibaldi had no men-of-war,—the coast bristled with fortresses, the enemy was on the alert.

One day he said to me:—"I have chosen you for a dangerous enterprise. You will go as aide-de-camp to

Colonel Mussolino to examine the land in Calabria for us."

An hour later he bade me enter his boat with General Medici and Guastalla. It was followed by a little fleet of boats, each manned by six volunteers. The shore was crowded with soldiers, the drums were sounding the retreat. Night fell; perfect silence was maintained as the arms were distributed. Mussolino said:—"General, the cartridges don't fit the revolvers." "Use your fists," was the laconic reply. Then ordering me to enter Mussolino's boat, at the head of seventy-two others, parallel with the shore, and reaching to the Faro, he steered his own boat to the middle of the straits, and the tiny fleet rowed passed him, one after the other, at distances assigned by him, and with orders to glide along the shore and make for the lighthouse.

"I have entrusted you with a difficult and dangerous enterprise. I know your courage; I am sure of you. Go, I shall join you soon."

Towards the end of July, 1867, I visited the General in company with Deputy Acerbi at Vinci, intending to try and dissuade him from his intended expedition to Rome. I did my best to demonstrate that in the present state of Italy Rome could not be entered without coming to a compromise with the church, and he would, while dethroning the king, strengthen the power of the pontiff.

"We will settle with the pontiff when we have dethroned the Pope-king," was the only reply vouchsafed. Acerbi had undertaken to point out the embarrassment in which the Government would be placed were Italian troops to cross the frontier before the Roman had risen, but without giving him time to speak, Garibaldi said:—"You, General Acerbi, will command the volunteers; Viterbo will be our rallying place; you can treat with Rattazzi, and tell my friends who now oppose my scheme that I give them a month longer for preparation." In war time or during the preparation for

war it was very difficult to discuss with Garibaldi. As he had neither soldiers, nor officers, nor treasury, nor armoury; but had to trust to the omnipotence of his name to create them; he was always prepared by long meditation for all the objections that friends or foes offered; and when on the field itself, his acts seemed most spontaneous, you might be sure that he had weighed all the *pros* and *cons*, conjectured what the enemy could or would do in a given circumstance, and decided how best to baffle or defeat him. Hence at the sound of that quietly authoritative voice all Acerbi's courage vanished, and he only said, "General, I thank you for the confidence you repose in me." So thoroughly was I convinced of the unwisdom of the scheme that I declined accompanying the General on his preliminary tour, nor even after his escape from Caprera did I join him at once, but after a few days the fever of anxiety and uncertainty prevailed, and I joined him at Monterotondo, where he at once named me vice-chief of his staff, the venerable General Fabrizi being the chief.

On the 30th October we marched from Castel Giubileo along the Anio towards Ponte Nomentano with Rome in sight. Ten thousand volunteers formed his little army. Garibaldi made a reconnaissance in person towards the bridge, halting at Casal dei Pazzi; here were already a number of Zouave scouts; our advanced guides signalled their presence, and one of them fell wounded through the lungs. We formed round the General, who ordered me to go in haste to Villa Cecchini for a battalion, with which I soon returned; then we mounted one of the turrets of the castle, and saw a battalion of Zouaves cross the bridge and advance towards the castle. "Here," said the General to Fabrizi and myself, "we can defend ourselves until the rest of the troops come up." I told him that the exit of the castle was free, as I had placed one battalion at the entrance, leaving another at Villa Cecchini. The enemy now

attacked us in front and flank, but the General gave orders that our troops were not to reply, as he did not consider it a fit place for a decisive battle. In the evening he gave the orders for returning to Monterotondo, and at once his 10,000 volunteers were reduced to 6,000. Many of them had read the King's proclamation; others knew that with Menabrea instead of Rattazzi at the head of the Government all further attempts on Rome were impossible. Already the new ministry had forbidden that provisions, ammunition, or clothes should cross the frontier for our use, and we were in fact blockaded between the Papal and Piedmontese armies. Meanwhile we had persuaded the General to form a provisional Government. On the 2nd of November, in one of the halls of the Piombino palace we met to consult Fabrizi, Bertani, Missori, Menotti, Canzio, Bezzi, Guerzoni, Adamoli, Bellisomi, and others. Garibaldi came to the meeting and sat apart; with his elbow on his stick, which in that campaign had served instead of a sword, and his chin leaning on his hand. He listened in silence to the ideas expounded; the articles of the new constitution were duly condensed for his benefit, the resolutions drawn up were read. On this he rose, and we all rose also. "*Bene, bene,*" he said, "*bravi! farò poi a modo mio.*" "Good, good; well done! now I shall act in my own way." On the night of the 2nd November he summoned me to his room and gave me orders to march before dawn on Tivoli, saying, "We shall thus be protected by the Apennines, and be masters of both banks of the Anio; we can hold out a hand to Nicotera, and Acerbi will soon join us; we encamp in a country which has not been exhausted of its supplies, and the volunteers will no longer be so near *Passo Corese* as to escape easily."

The plan was excellent, and indeed was the only one feasible under the circumstances.

But meanwhile came Menotti, and obtained a delay, as the troops were waiting for shoes and other necessities, and we only set out at eleven on the following morning. The General was not in his usual good-humour; his hat was pulled down over his brows, and he hummed an old war song of Monte Video as he came down the staircase of Palazzo Piombini and silently mounted his horse. Once on horseback we galloped along all the line in march, and towards midday entered Mentano. A guide came back from the outposts to say that we were attacked. "Go and take up positions," said the General to me. I obeyed, taking our men to the heights and the right and left of the road, while the General himself posted our only two small pieces on another height, thus for a time keeping the assailants in check.

When once the troops recovered from the momentary panic of the sudden and unexpected attack, Garibaldi ordered them to charge with the bayonet along all the front; the order was valorously obeyed, and the Papalini retreated in confusion.

Indeed there was a moment when Guerzoni exclaimed, "General, the day is ours." But soon an unknown and as it then seemed an unearthly sound assailed our ears, like the hissing of tribes of rattlesnakes. The "*chassepôts*" had commenced their "*miracles*," the French had taken the place of the Papalini! There was nothing for it now but to return to Monterotondo. Arrived at the foot of the hill leading to the town, Garibaldi ordered me to defend the height to the left, and sent Colonel Cantone to occupy the convent of the *Cappucini*, to the right, which he did at the cost of his life.

The position of Monterotondo without ammunition or cannon being untenable, General Fabrizi ordered the retreat on *Passo Corese*. Garibaldi never quitted his horse. Perfect silence reigned, save for the sound of the troops marching; it was a mournful spectacle.

After succeeding in removing a huge barricade, I asked the General if he would enter his carriage. "Thanks, no!" The night was passed in a hut at *Passo Corese*; he still hoped for the arrival of Acerbi, but on the morrow allowed the arms to be consigned to Colonel Carava of the Italian army, saying as he gave the order for dissolving the corps, "Colonel, tell our brave army that the honour of the Italian arms is safe."

Once in the railway for Florence, it was the General's intention to return to Caprera. But Menebrea sent troops to arrest him. He refused to yield save to force, at the same time forbidding us to make any resistance, and after a short imprisonment was sent under escort to Caprera, and there considered a prisoner until after the entry of the Italians into Rome, when he departed without saying "by your leave," to offer what remained of him to struggling and defeated France!

From the 4th November, 1867, until January, 1876, I did not see the General, as my Christian charity was not sufficiently broad to sustain me in a war for France against Prussia, who had given us Venice in 1866, and enabled the Italian troops to enter Rome in 1870. In 1876 I found the General in Villa Casalini, outside Porta Pia, intent on his schemes for the prevention of the inundation of Rome by the Tiber, and for the improvement of the Roman Campagna. The eight intervening years had left no sensible alteration on his face or form; the lines of the face were unchanged, the eyes gleamed with their old fire—only the hair and beard were considerably thinner and whiter. The teeth, still perfect, maintained his speech and smile intact. He received me affectionately, saying—

"We are changed indeed since last we met; I have lost both hands and feet."

And indeed he gave his left hand as the least crippled of the two. As we were talking, a boy of six rushed into the room, accompanied by some

English ladies and a person who, coming up to the General, said—

"Look at Manlio; how well the sailor's costume suits him! He is quite proud of himself. Miss —— made it for him without taking his measure."

The General, taking the child between his knees, thanked the English lady, and turning to me and pointing to the speaker, said—

"This is my wife, and this is our little son; call Clelia."

Clelia, about two years older, appeared, and thus the new family group was completed, and the General's eyes beamed with pleasure. Presently, addressing himself to the English ladies, he said—

"You have lost your mother, I understand; it is a great trial, but a natural one. The idea of death does not weigh on my mind; I am prepared for it; only I would fain not suffer more, I have already suffered so much. One ought to look on death as on a friend. Priests have terrified the imagination with their pictures of hell and purgatory, in which I do not believe at all. See here, I have been invited to go to London, to assist at a conference of evangelical people. Are you Protestants?" he asked, looking at the ladies above his spectacles.

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen to my reply." And he read a letter in which he said that he belonged to a religion without priests, because priests are the greatest scourges of mankind. "Is it not so?"

As the ladies did not reply, he turned to me and said—

"I see, the navigation is difficult."

At last, one of the ladies took courage, and said—

"General, don't you believe in God, and in a future life?"

"I like to imagine," he answered, "a superior intelligence which regulates the universe in its movements, and in its laws, and that my intelligence is a particle of the same as that of every human being, and that all return to the great origin after death;

and this belief raises man to a high sense of his dignity, whereas the priests and their paradise and their hell debase mankind. Do you know your God? Have you seen Him? To whom has He revealed Himself?"

Miss M. No one can discuss a faith!

Miss N. The Bible is a revealed book, and traces of the Deluge are still extant.

Garibaldi. How can you expect me to believe that in those days Noah built a boat large enough to hold his own family and all the species of animals besides? That is absurd!

Miss N. With God nothing is impossible.

"I beg your pardon," said the General, "for having led you on to this discussion, where we shall never agree. The only persons who have revealed anything to the world are men of genius; the priests have brought nothing but evil!"

"But there have been good priests."

"Very rarely. Ugo Bassi was a good priest, and now and then I have met with others, but in general they are baneful, owing to the doctrines they profess—and I speak of priests of all religions."

The English ladies seemed rather inclined than not to continue the conversation.

"All the wars, for instance, in Spain, and many elsewhere," I observed, "have been brought about by the priests."

"Bravo! that is true," said Garibaldi; and the conversation turned on war in general, until Manlio and Clelia, also dressed sailor fashion, returned, and their boisterous glee and their father's delight in their fun put an end to all conversation. The ladies left, and I returned to the Tiber schemes.

"We shall do nothing," he said, impatiently; "let us come to our own affairs. From the camp of the insurgents (the Herzegovina) I have been requested to send them a chief of the staff, and I took the liberty of promising that you would go."

I looked at the General stupefied. I had not joined him in the French campaign, not feeling general knight-errantry to be my mission—and certainly had now no intention of joining the insurgents.

"The Turk in Europe," he went on, "is a disgrace to civilisation, but in order to be rid of him, all the nationalities in the Greek and Slavonic provinces must rise. It would be difficult for the Slavs to found a republic, but they might form a confederation of states. What do you say?"

"That I am grateful for the honour you have offered me; but do not feel myself equal to the mission."

Accustomed to absolute obedience on the part of his friends and subordinates, Garibaldi looked at me as one who had not heard aright, but only said in his quiet fashion—

"You can take time to decide. I do not know what part Italy will take in the Eastern question. If she chose, before Austria could appear on the field, she might, from the ports of Ancona and Brindisi, send an army to the rescue. The insurgents entreat me to go to their aid, but I am, as you see, no longer able to march across country at the head of insurgent bands. If I am to command an army, it must henceforth be from behind the horses!"

Once more I tried to bring him back to the Tiber question.

"*Che Tevere! che Tevere!*" he said, impatiently. "They have befooled me; they will do nothing. The President of the Council and the Minister of Public Works name commissions, these name sub-commissions, and so we go on from day to day, and the works are sent to the Greek Kalends. If they would only begin to fill up the marshes of Ostia and Maccarese, that would do much to purify the air. My idea would be to see the Tiber deviated from its present course, carried round Rome, re-entering its bed below San Paolo fuori le Mura. Another canal passing directly through Rome

and running parallel to the sea. The deposits brought down would fill up the marshes, and thus the city would be saved from inundations, and the neighbourhood between Rome and the sea rendered fertile and salubrious. But these are dreams that we shall never see realised."

I could not help reflecting that they had been dreams ever since the earliest days of Rome, and that Father Tiber had outwitted and defied Popes and Emperors, the heads of the Republic and the minions of despotism; and I quite agreed with the General that little or nothing was to be expected from the ministry in the present state, especially, of national finance.

In the May of the same year I accompanied Garibaldi to Viterbo. At Orte we left the train for carriages, and went through districts that seemed deserts—not a village to be seen, nor even a farm-house; yet Garibaldi's presence was known, and crowds of herdsmen and peasants, children and women, cheered him as he passed. They were a wild-looking set, clad in goat and sheep-skins; but the women held the children aloft to get a sight of the General, as they would have lifted them to kiss the images of the Madonna by the roadside. It was a sort of triumphal march, and from the balcony of the communal palace of Viterbo, Garibaldi took for his theme the community of interest and affection that ought to reign between the army and the people. "The soldiers come from the people, and the time will come when they will serve the cause of the people and no longer that of tyrants. The Italian soldiers and people together conquered the tyrants."

This speech was much applauded, especially by the soldiers present among the spectators, and even the royal carabinieri cheered. As the Liberals had just come to power, there were also cries of "*Viva la Sinistra!*"

"I like that cry," said Garibaldi. "I hope my friends will govern better

than their predecessors; but we must wait and see before we praise them. We want facts, we are all tired of promises."

After a long sojourn at Caprera, Garibaldi returned to Rome on the 4th of April, 1879.

We had not been warned that he was suffering severely from one of his rheumatic attacks, so that on finding him stretched and apparently motionless in the waiting-room of the station we received a shock never to be forgotten. His voice alone rang clear and clarion-like as he recognised us, and alluding to a biography of him which I had just published in Italian, he thanked me, and spoke very cordially of his satisfaction. Then, as some one kissed him on the forehead from behind, he said, "*Che diavolo!* Who is it that takes me in the rear?" Then recognising old Ripari, his volunteer surgeon both in 1860 and 1849, he welcomed him, and then directed us to have him carried to his carriage by a private door. He was suffering intensely, and could not bear the noisy welcome of the crowd, and, to say the truth, those who caught sight of him returned in silence, and many in tears, from the heartrending spectacle.

I spent much time with him every day during his sojourn in Rome, where he soon rallied from his attack, and busied himself to summon all the leaders and chief men of the Democratic party to unite in some given work on which they could be all agreed. This agreement was found in the question of universal suffrage, and it may be said that all the survivors of the old revolutionary battles, from Sicily as from Turin, answered to the roll-call. The Government was much alarmed, but so far from there being any cause, this act of Garibaldi's, giving the Democrats a feasible object to work for, enabling them to keep strictly within legal means, was sufficient to stem the torrent of useless demonstrations, of flag bearings, and noisy appeals to the worst passions of the multitude.

Personal Reminiscences of General Garibaldi.

One day old Avezzana, who began his political life in 1821, when he was condemned to death as a *carbonaro*, visited him. "Ah!" said the General, in a real voice of vexation, "I do envy you, for you can still mount on horseback."

The Democratic Congress was held in Rome, and went off satisfactorily. The General's object, however, in coming to Rome was to obtain the divorce from Signora Raimondi, married and rejected on the same day in 1859, and to marry the mother of Clelia and Manlio. The children, two handsome young savages, were constantly with him, Manlio evidently the apple of his eye, and as turbulent and disobedient a young imp as ever fell to my lot to see. But his noise and restlessness never seemed to disturb his father, whose eyes and voice caressed him even in reproof. After a short sojourn in Rome, he went to a beautiful villa near Albano, where, going with a Roman friend, we were warmly welcomed. He was looking well in comparison with when he left Rome, and was in fact free from pain, which was all that he could hope for henceforward, feet and hands being hopelessly crippled. We talked long over olden times, but his thoughts reverted constantly to Greece, and the abandonment by Europe of the Greeks. "There is yet *our* war," he said, "against Austria, to take from her Trent and Trieste, which are our own. If we are silent for the nonce, it is not that we have at all abandoned the idea. If the war be possible in our time, you will have to carry me into the field." "That *I* will do," said the friend who accompanied me, and, glancing at his herculean frame, Garibaldi seemed satisfied, until I said, "No, no, General! the next time you must command the fleet, and in twenty-four hours we shall be in the port of Trieste." "Ah, if that could be! if that could be!" he said.

From Albano Garibaldi went to Civita Vecchia, more to gratify the wish of the children for sea-bathing,

than because he hoped for any benefit from the baths himself.

Towards the close of 1880, the working men of Milan who, indignant at the Moderates for erecting a statue to the ex-Emperor of the French, had contributed their hard-earned pence to the monument "for the martyrs of Mentana," sent a deputation to Caprera to entreat the General to be present at the inaugural ceremony. The members of the deputation were themselves convinced of the almost impossibility of his compliance with their request, so utterly broken up did he appear, so sad were the accounts of his sufferings as narrated by his family and attendants. But he answered, "I will come," and towards the end of October he landed at Genoa, where his first thought was to visit Mazzini's Court at Staglieno, but the weather and a fresh attack of pain preventing, he wrote a letter to Saffi, promising to do so on his return, and adding meanwhile, *invio in ispirito il mio saluto alla salma del precursore*.

After a few days' rest at S. Damiani d'Asti, the house of the mother of his young children, to whom his divorce from *la Raimondi* had enabled him to give his name, he arrived at Milan, where the promoters of the monument announced their triple intent to commemorate the victims of the temporal power of the Papacy—to protest against all foreign intervention and interference in Italian affairs—to assert the bond of union between French and Italian democracy; hence the significance of the special invitation to Blanqui, to Rochefort, as the men who had done much to efface the insolent *jamaïs* of *Rouher*.

It was a programme after Garibaldi's own heart, a fresh protest against *Papal and Imperial tyranny*, a fresh assertion of the "alliance of the peoples." "All Milan" clustered to the station, or lined the streets, balconies, and roofs, to bid welcome and catch a glimpse of the hero.

The "Thousand," the "Veterans," the "Survivors of the revolutionary

battles," the working men's societies, with their three hundred banners and bands had undertaken to keep the station and streets clear for the general's carriage. *Che!* the people took the station by storm, and even the engine (it was the *Niobe*) was seized on as a vantage point before it had fairly stopped.

"It is he! It is he!" was the one exultant cry, but when that *lui* pale, motionless, a shadow of his former self, was lifted from the railway carriage, a hush fell on the multitude; those who had not seen him since 1862 stood aghast with fear; even I, who had parted from him so lately, was not prepared for the ravages that disease and pain had wrought in the eighteen intervening months. The bands still played, the people shouted welcome, but a change had come over the spirit of their dream, that welcome seemed instead a last adieu. The General, with evident effort, held up two fingers and smiled his thanks upon the multitude, but a tear coursed down his pallid cheeks as he said, "Milan always Milan!"

"The Milan of the people, my General," said Carlo Antongini, one of his veterans.

"Yes, and that is why it is so grand."

Then the French deputation arrived, and the air rang with cries of "Viva France! Viva the French Republic! Viva Blanqui and Rochefort!" the former, a bowed, bent, white-haired veteran, thirty years of whose span of life had been spent in prison for his faith, formed a striking contrast to the latter, a hale and vigorous man, with a thicket of tawny tangled hair surrounding his vivacious countenance. He seemed much impressed by the sight of Garibaldi, and presenting him with a magnificent album containing letters, signatures, poems, and addresses, he said: "The representatives of the people, and the representatives of the powers that be, who throng to see you, are the living proofs of your universal popularity."

Garibaldi's welcome to each of us,

his old officers of Mentana, was heartfelt. "I cannot embrace you, my arms are infirm; give me a kiss instead."

At the moment of the unveiling of the monument Garibaldi's carriage, from which the horses had been detached, was wheeled on to the platform; he was looking less fatigued, and smiled as he saw the old familiar faces—Fabrizi, Bertani, Missori, Bezzi, and others—who had been with him on the day of the *miracles des chassepôts*, the 3rd November, 1867.

The speech, which he had written himself for the occasion, was read by his son-in-law, Canzio. He alluded to Legnago and the five days of Milan: "The alliance between the Moderates and the priests against universal suffrage, which they know will prove a purifying wave over the soil of Italy, the inexorable judge of their iniquities. He who gives his blood and sweat for Italy has a better right to a vote than the few well-to-do ones (*abbiente*) who have hitherto monopolised that sovereignty which is only legitimate when exercised for the welfare and benefit of all, instead of for the interests of a single class."

The day after the ceremony Garibaldi quitted Milan. On the 7th November, 1880, I listened for the last time to the vibrating music of his voice, and looked my last on his beautiful, beloved face.

Several letters I received later referring to our agitation for universal suffrage, and when in August, 1881, we were holding our great meeting for the abolition of the laws on papal guarantees came his characteristic telegram:—

"*Voto l'abolizione delle garanzie e del garantito.*"

"I vote the abolition of the guarantees and of the guaranteed (the Pope)."

The closing scenes of his noble life have been too minutely described, and are too fresh in the recollection of all readers to need any description here.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1882.

TWO NOVELETTES.

II. THE BARONESS HELENA VON SAARFELD.

TRAVELLING in Germany, on one occasion, I passed the evening at a small inn among some mountains, with a middle-aged man whom I soon discovered to have been an actor. In the course of the evening he told me the outlines of the following story, together with much interesting detail relating to an actor's life. I have endeavoured to work into the story what I could recollect of his observations, but not being able to take notes at the time, and having little intimate knowledge of German life, I have lost much of the local colouring and graphic detail which interested me so much at the time. This short introduction will suffice.

In a considerable town in Germany (said the actor), there have been for several generations a succession of dukes who have patronised the German theatre and devoted the principal part of their revenue to its support. In this city I was born. My grandfather had been an actor of some repute, whose acting in some of his principal characters Schiller is said greatly to have admired. His son, however, did not follow in his father's art, but degenerated, as most would call it, into a stage-carpenter and inferior scene-painter. He was, however, a man of considerable reading,

and of a certain humour, which mostly took the form of bitter sarcasm, and dislike of the theatrical profession. From my birth he formed a determination to bring me up as a printer, for besides that his fondness for reading naturally caused him to admire the art by which books are produced, he believed that education would make gigantic steps within a few years, and that in consequence printers would never want for occupation. In this expectation, at any rate in one respect, he was mistaken.

Upon the production of a new piece which the reigning Duke had himself written, the juvenile actor who was to have taken a boy's part sickened and died, and the company did not at the moment possess any child who was fitted to take his place. My father was requested, or rather commanded, to allow me to learn the few words attached to the part. He was extremely averse to the proposal, but was compelled to consent, the matter appearing so trifling. The play was very successful. The applause was unanimous, and indeed was so enthusiastic that, not satisfied with lauding the talent of the noble author and with praising the intelligence of the chief actors who had so readily grasped the intentions of genius, it had some encomiums left for the child

actor, and discovered a profound meaning in the few words the Duke had put into my mouth, which it asserted I had clearly and intelligently rendered. The Duke, pleased at finding himself so much cleverer than even he had ever suspected, joined in the applause. He never failed to testify his approbation at the way in which I piped out the very ordinary words of my single line, and finally, when the play was withdrawn for a time, he sent an order to my father to repair one summer afternoon to the ducal Schloss which overlooked the town. I have since sometimes thought that it was curious that this play, so full of genius and of humour, was not re-acted even on this partial stage oftener than it was, and, still more so, that, in all the theatres of Germany where I have played my part, I never once saw it performed, nor even so much as heard it mentioned; so difficult of recognition is merit in my profession.

The ducal Schloss rose directly above the tall houses of the superior quarter of the town, the backs of which looked out upon forest trees which had been planted, and had grown to great size, upon the steep mountain slope upon which the Schloss was built. My father taking me by the hand led me up the winding road, defended at the angles by neglected towers, which led to the castle gardens. On the way he never ceased to impress upon me the misery of an actor's life.

"The poorest handicraft," he said, "by which a man can earn his crust of bread in quiet is preferable to this gaudy imposture which fools think so attractive. In other trades a man is very often his own master, in this he has so many that he does not even know which to obey. In other trades a man has some inducement to do his best, in this to excel is in most cases to starve. The moment an actor ceases to assist the self-love of his fellow actor, or to minister to the worst passions of his auditors, he is hated or

despised. He works harder than the simplest journeyman for poorer pay, he is exposed to greater risk of accident, and the necessities of his part require such a delicacy of organisation that the least accident ruins it." The great trunks of the trees were throwing a fitful shadow over the steep walks as my father, still holding me by the hand, poured these dolorous opinions into my ears, and we reached the long terraces of the ducal gardens.

We were passed on from one gorgeous domestic to another until at last we found ourselves before the chasseur, a magnificent man of gigantic height, but with an expression of face perfectly gentle and beautiful. I had often noticed this man in the theatre, and had always thought that he would be admirably fitted to represent St. Christopher, a picture of whom hung in my mother's room. He surveyed us courteously and kindly, and informed us that the Duke was taking his wine with a friend on one of the terraces on the farther side of the hill. Thither he led us, and we found the Duke seated at a small table in front of a stone alcove ornamented with theatrical carvings in bas-relief. The view on this side avoided the smoke of the town and commanded a magnificent prospect of wood and plain crossed by water, and intersected by low ranges of hills. The afternoon sun was gilding the tree tops and the roofs and turrets of the Schloss behind us.

The gigantic chasseur introduced us to the Duke, who sat at his wine, together with a gentleman of a lofty and kindly expression, whom I never saw before or since. On the table were wine and dried fruits. I remember the scene as though it had occurred only yesterday.

"Ah, my good Hans," said the Duke—he prided himself on his accurate acquaintance with every one attached to the theatre, and my father's name was Karl—"ah, my good Hans, I have sent for you because I have taken an interest in this little fellow, and I wish to make his fortune.

I will take his future into my hands and overlook his education in his noble profession of player."

My father looked very uncomfortable.

"Pardon, your highness!" he said, "I do not design him for a player. I wish him to be a printer."

The Duke raised his hand with a magnificent gesture as of a man who waives all discussion.

"My good fellow," he said, "that is all past. This boy has developed a talent for the highest of all possible professions. He has shown himself unconsciously appreciative of genius, and able to express it. His future is mine."

My father looked very downcast, and the gentleman who sat by the Duke, with a kindliness of demeanour which has endeared him to me for ever, said:

"But this good man seems to have decided views about his own son."

"My dear Ernst," said the Duke, "on every other subject I am most willing to listen to, and to follow, your excellent advice, but on this one topic I think you will admit that I have some right to be heard. We have here," he continued, leaning back in his chair, and waving his two hands before him, so that the fingers crossed and interlaced each other, as his discourse went on, with a continuous movement which fascinated my eyes, "we have here the commencement of an actor's life. We look forward into the future and we see the possibility of an existence than which nothing more attractive presents itself to the cultured mind. What to other men is luxury, is the actor's every day life. His ordinary business is to make himself familiar with the highest efforts of the intellect of his day, but this even is not all; every movement of his life is given to the same fascinating pursuit; whenever he walks the street he is adding to his store; the most trifling incident—a passing beggar, a city crowd—presents to him invaluable hints; his very dreams

assist him; he lives in a constant drama of enthralling interest; the greater stage without is reflected on the lesser stage of the theatre; his own petty individuality is the glass in which the universal intellect and consciousness mirrors itself. It is given to him of all men to collect in his puny grasp all the fine threads of human existence, and to present them evening after evening for the delight, the instruction, and the elevation of his fellow men. We have before us an individual, small it is true and at present undeveloped, before whom this future lies assured. Shall we hesitate for a moment? This worthy man, looking at things in a miserable detail, sees nothing but some few inconveniences which beset this, as every other, walk in life. It is fortunate that his child's future is not at his control."

My father said nothing more; but as he was shown off the final terrace by the least gorgeous of the domestics, he muttered to himself so low that I could only just hear him—

"We shall see what the mother will say."

But—when we reached our house, which was a lofty gabled dwelling in the poorer part of the town, but which had belonged to my grandfather and to his father before him, and had once been a residence of importance; when we climbed to the upper story and found ourselves in the large kitchen and dwelling room which commanded views both ways, into the street and to the ramparts at the back—he got no help from his wife.

My mother did not like reading, and even thought in her secret mind, though she did not say it aloud, that her husband would be much better occupied in working for his family than in puzzling his brains over the pages of Kant. She had, therefore, no great admiration for the great printers of the day, nor was Johann Gutenberg likely to replace St. Christopher over her bedside. She knew nothing of the vast stride that educa-

tion was about to make, nor of the consequent wealth that awaited the printer's craft, but she did know the theatre and she knew the Duke. That the Duke had promised to make her son's fortune was not denied; surely there was little left to desire. It was decided that night that I should be an actor.

"My son," said my father, some time afterwards, as he took me to the lodgings of an actor who had promised to teach me to repeat some famous parts, "my son, I have not been able to train thee to the occupation which I should have desired. I pray God to assist thee in that which fate has selected. I have one piece of advice which I will give thee now, though I hope I shall be able to repeat it often. Never aspire to excellence; select the secondary parts, and any fine strokes of acting which you may acquire throw into these parts. In this way you will escape the vindictive jealousy of your fellows; but if unavoidably you should attract such ill feeling, leave the theatre at once, travel as much as possible, act on as many boards as you can. You will achieve in this way the character of a useful player who is never in the way. In this way, and in this only, you probably will never want bread; more than this I cannot hope for."

* * * * *

I shall not weary you by relating the story of my education as an actor; it will suffice to say that I found neither my father's estimate of the profession, nor that of the Duke, to be precisely correct. If on the one hand I have found littleness and jealousy to exist among players, on the other I have seen numberless acts of unpretending and self-denying kindness. It must be remembered that the actor's life is a most exciting and wearing one, and most certain to affect the nerves and make a man irritable and suspicious. His reputation and his means of existence are dependent upon the voice of popular applause—an applause which may be

affected by the slightest misunderstanding or error. It is no wonder therefore that he is apt to take alarm at trifles, or to resent with too much quickness what seems to be a slight or an unfairness. With regard to the Duke's ideal view of the profession, I did not find this even altogether without foundation in fact. I found, amidst all its trivialities and vexations, the player's training to give an insight into human life in all its forms, and to encourage the study and observation of the varieties of city existence more than perhaps any other training does. I studied the works of the great dramatists and novelists with attention, not only for my own parts, but that I might understand the parts of others. I followed my father's advice throughout my life. I confined myself systematically to secondary parts, but I watched carefully the acting of the great players, and endeavoured to lead up to their best effects, and to respond to the emotions they sought to awaken. By this means I became a great favourite among the best players, for it is surprising what an assistance the responsive action of a fellow actor is in obtaining an effect, while on the other hand it is very unlikely that the attention of the audience should be diverted from the principal actor by what tends indeed to increase the impression he makes. Several of the greatest actors then in Germany often refused parts unless I played the secondary character. I was not particular. I would take any part, however unimportant, provided my salary was not reduced in consequence, and I endeavoured to throw all my knowledge and training into any part I undertook; by this means I became a great favourite with authors, who, if they are worth anything, endeavour to distribute their genius equally among their characters, and whom nothing irritates so much as to see everything sacrificed to promote the applause and vain glory of a single performer. I grew up, much to the surprise of all who knew

me, a very handsome young man, and I generally took the parts of lovers, when these were not of the first importance, such, for instance, as the part of Romeo, which, true to the rule I had adopted, I never attempted. In this way I had visited most of the cities of Germany, and was well known in all of them, when, at the request of one of the chief actors of the day, who studied the parts of the great tragedies which he undertook with the most conscientious care, I accepted an engagement at the theatre of one of the great cities of the empire, to which he had also engaged himself for a considerable time.

The theatre was a large one, and the company numerous and varied. I might occupy you for a long time with divers descriptions of character and with the relation of many curious and moving incidents, but I do not wish to make this a long story, and I will therefore confine myself to the chief events.

The German stage, as you are aware, is different from your own in England, in that it does not present such marked contrasts. There is a great gulf, as I understand, between your highest actors and your pantomime players; but this is not the case in Germany. As far as I can understand, we have nothing resembling your pure pantomime, and what we have which resembles it is introduced in interludes and after pieces, and is taken part in, to a considerable extent, by the same actors who perform in the more serious pieces. There was, for instance, in the theatre to which I was attached, an old actor, named Apel, who would take the part of grave-digger in *Hamlet*, and the same evening, in the afterpiece, act the part of what you call the clown. This part on any stage is the one most liable to accidents, and this man, in the course of a long professional career, had met with several, in falling through trap-doors open through the carelessness of carpenters, or stumbling over unforeseen obstacles. These accidents

had seriously affected his physical system, and he was rapidly becoming a helpless cripple. He had one child, a daughter, who danced, for a German, with remarkable grace and agility, and sang with a rich and touching voice. Of all the avocations which necessity has forced the unhappy daughters of man to adopt—

“The narrow avenue of daily toil,
For daily bread,”

that of a pantomime dancer, who has a song, is the hardest. I have stood upon the stage by such a girl as this, and marked the panting exhaustion with which she completed her dance, and the stupendous effort with which she commenced her song. Even without the exertion of the dance I know of few things more touching than to see a girl labouring conscientiously through a long, and possibly an unattractive song, before a wearied and unsympathising audience who reckon nothing of the labour, the pains, and the care which the performance involves. The girl of whom I speak, whose name was Liese, had her share, and perhaps more than her share, in this hard lot. She was a fine German girl of no particular talent, but perfectly trained; she came of a family of actors, and displayed a kindness of disposition, and a devotion which were truly German. As her father's incapacity increased, her exertions redoubled. While they both were able to take their full part, the income of the pair was comparatively ample, but as he was obliged to relinquish part after part of his accustomed performance, she redoubled her exertions, and took every trifling part which was in kindness offered her by the management. I acted with her in innumerable parts of light comedy as lover and sweetheart, as brother and sister, as betrayer and victim, and, in turn, as jilted and deceived. I have never been able to this day to decide whether I was really in love with her or not, but I rather think my feelings were those of a devoted and affection-

ate brother, and I am certain of this, that no man ever revered a woman more than I did this girl. At last the old man's paralysis became so confirmed that he could scarcely stand, he had to be carried to the side scenes and went through hours of agony when his short part was over.

One afternoon, about this time, after rehearsal, at which neither father nor daughter had been present, and whose fines for non-attendance I paid, a proceeding which, as I was known to be so intimate, passed as a mere matter of arrangement between ourselves, I went at the request of the manager to inquire whether either would be present at the evening performance.

Herr Apel had been obliged to leave his former lodgings owing to the reduction of his earnings, and I had not far to go to the dreary, shabby street near the theatre, where he occupied two rooms on the first floor. Liese received me in one of the lower rooms, and I noticed a strange expression in her face which I had never seen before.

"We could not come to the rehearsal," she said; "we have been rubbing him all day, and he has been in such pain! I do not think that even he can possibly play to-night. We have our fines ready."

"There is no question of fines," I said, "with you. You do not think so badly of Herr Wilhelmj as that, I hope."

She looked at me curiously, but made no remark. After a pause, she said—

"I sometimes think that nursing him and seeing him suffer affects me too. I feel at times a strange numbness and pain stealing over me. What would become of us if I became like him!"

"You must not think of such things," I said; "you have plenty of friends who will help you in every way. Let us go up to him."

We went together up stairs into a little room where the old clown lay. He had the expression of an idiot, and

seemed absolutely crippled and helpless; but I was not surprised at this, for I had seen him even worse before, and known him act the same evening with much of his old genius and fire. It was a most extraordinary fact that this man, helpless and idiotic to the last inch of the side scenes, regained, the moment the foot-lights flashed in his face and he saw the crowded theatre before him, all his strength, recollection, and humour, and went through his part apparently without an effort, only to collapse the moment he tottered behind the scenes.

He was whining and moaning as I sat down beside him on the sofa.

"No one pays any attention, no one takes any care of me," he said; "I am a poor old man. I have entertained people in my day—thousands and thousands; no one does anything for me. My daughter, even, does nothing; she might do much, but she does nothing; she is only thinking of herself and her own gains."

She stood leaning on the end of the couch, looking me full in the face with a sad, but not unhappy, look in her eyes. I could return her glance freely. The old man's state was so evident, it did not embarrass any one whatever he said. She leaned over her father.

"Shall you play to-night, papa?" she said: we used many French words in the theatre.

A contortion of pain passed over the old man.

It was a curious thing, but as I half rose, involuntarily, to help, I saw the same spasm of pain pass over the daughter's form, and she seemed bent down for a moment by it; then she stood upright, and looked at me with a wistful, earnest, inquiring gaze.

It is just possible—at this hour I do not think that I should—but still it is just possible that I might have asked what she had in her thoughts, when the door opened, and a female servant announced—

"The Count von Roseneau."

I rose in my seat as a very hand-

some young man, of some two-and-twenty years of age, came into the room. He was well known to us all as a constant frequenter of the green room, as you call it in England. He spoke kindly to the old man, who seemed to brighten at his presence, nodded to me, but took little notice of Liese. I know not what prompted me, but I stood for a moment silent, comparing myself with him. He was handsome, though of a more boyish style of beauty than mine; he was noble, though said not to be rich. He was far from clever, and of very moderate education. I was handsomer than he, trained in every art that makes the possessor attractive—elocution, gesture, demeanour; my mind stored by the intelligent familiarity with the highest efforts of human genius; yet it never occurred to me to put myself for a moment into competition with him. After a few ordinary phrases, I took my leave.

From this day it seemed to me that Liese was more distant and reserved with me; she seemed, too, to act with indifference and even carelessly, and to be often *distracte* and forgetful. Her father grew worse and worse. He crept through his part, the mere shadow of his former self. At last the manager informed his daughter that it was impossible to allow him to appear any longer upon the stage.

"We will give him a benefit," he said, "in a week or two, at which all the strength of the theatre will assist. He shall be brought on in a chair, and shall sing his popular song. That must be the *finale*."

In about a month's time the benefit took place. The theatre was crowded, everything being done to make the entertainment attractive. Several actors came from distant cities to take part in the performance, for the old clown was one of the best-known men in the profession, and was associated with pleasant recollections in the memory of most players. Two favourite pieces were given with great

applause, and in the interval Herr Apel was brought in in a chair, which was placed in front of the foot-lights, and sang his song.

To the last moment, and even as he was carried across the stage, he seemed almost insensible of what was passing, but once in front of the lights, and of the great theatre rising tier over tier before him, every one upon his feet, with waving of handkerchiefs and fans, and a tumult of applause and of encouraging cries, he raised himself in the chair, his face assumed the old inimitable comic expression, and amid the delighted excitement of the vast crowd, he gave his song with as much power and wit as he had ever done in the course of his long career. Nor was this all, for the song being over, and the last two verses given twice, in response to the repeated encore, the long applause having a little subsided, the old man rose, and, without help, tottered forwards towards the lights, and amid the breathless silence of the house, and with a simple dignity which contrasted touchingly with his feebleness and his grotesque dress, spoke a few words of natural regret, of farewell, and of gratitude for the favours of a lifetime. He even, in the concluding sentence, turned slightly to the stage, which was crowded, and included his fellow-actors in the expression of kindly reminiscence and thanks. The excitement was intense. Men wept like children, not only in the theatre but on the stage; many women fainted, and it was some time before the curtain could rise again for the second piece. Herr Apel was taken home in a comatose state, and scarcely moved or spoke again during the remainder of his life.

Two days after this performance, as I was leaving the theatre after the morning rehearsal, I was accosted by a tall chasseur, who reminded me instantly of my old friend, St. Christopher, in the ducal court.

"Sir," he said, with great deference, "the Baroness Helena von Saarfeld

wishes to speak with you in her carriage, which is close by."

I followed the man to a handsome carriage which was standing a few doors from the stage entrance, a little way down the street. There, as I stood bareheaded at the open door, I saw, for the first time, the most beautiful woman, without exception, that I have ever seen.

Helena von Saarfeld was the only child of the late Baron, who was enormously wealthy and possessed of vast ancestral estates. He was a man of great intellect, and of superior attainments, and he undertook the entire education of his only child and heiress. Helena was taught everything that a man would know, and her father discussed all social and religious questions with her. He held very singular opinions upon social problems, and in religion he was much attached to the mystical doctrines of the Count von Zinzendorf. At a very early period he had contracted his daughter in marriage to the young Count von Roseneau, to whose father he had been much attached; but as the boy grew up, having been deprived early, by death, of his father's care, the baron became dissatisfied with the young man, and it was well known that at his death, which had taken place about two years before I saw his daughter, he had left a codicil to his will entirely exonerating her from any obligation to the young Count, and leaving her future destiny in her own hands, expressing every confidence in her judgment and discretion. All these facts were known to me as I approached the carriage.

The Baroness was at this time between two and three-and-twenty, in the full possession of her youth. She was of a perfect height, with brown hair, lighter than her eyes, and beautifully cut features; her mouth was perhaps rather large, but this only increased the wonderful effect of her smile, which was the most bewitching ever seen. She spoke with animation, and her smile was

so constant that the most wonderful thing about it was that its charm never flagged. This was the woman who was presented to my gaze as I stood in the sunshine bare-headed by the carriage door.

"I have wished to speak to you, Herr Richter," she said, throwing a world of fascination into her face and manner as she spoke; "will you oblige me by driving a short distance with me in the carriage? I will not take you far out of town."

I entered the carriage, and the coachman having orders to drive slowly, we passed through the crowded streets.

"I was at the theatre the other night," the Baroness said, "and I was extremely touched, as, indeed, we all were, at the sight of that poor old man; though I do not know that I should call him poor who all through his life has contributed to the gaiety and innocent enjoyment of the world, and could at his last breath speak words so touching and so noble as he did. May I ask of you, Herr Richter, what will become of him—I am so ignorant of these things—and whether it were possible for one like I am to help him in any way?"

"I shall be very glad, Madame la Baronesse," I said, "to undertake to apply any help you may be most kindly disposed to afford. I am very intimate with Herr Apel, and can easily find ways of doing so; and I fear from what I know of his circumstances that any aid will be most welcome."

"That was what I feared," she said; "and it seems to me so sad that such should be the end of a life of toil like his!"

I saw at once that the Baroness was saying these last words by way of introduction to something else, and I did not reply. Probably she noticed this, for she said without the slightest hesitation—

"He has a daughter, I believe."

"He has," I replied.

"She is a very clever actress, I am told."

"She is a very conscientious, hard-working *artiste*," I replied, "and has, for a German, remarkable grace, and she sings charmingly."

"And she is a very good girl?"

"She is one of the best girls I ever knew. She is devoted to her father, and, I fear, is injuring herself by her exertions to make up the deficiency which is involved in his failing health. She is a thoroughly true and excellent girl."

The Baroness looked at me for a moment before she replied; then she said—

"You speak, Herr Richter, as I was given to expect. Fräulein Apel is fortunate in having so true a friend."

There was a pause. I knew something was coming, but I did not know what. Then she said, still without the slightest hesitation—

"The life of an actress is a difficult and exposed one, Herr Richter?"

"It is, Madame la Baronesse; but like all other ideas, this one has been exaggerated. A girl in this, as in other walks, has ample means of protection, and I have never heard that Fräulein Apel has even needed such."

She looked at me again for a moment. I began to think that she was the most lovely creature that ever walked the earth.

"But gentlemen and nobles court their acquaintance a good deal, do they not? This must be a great temptation in their sphere of life."

"Some gentlemen frequent the green-room," I replied, "and are fond of talking to the actresses. In some theatres it is forbidden."

"Has Fräulein Apel any friends of this kind?" said the Baroness; and now for the first time I detected a slight hesitation in her manner; but it was so trifling that no one but an actor would, I think, have perceived it. "The Count von Roseneau, for instance."

"The Count is a frequenter of the theatre," I said, "and I have seen him

speaking to Liese—to Fräulein Apel—in fact, I have met him at her house."

The Baroness was looking straight before her, now. She said without hesitation, but still seriously—

"I fear that any acquaintance between them will not be for good."

There was a pause. I scarcely knew what to say. It was the Baroness who broke it.

"I will not take you farther out of your way," she said. "I do not ask you to understand me, or not to misinterpret anything that I have said, for it is notorious that Herr Richter can do nothing but what the noblest gentleman might think. I hope I may see you again."

It is impossible to describe the superb courtesy with which she said this. The carriage was stopped, and I alighted, and made my adieux.

As I walked back into the city, pondering over this strange interview, I made up my mind decisively that, in spite of any obstacle and misunderstanding, the Baroness was deeply attached to the Count von Roseneau. You will have an opportunity of judging for yourself whether this was the fact or not, but I ask you to remember that this was the impression upon my mind, because it probably influenced my after conduct in an important crisis.

After this, matters went on for some time much as usual. The Baroness sent me several sums of money which I tried to appropriate to the wants of Herr Apel, and his daughter, but I found more difficulty in doing this than I expected. Liese showed a shyness and reserve towards me which I had never seen before. Once or twice I thought I noticed the same wistful glance that I had noticed before, but there was no reason why I should inquire into her thoughts, and I did not do so. I adopted the simple plan of placing the money in comparatively small sums in the old man's hand, and I have reason to know that he immediately gave them to his daughter.

Matters went on in this way for some time.

At last one evening there was a second piece at the theatre which somewhat resembled the first part of your pantomimes. There was a kind of love story running through it, but broken in upon by every kind of absurdity. We had played *Hamlet* for the first piece, considerably cut down, in which I took the part of Horatio. The actor who played Hamlet said courteously to me amid the applause that closed the play—

“Half of this, Richter, belongs to you,” and insisted on taking me by the arm as he went before the curtain.

I played the lover in the second piece. I had noticed during the evening that the manner of Liese was unusually excited; she spoke much, and to every one; she was unusually friendly with me, and when the piece came on she took every opportunity of clinging to me, and playing her part in the most lively and charming way. I never saw her look more attractive. Towards the end of the piece when the climax of absurdity was nearly reached, there was a scene in which the King, the Lord Chancellor in his robes, and the two lovers meet in conclave to consult partly over state affairs, and partly over the fate of the two latter. Towards the end of the consultation, apparently as a relief to more serious business, it occurs to the Chancellor to sing a song and dance a hornpipe. After performing his part to admiration, and careering round the stage several times, he disappeared through the side scenes, and the King, inspired apparently by his example, waved his ball and sceptre, advanced to the footlights, and, singing his song, also danced round the stage, his robes greatly encumbering him, and, finishing up with a pirouette, which under the circumstances was highly creditable, also vanished from the scene. It then came to my turn, and leaving the side of Liese, by whom I had stood hitherto, I also sang two verses of a popular melody, and finished by a

dance; as I came back, amid applause, Liese regarded me with a glance full of kindness and congratulation, and glided forward to the footlights with the most graceful motion, to sing her song. I did not leave the stage, but stood watching her. She wore the dress of a Swiss country girl, and I some picturesque lover's costume. I noticed an unusual stillness in the crowded theatre, and fancied something uncommon in the rich tones of her voice. She was encored, and repeated the last verse; then she commenced her dance, coming round the stage three times. Each time that she passed me she made a graceful motion of her hand, to which I replied by kissing the tips of my fingers in an attitude of extreme devotion which indeed was little exaggeration of what I really felt. After the third time she came forward to the footlights, and made her pirouette higher than usual, amid a thunder of applause. Then she fell, flat and motionless upon the boards.

I had her in my arms in a moment. There was a rush of actors upon the stage, and the curtain fell with a crashing sound. We could hear the excitement and confusion amid the audience without. The manager went before the curtain in response to repeated calls, and said that an unfortunate accident had happened to Mademoiselle Liese. Except as far as she was concerned the piece would go on. He begged the forbearance of the audience for a few minutes.

Meanwhile I had carried Liese to a couch. She was quite conscious and spoke, but she could not move a limb. She never moved again.

Amid the crowd around her, some one at last forced his way. I turned and recognised Von Roseneau.

“Richter,” he said, “my carriage is close at hand; we will take her home.”

His manner was so wild and excited that I turned and looked at him. He was not in his evening dress, but appeared dressed for a journey.

"You do not generally have your carriage here, Count," I said.

"No," he replied, distractedly; "but for this accursed accident, she would have been mine to-night."

I looked at him for a moment.

"The paralysis is, then, only half to blame, Count Von Roseneau," I said.

* * * *

We saw no more of the Count, and learnt that he had left the city. It appeared that he was deeply in debt, and, though he evidently had considerable sums of money at his control, that his person was not safe from arrest. The family estates had been heavily encumbered even in his father's time, though had he lived he would probably have succeeded in freeing them from debt. The Count had deposited a sum of money with an agent to be applied to the support of Herr Apel. Some days afterwards the agent called upon me and informed me that this sum was still at our disposal. I declined to receive it.

It seemed that uncertain of my feelings towards her, haunted by a terrible dread of approaching paralysis, and overwhelmed with the charge and burden of her father's state, Liese had yielded to the proposals of the Count, which promised ease and luxury to them all. If I could have made up my mind sooner, had I spoken to her more openly and freely, and endeavoured to win her confidence, it might have been different. Poor Liese!

"I will tell you what we must do, Liese," I said, as cheerfully as I could, two days after the accident, as I was sitting by her bed. She had recovered so far as to be able to move one arm a little. "I will tell you what we must do. You must marry me. We will then live all together and take care of the old man as long as he lives. Then when you have rested a long time and got quite well, we shall be as happy as the day is long."

And so—I am telling a long story—we settled it. The Baroness came to see Liese several times. We were

married in her room by a priest—most of us actors profess to be Catholics—and the Baroness was present at the ceremony. We moved to an old house in a better part of the town, where we had a large room with a long low window at either end commanding cheerful views, the one into a market-place, the other over the distant country with mills and a stream. Here Liese lay in a clean, white bed, with the old man seated beside her; he became much quieter and gentler after he had given up acting; and in the same room we had our meals, and lived. We were rather straitened for money, for now that I was bound to the city and theatre by my wife's state, some little advantage was taken, and I was told the theatre could not afford so high a salary. It is the way of the world. Indeed we should have been very poorly off, more than once, but for the Baroness, who sent me money openly from time to time. I took it without hesitation. One day she came to see us when I was at home, and remarked how comfortable we were in our large room, and the cheerful picturesque view at the back, like a landscape by an old master, and how happy the old man seemed. When she went down to her carriage, and I was handing her in, she said, looking straight before her, and with a kind of strange scorn in her voice,

"There is some difference, Herr Richter, between a noble of the empire and you!"

We went on in this way for more than a year. I was content enough; indeed, I should have been a wretch to have been impatient, for I knew it could not last very long. The doctors went on giving us hopes and expectations, but I knew better. I could see that the malady was gradually stealing over Liese's faculties and consuming her life. She had lost the use of both arms, and would lie for hours without the least sign of life, and she took nothing but a little broth. The old man died first: he went away very peacefully in his

chair in the evening sunlight, saying that it was time to dress. Some two months after his death, I was sitting by Liese in the afternoon, learning my part. It was autumn, and the room was full of a soft light; opposite to the bed was an old clock, upon the dial of which was an accidental mark. I had noticed that if I left when the minute hand reached this mark, I could reach the theatre easily without hurry. I sat watching the hand slowly approaching the spot. The room was perfectly still, nothing but the loud ticking of the clock being heard. The hand was within three minutes of the mark when Liese, who had lain motionless and unconscious for hours, suddenly stirred. I turned towards her in surprise; she looked up full in my face and smiled, and at the same moment she raised her right arm which had never moved since the fatal night, and held out her hand to me. I grasped it in mine, and the next moment she was gone.

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I acted that night as usual, for the public must not be disappointed. But I took a holiday soon after, and went a tour through the mountains. Not that I wish you to suppose that I was overwhelmed with grief; on the contrary, now that I have no temptation that way, I am ashamed to remember that I felt a sense of relief. Were the temptation to occur again, no doubt I should feel the same.

When I returned from my little tour I found myself courted. Now that I was free to go where I liked the management suddenly found that I was very useful, and offered me a considerable increase of salary to remain. Indeed, I was so flattered and courted that I became somewhat vain and light-headed. I dressed finely, and went much into society, for I was invited to some of the best houses in the city as an agreeable and entertaining guest. I saw the Baroness frequently, and was always invited to her garden-parties, which she received at a small but beautiful château, a

mile or two from the city, by the stream which flowed before poor Liese's room. Indeed, I was quite at home at the château, and the servants treated me almost as an inmate.

At the conclusion of one of these parties, about two years after Liese's death, the Baroness took an opportunity, as she passed, to say to me—

"I am going to-morrow to spend a few days at Saarfeld, which I think you have never seen. It is a strange, old, romantic place among the Bavarian Alps, and I think would please you. I wish you would arrange to come over and stay a night or two. I shall be quite alone, as I go on business of the estate."

I promised to go.

As the travelling chaise wound up from the valleys by long and gradual ascents, and the beauties of the mountain forests revealed themselves one by one, I seemed to be entering an enchanted land of romance and witchery. Light mists hovered below the lofty summits, and over the thick foliage of the oaks and beech-trees. They were illumined with prismatic colours by the slanting sunbeams which shot in strange and mystic rays through mountain crag and forest glade, throwing up portions in wild relief and depressing others into distant shade. The huts of hunters and woodmen, and the wreaths of smoke from the charcoal burners, were the only signs of life in this wild land of forest and hill. The lofty woods of black pine climbing the higher summits shut in the view on every side.

At last I reached the château, which stood high up in the forest, commanding an extensive and surprising view.

It was indeed a strange, wild old place of immense size, with long rows of turrets and windows, and massive towers of vast antiquity. We entered a court-yard, surrounded by lofty walls, so completely covered with ivy that the windows could scarcely be seen. It seemed as though the real and living world were entirely

shut out and lost sight of. The whole place, however, was in perfect repair, and was richly furnished. The staff of servants was ample. The major-domo, who always accompanied his mistress, welcomed me with great kindness. The Baroness, he said, was at that moment engaged with the steward; if I would take some slight refreshment after my journey, she would receive me presently in the grand salon. I was shown into a dining-room, where a slight repast was awaiting me. The rooms were hung with portraits of the old barons of Saarfeld, with tapestry of strange device, and with still stranger pictures of the old German and Italian masters, and were furnished with cabinets and sideboards, evidently of extreme antiquity. The sense of glamour and of mystery increased upon me at every step; I seemed to be acting in a wild and improbable piece.

When I had taken what refreshment I wanted, I asked to be shown my room that I might arrange my dress before seeking the Baroness. I had scarcely finished before the major-domo again appeared, and informed me that his mistress was waiting for me in the grand salon. I found this to be a magnificent apartment, with a long row of lofty windows in deep recesses overlooking the wild forest. Tall portraits of more than life-size hung upon the walls, and a massive stone chimney-piece, the height of the room, and carved with innumerable devices, fronted the windows. The polished oak floor would have been dangerous to walk on, but an actor is always equal to such feats.

The Baroness was standing in the centre of the vast room which was clear of furniture. I seemed to see her at last in her full perfection, as though such a lovely creature required such a setting as this before she could be fully and perfectly seen. She was easy and composed, and began to speak at once.

"I wish to tell you at once, my dear friend," she said, "why I have asked

you to come here, because it is only fair to you that you should know it at once."

She paused for a moment, and I could only look at her in silent admiration. I had not the remotest idea what she was going to say, but it seemed to me more and more that I was acting a strange and unnatural part.

"You are aware, my dear friend," she repeated, "that my father had some thought of marrying me, had he lived, to the Count von Roseneau, but long before his death he saw in that unhappy young man what made him change his intention. He spoke to me often with great freedom on this as on every other subject; it was the wonderful privilege which I enjoyed with such a father. He spoke to me much of the relationship between man and wife, of the peculiar duties and trials of each, and of the necessity of long and careful thought and of seeking for the best guidance in such a matter. He impressed upon me the value of eternal principles rather than of accidental forms; and though he insisted continually on the necessary observance of outward forms and decencies, yet he pointed out to me that circumstances might arise where all the necessary principles and qualities which alone give forms any value could exist, though some of the form itself might appear wanting. Finally, in the most solemn manner he assured me, and confirmed it in his will, that he was perfectly satisfied to leave the matter in my hands, convinced that I should follow out the great principles upon which his life had been based, and show myself worthy of the confidence and education he had bestowed upon me. I believe that I am about to act in a manner that would meet his full approval. I believe that those circumstances have actually arrived which he foresaw, and that I have found the man whom he would welcome as a son. I offer you my hand."

She pronounced these words, even to

the last, without any hurry of manner or the slightest sign of excitement beyond the charming animation with which she always spoke. You will naturally suppose that their effect upon me was overwhelming, but if so you are mistaken. It has been a matter of profound astonishment to me, in every succeeding moment of my life, that I acted as I did. Afterwards, of course, no end of reasons appeared which justified, and even approved in the highest degree, my conduct; but that, at the instant, when in another moment I might have had this glorious creature in my arms, I should have remained unmoved, has never ceased to fill me with astonishment. I can only account for it by one wild and seemingly improbable supposition. You will not believe it, but I am firmly convinced that during the whole interview I thought that I was on the stage, I thought that I had a part given me, and that I spoke words which I had already carefully conned. I am the more convinced that this was the case because I made no longer pause than would have been proper could you conceive such a scene to be enacted upon the stage.

"Baroness," I said, and I see the words now before me as plainly as if I read them from a play-book, "Baroness, it cannot be necessary to say that the offer you have made overwhelms me to the earth. I do not use such phrases as gratitude, and favour, and condescension; words at any time are unequal to the task of expression, and to use them now would only be an insult to your heart and mine. But I should be utterly unworthy of the amazing regard which you have shown to me, and of the undeserved approbation with which your own goodness has led you to regard me, were I to hesitate for a moment to urge you to reflect before you commit yourself to such a step. You have yourself allowed that your father insisted on the necessity of submission to the forms and decencies of outward life. Think for

a moment of the consequences to yourself of such a step as you now, with the sublime unconsciousness of the highest natures, propose to me. You have created out of your own nobleness an image which you call by my name, but you will find the reality an idol and a delusion, and you will find the world's verdict, on the whole, to be right. I entreat you to pause."

"Herr Richter," she said, looking me full in the face, and no language can express the beauty of her confiding glance, "every word you say only confirms my choice. I offer you my hand."

This second trial was very hard.

"My conscience is not at rest," I said. "I entreat you to reflect."

A very slight shade passed over the beautiful face, and a look of something like incredulity came into the wonderful eyes.

"You refuse my offer?" she said.

"I entreat you to weigh well what I have said."

"I might well say, Herr Richter," she said, "that there is some difference between you and other men."

There was a pause. The interview became embarrassing. I turned slightly towards the window, and it occurred to me to walk into the embrasure and look out. When I turned round, after a minute or two, I found that the Baroness had taken advantage of my action and had left the room.

I went out into the park. The moment I was alone a host of reasons rushed into my mind, all of them insisting with one voice on the propriety of the course I had, as it were involuntarily, taken. I was firmly convinced that whether she knew it or not the Baroness was attached with all the tenacity of her girlhood's recollections to the Count von Roseneau. Supposing this to be the case I could well see that the position, when novelty had played its part, of the player-husband would not be a dignified or enviable one. I knew, none better, the effect of the overpowering sympathies of rank and class, and of

the revulsion which inevitably follows action which is the result of excited feeling. I knew the ultimate irresistible power of the world's verdict. Of course some demon might have suggested that I should take the temporary wealth of delight which was offered to me, and, when the inevitable catastrophe came, go my quiet way unharmed, but I should hope that there are few men who would desire a temporary pleasure at so stupendous a cost.

I wandered in the park and forest for a couple of hours. Then I came back to the château. I was uncertain what to do, but I did not like to leave without seeing the Baroness again. I went to my room. Here I found one of the valets arranging my toilette for the evening. I had not been in the room many minutes before the major-domo entered. His manner was even more urbane and polite than in the morning.

The Baroness, he said, earnestly hoped that I would favour her with my company at dinner; the meal would be served in less than an hour.

The man's manner was so marked that I could not help looking at him. Was it possible that the household could have any idea of what had taken place?

I found the Baroness in an ante-chamber which opened upon one of the lesser dining rooms. There were several servants standing about between the two rooms, but she seemed utterly indifferent to their presence. Her manner was perfectly unembarrassed, and she came forward to greet me, holding out her beautiful hand.

"My dear friend," she said, "I feared you had left Saarfeld in displeasure. I hope you will not deprive me of what I value so highly. I have quite recovered from the little natural vexation I felt at your refusal of my offer. I will not offend again. Let us go to dinner."

"On one condition, Baroness," I said, as I gave her my arm, "that

you are not too fascinating. I might take you at your word."

"Your chance is gone by, sir," she said, with a delightful *moue*. "The ivory gates are closed."

I still felt as though I were performing in a play. I never exerted myself to please as I did that night. When the evening was over, I said, "I fear I shall not see you in the morning. I must be at the theatre to-morrow night."

"I shall not stay here many days," said the Baroness. "You must call on me the moment I return, my friend."

I raised the hand she gave me, and kissed the tips of her fingers, but I did not press her hand. When a man is walking in slippery places he is wary of his steps.

* * * *

I visited the Baroness immediately on her return, and found her as friendly and unembarrassed as ever. The months glided by with great quietude. The theatre was under good management; it was prosperous, and the best actors frequently visited it. It was one of those halcyon periods which visit all theatres at times. My popularity increased, and I could have demanded almost any salary. I was invited to other cities, but these visits I made very sparingly. What, however, might perhaps have been expected occurred, and caused me great annoyance. A report spread through the city that I was about to be married to the Baroness. It was universally believed.

"Have you heard the news?" men said, one to another. "The beautiful Helena von Saarfeld, for whom princes were not high enough, or cultured, or religious enough, who was almost too good to walk the earth, is going to marry Richter the player! What do you think of that?"

"Have you heard the news, Herr Richter?" said the Baroness, one afternoon as I entered her drawing-room.

"Yes," I said. "It has annoyed

me beyond expression. Who could have originated such a report?"

"Oh," she said, with a bewitching under-glance of her eyes, "such things cannot be hidden. It is not my fault that it is not true."

"That is all very well, my pretty friend," I thought to myself, "while the Count is away and out of mind, but what will happen should he return?"

I was congratulated on all hands, and could only deny that there was a word of truth in the report.

"It is most annoying to me," I said. "I shall have to give up visiting the Baroness." My friend would not hear of this, however, and seemed to take every opportunity of appearing with me in public. This had very much the desired effect, for when people saw we had nothing to conceal, they grew wearied of talking about us, and the matter pretty much dropped.

One evening as I was dressing in the theatre, I received a note from the Baroness, asking me to come to her château the next day at one o'clock, without fail. I was true to the time, and found her in a little morning-room where she transacted business. She seemed excited beyond her wont.

"My dear friend," she said, "I have sent for you because I want your advice and protection. I have good reason to know that I am safer in your care than I am in my own. There was a man here yesterday, a kind of Jew lawyer, who made an excuse to see me, though his business might well have been settled with the agent. When he had said what he had to say, however, he became very mysterious, and said that he had lately seen the Count von Roseneau, and that he had something to communicate which it very much concerned me to hear. His face wore a low, cunning expression as he said this, which disgusted me, and I told him that I had nothing to say on such subjects to him, and that if he had anything to communicate it must come through my agent. He told me he could tell it to no one

but myself. I thought immediately of you; and told him that if he liked to call here to-morrow at this time I would ask a gentleman, a very intimate friend, to be present, and then he could say what he wished. He hesitated at this, but I turned my back upon him, and left the room."

"Do you know any evil of the man?" I asked.

"I know nothing of such people," she said, scornfully. "I know no more evil of him than I do of a toad, but I shudder at both."

The man was speedily announced. He was evidently of the lowest type of his profession, and had a mean and hang-dog look. I do not know whether he knew me or not, but he took little notice of any but the Baroness.

He began his tale at once.

He had lived in Berlin where the Count von Roseneau was, and had been engaged in some inferior business connected with the mortgage on the Count's estates.

"The Count's affairs," he said, "were getting more and more involved; he was deeply in debt, was very short of money, and indeed had been more than once under arrest. The mortgages were foreclosed on all his estates, and the estates themselves offered for sale, when one day going over some deeds in the office of the lawyer who was engaged in managing what little remained to do on his behalf, I discovered a most important memorandum, signed by the Count himself. It is not necessary to explain before the Baroness," he continued, turning to me, "the exact nature of the complicated business, but you will understand that the paper had been given in lieu of deeds which never seem afterwards to have been executed, and was the sole evidence which decided the possession of the estates, or, at least, of the most considerable one. It had been inclosed by mistake in a parcel of copies that had been returned to the Count. I found him alone, and placed the paper in his hands. It was some time before

he understood its character, but when at last he was convinced that its possession restored him to wealth and honour, a singular expression came into his face.

"‘This is a nice homily, my good fellow,’ he said, ‘on you men of business, with all your chicanery of deeds, and evidences, and papers, and signing, and counter-signing, and all the rest of the devil’s game. What do you want for this paper? You did not bring it for nothing, I presume.’

"‘Well,’ I said, ‘a thousand marks would not seem too much for such a service.’

"‘A thousand marks,’ said the Count, rising, ‘is all I have in the world; nevertheless I will give it for this paper.’

"‘I should think so,’ I said. ‘A thousand marks are not much for estates and wealth.’

"The Count went to his secretaire, looked out a rouleau of gold, and handed it to me. Then he sat down again, and looked at the paper, steadily, for some time.

"‘Neat,’ he said to himself more than to me: ‘pretty, very pretty, but not my style; never was the Von Roseneau style, that I ever heard.’

"Then he bowed me politely out of the room. What happened, I heard from his valet. As soon as I had left, the Count sat down at the secretaire, wrote some lines in an envelope, fastened up the paper in it, directed it, and called the servant.

"‘You will take this to the address,’ he said, ‘and give it to the principal. If he is out, wait for him, though it be all day. You will give it into no hands but his. Tell me when it is done.’

"The Count is now,” continued the Jew, “in absolute penury. He has applied for a commission in the Bavarian Infantry, which he is certain to receive. The miserable pay will be all he will have to live on. He has business in this city which requires his presence. I expect him here, for a few hours, in a day or two.”

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The Baroness rose from her chair, and I could see that she was pale.

"You will settle with this—this gentleman," she said to me, and left the room.

"Well," I said to the man. "You want something for the communication, I suppose?"

I saw that he did not know who I was, for his manner was deferential, as to a gentleman of rank.

He said he left it to the Baroness.

I gave him a heap of notes, as I knew it would be the Baroness’s wish, and he left well satisfied.

I went into the drawing-room to the Baroness.

She was standing in the window, looking at the gorgeous flowers that were heaped together in profusion—a soft and pensive light in her eyes. She was evidently thinking of the Count, and of their early days.

Her attitude and expression were so lovely that I stopped involuntarily to gaze. She looked up, and saw, I suppose, something in my look which she had not seen before, for she flushed all over, and said, with a softened, pleased expression which was bewitching to see—

"You are a strange man, Richter; I know you love me."

"Yes, I love you, Baroness," I said, "better than I love myself."

"That is nothing," she said, flushing again. "Do you think I did not know that? Do you think I should have acted as I have done had I not doubted whether in all Germany, nay, in Europe itself, there could be found a man so good as you!"

"Let us hope, Baroness, for the sake of Europe, there may be a few."

"Well," she said, sitting down, "I want you to do something for me. A very little thing this time. I want you to find out when the Count comes, to go to him, and to get him to come over to Saarfeld to me."

"What are you going to say to him?" I said.

She looked up suddenly, as in anger,

but the next instant a touching look of humility came over her face, and she said—

"I am going to make him the same offer that I did to you, sir!"

I shook my head. "Do you know so little of your own people—of your own order—as that," I said. "He will refuse."

"I am not only a noble," she said, almost pitifully, "I am a woman too."

There was a pause. Then she said, "Why do you say that he will refuse?"

"He has the distinguishing vice of his order," I said, "insolent, selfish pride. It is notorious that he took great umbrage at what he considered interference in his affairs by your father and yourself, and at the blame which the breaking off of the match implied. He will think that you make him the offer now out of pity. His pride of race will rebel, and he will refuse a future, however splendid, marked by favours received and restrained by gratitude, and, he may even think, by compulsion. I have a better plan. I will seek him out; and if I find that he does not refuse to talk with me, and I do not see why he should, I will let him understand that you are kindly disposed towards him. I will recall his early days, and I will endeavour to make him believe that he is performing a chivalrous action, and forgiving injuries, and is conferring rather than receiving a favour. I hope to succeed. You said to me this morning that you were safer in my keeping than in your own. Trust to me now, though God knows I only do it to please you; I am not responsible for the result."

"No," said the Baroness, getting up from her seat. "I am a woman, and I will go my own way. I will have him at Saarfeld, where we were so happy as children. I will tell him all myself."

"She trusts to her charms," I said as I left the house. "It cannot be wondered at. Come what may, I will not marry her. The world shall *never*

say that this divine creature married Richter the player."

* * * *

Some few days afterwards I learnt that the Count had arrived. In the interval I had urged the Baroness to dispense with my advocacy altogether, and simply to send a message; but this she refused to do. I had nothing left but to do my best.

I called at the hotel at which the Count was staying, and sent in my name. I was immediately shown up to a private room.

"I see you are surprised to see me, Count von Roseneau," I said, "but I am not come to revive any reminiscences of the past. I simply bring you a message from the Baroness Helena, who asked me to tell you that she wished to see you at Saarfeld."

"If I showed any wonder, Herr Richter, said the Count, "it was simply that I was surprised that you should condescend to call upon me. As you have mentioned the Baroness, I am glad of the opportunity of saying that I am convinced that she can have no truer friend than yourself."

"The Baroness," I said, "is of the opinion that I might become the best means of telling you that she still cherishes the recollections of her early childhood. If I might venture to say anything, I would say that we do not war against women, and that though doubtless many things may have happened founded upon exaggerated reports, yet the Count von Roseneau will not cherish such paltry recollections in such a moment as this."

"The Baroness," said the Count, "has chosen well, though I fancy I can see that she has acted against the advice of her best friend. I will go to Saarfeld at any moment she may appoint, and anything that is within my power, and which is consistent with the honour of my family, I will do; the more willingly because by doing so I know I shall oblige you."

This was all very well, and I did not see what else I could say. There

was a polished coldness about the Count's manner which seemed to imply that the Baroness and he moved in a charmed circle within which it was intrusion for any one to venture. I had delivered my message, to the words of which the Baroness had almost limited me, and I rose to take my leave; but I was not prepared for what ensued.

The Count followed me to the door. "Herr Richter," he said, speaking in a very different tone from that which he had hitherto used, "I wish to say something else. I wish, if I can possibly say it, to say something which will cause you to think less hardly of me with regard to one who is dead; which will offer you some thanks, though thanks from such a source must be utterly worthless—for—but there are no words which can express what I mean—if you do not see it, there is no help."

I stood looking at him across the threshold for a moment.

"In the matter of which you speak, Count von Roseneau, if I understand you, and I think I do, I also was to blame. It is not for me to judge another. If you owe me thanks for anything that is past let me entreat you to weigh well every word you say at Saarfeld."

"I promise you," said the Count.

* * * *

With regard to the interview at Saarfeld, I only know what the Baroness told me. I believe that she told me every word that fell from the Count, but her own words and manner I had to collect as best I could. It was evident that she adopted a very different method from that which she had done toward myself. She received the Count indifferently, and put off the important moment as long as possible. No doubt she brought to play the whole fascination of her manner and person, but she selected the great salon as the scene of her final effort. In what way she introduced the subject I do not know, but she told me that she was standing in one of the

embrasures of the windows when the Count replied.

"Helena, I am unworthy of you, but I am grateful all the same. I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself simply out of pity to me. I am a ruined man—ruined in purse and reputation. The auguries which influenced your opinion of me when we were younger, are fulfilled—more than fulfilled. What would the world say if, when the fear alone of possible consequences rendered your union with me unsuitable, I were to avail myself of such a union when all these dreary predictions have been verified? Let the world say what it will, the Von Roseneaus are proud; that which was denied me because I was unworthy I cannot accept because I am poor. Besides, I cannot forget one who is dead."

The Baroness was standing against the embrasure of the window which was lined with tapestry. She was evidently anxious to retain her perfect composure, but as the Count continued speaking with a manly openness of purpose, her calmness was sorely tried. The last words came to her help. She grew composed instantly, and her face darkened with displeasure.

"You should take lessons from the stage, Count," she said, somewhat bitterly. "The actor declines a supreme favour with better grace than you."

The Count said nothing; he was probably not displeased at the loss of temper which would bring the interview to a close.

"Then you refuse my offer?" she said at last.

"I cannot accept."

"Mine is a strange fate, Count von Roseneau," she said. "In this hall, beneath the portraits of my ancestors, I have, in violation of all the customs of my sex, offered my hand to two men, one an actor, and one a noble, and have been rejected by both."

"The actor, madam," said the Count, stepping back, "you may well

regret, the noble is not worth a thought."

* * * *

The Baroness did not bear her second disappointment so well as the first. She looked sad, though the smile lost nothing of its sweetness, nor her manner of its vivacity. She had a wistful look in her eyes sometimes when they met mine, which, it might be thought, must have made my resolution hard to keep. If you like you may call my determination a selfish fancy which my vanity alone enabled me to maintain. The Baroness spoke a great deal of the Count, and talked to me much of her early days and of the confusions and ill-feeling when the young Count's conduct first began to arouse the fears of her father.

"I get very old and prosy, my friend," she said—she grew lovelier every day—"and I fatigue you with this talk, but I have no friend but you to whom I can speak of these things." She devoted herself to charity and good works; she visited the hospitals, and her carriage was to be seen in the worst purlieus of the city.

One day she told me she had received an invitation to travel in Italy with some cousins of her mother's, the head of the party being a superb old gentleman whom I had often met, and who reminded me of Don Quixote. This old gentleman had at first been very cold and haughty, but after some time his manner changed suddenly, the cause of which alteration the Baroness explained to me.

"The old gentleman," she said, "took me to task very severely upon the danger of my intercourse with you, and gave himself much trouble in repeating at great length the most wise maxims. I let him run on till he was quite out of breath, and then I said: 'My dear cousin, all that you have said is quite true, and shows your deep knowledge of the world. There has been the greatest danger of what you dread taking place. I offered my hand to Herr Richter years ago, and

any time within the last five years, excepting one short week, I would have married him if he would have had me.' I saw that the old Baron was very polite the next time you met."

The Baroness wanted me to accompany her to Italy, and offered to settle a large sum of money on me absolutely, so that I might give up my profession.

"No, Baroness," I said, "let us go on as we have begun. We have had a fair friendship, for which I do not say how much I thank you, and which no breath of calumny has ever stained; do not let us spoil it at last."

So we parted, but only for a time.

When the party had left for Italy I felt less tied to the city and accepted engagements elsewhere. I acted in Berlin, and so far departed from my rule as to take one or two principal parts with more success than I had expected. This was chiefly owing to the fact that in Germany the new reading of any part is welcomed with enthusiasm, and a host of critics immediately discover numberless excellences in it, chiefly to show off their own cleverness. Many of these gentlemen were kind enough to point out many beauties in my acting of which I was entirely unconscious. This led to my receiving invitations to other cities, which I accepted. In the course of my wanderings I arrived at a city on the French frontier, where I accepted an engagement for several nights to play Max Piccolomini. In the midst of this engagement the war between Germany and France suddenly broke out, and before we were aware we found ourselves involved in the marches and counter-marches of armies. The theatre was closed, and the company dispersed. I attempted to return into Saxony, but the advancing armies so blocked the roads that I was compelled to turn back. The French were advancing with equal rapidity, and I found myself shut in between the opposing troops. The campaign was so complicated that what was the rear

one day became the advanced guard the next. The utmost confusion seemed to prevail.

At last I found myself in a little suburb of some large town devoted to Lusthauses and gardens of pleasure; pretty little cottages appeared on every side surrounded by gardens and grass plats dotted with alcoves and sheltered by lofty trees. The French made a sudden advance, and held the adjoining slope, but did not come into the suburb. A small detachment of German Uhlans had halted in the village, and were watching the French.

I was standing in the door of one of the cottages with the officer of the little troop, when the chasseur of the Baroness, whom I knew so well, rode up. I sprang forward to meet him, and learnt that a skirmish had taken place outside the town, and that the wounded men were being brought from the front in charge of an ambulance corps to which the Baroness had attached herself.

A few minutes afterwards the corps arrived bringing with them several wounded men. I shall never forget the look of glad surprise in the face of the Baroness when she saw me. It is the most cherished recollection of my life.

"You come as always in the right time, my friend," she said. "In a few minutes we shall be in the thick of the battle. Whenever I want help and protection, you appear. How did you learn that I was here?"

"I did not know you were in Germany, Baroness," I said. "It is the will of God that we should meet; something is going to happen which concerns us both."

She wore the ambulance dress, with the white cross upon her arm, and looked more lovely than ever.

We had not stood above five minutes before we heard firing to the right and left; and the Uhlans mounted and rode off, advising us to retire into the cottages with the wounded. It was too late, they said, for the ambu-

lance corps to retire further into the rear.

Having deposited the wounded as best we could, the Baroness and I went into an upper room which looked out to the side over a small grass plot flanked by a low wall and a plantation of willows. The firing came nearer and nearer, and all along the slope on our left we could see the French lines and the artillery officers riding up and down. We did not know what was going on.

Suddenly a roar like hell itself shook the earth from end to end; the cannon balls came crashing through the branches of the trees, and a hail of lead swept off the leaves, tore up the grass in faint lines, and shook the wall of the cottage with their dull thud. We could see a strange commotion among the plantations on our right, and the next moment a form which we both knew too well vaulted over the low wall and came across the grass. A second after him other officers leaped the wall, and without waiting to see if their men followed, hurried across the lawn, and up the slope. They had no need to pause. The next moment the Bavarian infantry, the men falling at every step, cleared the fence, and in spite of the torrent of fire which seemed to burn the earth before it, crossed the garden, and ascended, in almost unbroken line the hill beyond, half concealed by the shattered trees. Other regiments followed, equally steady, and equally exposed to the never-ceasing storm, and in about eight minutes the firing lulled; the French had fallen back.

We went out of the cottage. Never in the wildest stage effect could such a transformation be beheld as this village scene presented. Eight minutes ago, smiling in the sunshine, peaceful, bright with flowers, and green grass and trees—now shattered, mangled, trodden down, the houses in ruins and in flames, the trees broken and leafless, the ground strewn with the dying and the dead. The ambulance was

already at work, but the Baroness did not stop.

"Let us go to the front, my dear friend," she said.

I knew what she meant. The chasseur, who kept close to his mistress, followed us, and we went forward up the slope, picking our way among the fallen men, and now and then stopping while the Baroness gave some poor fellow a drink of water, and assured him that the ambulance corps would be up immediately. As we ascended the slope and looked back for a moment, we could see that the village and the whole line of country was occupied by the main body of the German troops—a magnificent sight.

At last, near the top of the slope we met two Bavarians who were carrying an officer between them. The Baroness knelt down, and, without hesitation, the men laid their burden before her, in her arms.

"We do not think he is dead, lady," said one of them, the tears

streaming down his face. "He moved once as we came along."

He lay perfectly still, to all appearance lifeless, his eyes closed.

"Speak to him," I said, "perchance he may hear *you*."

"Von Roseneau," cried the Baroness, in a tone I never wish to hear again, "Von Roseneau, will you marry me now?"

The despairing tremor of her voice seemed to recall the departed spirit already wandering in other lands. The dying man opened his eyes, a brilliant smile lighted his face, his gaze met that of the Baroness, and he held out his hand, but he could not speak. The next moment he fell back dead within her arms.

* * * *

"And what became of the Baroness?" I asked, for the actor paused.

"She became a canoness, and devoted herself entirely to the mystical religion of the Count von Zinzendorff."

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

THE PRELUDE TO THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR. (1866-7.)

To explain and reconcile Prince Bismark's complex, if not really contradictory, methods of statesmanship may be possible for our children, when more than one cabinet, now closed, shall have opened its secret correspondence to the light of day. We must be content with the partial, though very considerable and very interesting, information which we get from time to time from the diplomatists of other nations who have tried to measure themselves with the German chancellor. And we see these makers of the history of our times repeating themselves, as history itself is said to do. We see how, more than once, the frank and well-meaning M. de Bismark has found himself unable to keep his promises, owing to the opposition of his sovereign, or of the military party, or of the national parliament and press, or of the foreign powers; and how he has presently reappeared as the master, and his original confidants as the victims, of the circumstances over which he declared himself to have lost all control. Yet, not only new comers, but those who had already suffered from their misplaced trust, are still found "shooting madly from their spheres" to listen to the dulcet strains of this siren in the guise of a bluff Pomeranian squire. They continue unwarned by an experience the voice of which might remind us of the friendly remonstrance of the showman who, when Lord Stowell was about to pay his shilling to see the Mermaid, said, "Don't go in, sir, it's only the old Say-sarpint." We in England smiled last autumn at the repeated statements that the Sultan expected Prince Bismark to restore the Mohammedan supremacy in North Africa

in spite of what France could do; and that the Pope hoped that the same helping hand was to bring Rome back under the temporal sovereignty of the Vatican: but the recently published account of *L'Affaire du Luxembourg*, by M. Rothan, a French diplomatist of the Second Empire,¹ taken with the history of the events which preceded and followed that particular incident, shows the credulity of the Emperor Napoleon and his ministers as not less than any that can be attributed to Pope or Sultan, to the Emperor of Austria or the Czar of Russia.

We do not yet know all the secret history of the way in which Count Bismark led the Austrians through the mazes of the Schleswig-Holstein policy and the dismemberment of Denmark, to the breaking up of the Austrian headship in Germany, and the substitution of that of Prussia. But the Italian minister, La Marmora, gave the world not "a little light"² on the methods by which the wily chancellor endeavoured to obtain the catspaw services of Italy in 1866: how he tried to persuade the Italians to commit themselves to war with Austria while Prussia kept herself free, to advance money for a Hungarian insurrection, and to put their army entirely under the direction of Prussia, and then—if the Italians would only have faith enough—everything should come right at the proper moment; and how Italian diplomacy, not for the first time, was more than a match for that of Germany, even when the latter was directed by such a master-mind

¹ G. Rothan, *L'Affaire du Luxembourg*, &c., 8vo., Paris, C. Lévy, 1882.

² The title of his narrative of these negotiations is *Un po' più di Luce*.

as that of Count Bismark. General La Marmora was no less clear-sighted and decided than he was high-minded and straight-forward. His envoy, General Govone, was right when, after reporting the results of his first interview with Count Bismark, he added, in a postscript, that it might seem that there was nothing left but to break off the negotiations, but that if the Italian Minister instructed him to go on, the snake would end by biting the conjuror—" *la vipera avrà morsicato il ciarlatano*." But there were other snakes who did not bite, but were mastered by, the charmer. M. Rothan tells us in great detail how the Emperor of the French was led and managed through, and after, the same period—1866 and 1867. He was induced to promise and to maintain his neutrality during the war of Prussia and Italy against Austria in 1866, partly by what he at least supposed to be assurances that the chancellor would not object to his getting the Palatinate, the fortress of Mainz, or even Belgium, in the eventual settlement which would follow the war; partly in the alternative belief that Austria and not Prussia would be the more likely to win, and that anyhow the contest would be so prolonged that he might meanwhile put off the day of decision and action, which was always so hateful to his hesitating temperament; and partly by the more generous hope that Italy—the object of his youthful dreams and conspiracies—would somehow get Venice and the northern fortresses, which he had failed of obtaining for her in 1859.

Having thus secured the neutrality of France, Prussia was able to concentrate upon Bohemia an army of which a large part must otherwise have been left to guard the Rhine: the seven weeks' war culminated in the battle of Sadowa: and Napoleon suddenly found himself obliged to take some course of action. The failure of the Mexican expedition had weakened his popularity with the army and the servile multitude; and it was essential

for him at least to soothe and reassure the more vulgar passion of the nation for its *prestige* among the great powers of Europe. Though too late to prevent the great blow which had destroyed the old German Confederation with its Austrian leadership, and so secured the future empire to Prussia, Napoleon was able to stay the Prussian army at the gates of Vienna, to save the King of Saxony his crown, and to make the Main the southern boundary of the new Confederation. For a moment the Emperor resolved to do more than this, and to interpose with an armed mediation. But he was warned by a prudent minister that this would inevitably involve him in war with Prussia and Italy at a moment when—so great had been the shortcomings of his incompetent and corrupt war administration—he could only put some forty thousand men in the field, and they not armed with the new needle-musket to which the French soldiers attributed (erroneously enough) the Prussian victories, rather than to the strategic and tactical capacity and skill of the generals and their troops. Yet something must be done before the meeting of the French Chambers, to appease the rising discontent. For the country viewed, and would view, as the prospect became plainer, the Prussian aggrandisement as a national humiliation.

A distinguished historian has observed that whereas the old doctrine of the Balance of Power meant that no small state should be allowed to be absorbed by a great neighbour, its modern and corrupt form is that when one Great Power resolves to annex a small neighbour, each of the other Great Powers shall be entitled to "compensation" by another acquisition of the like kind. And accordingly Napoleon, who had required Nice and Savoy as his compensation for the aggrandisement of Italy, now protested to Prussia that France must have some fresh compensation for the annexations of Hanover, Electoral Hesse, Nassau, and Frankfort. He

claimed the fulfilment of the understanding that he was to have the Palatinate and Mainz as a present compensation, while he hoped for Belgium and Luxemburg hereafter, when Prussia thought fit to cross the Main. Then followed a series of diplomatic moves and counter-moves in which the French emperor and his ambassador at Berlin, M. Benedetti, on the one side, and M. de Bismark on the other, played a game of which, and of its results, M. Rothan gives us the curious details. He tells us that his information is derived from the secret letters and telegrams which actually passed, or from the narrations given him by the ministers themselves. The despatches in the *Livre Jaune*, were, he says, composed after the events for popular use; as, he adds, were those produced in 1844 on the Spanish Marriages, when "M. Guizot, on the documents being called for, laid before the Chambers a correspondence appropriate to the circumstances." When the Prussian Government refused to cede the Palatinate and Mainz to France, notwithstanding the previous promises on that point, M. Benedetti was instructed to propose a treaty offensive and defensive, which was to consist partly of a secret convention to allow France to annex Belgium whenever she judged the fitting moment to have come, and in which she was to be aided, if necessary, by a Prussian army; and partly of an open cession of Luxemburg to France on payment of an indemnity to the King of Holland, its Grand Duke, with a declaration that the Prussian right of garrisoning the citadel of Luxemburg was extinguished by the fact of the dissolution of the Germanic Confederation, as well as required to be so for securing the independence of the states of Southern Germany. All the difficulties in the way of carrying out this proposal seemed—one would think only to Napoleon III. and M. Benedetti—to be got rid of, when, at the last moment, Count Bismark began to suggest

doubts, not only of the expediency of the alliance, but of the good faith of France in a scheme which might involve Prussia in a war with England. Still—again assuming his friendly and favourable tone—the Prussian chancellor said that the question of this alliance might remain open for further consideration, and till after he could discover how King William would feel on the subject; and meanwhile Count Bismark would do anything in his power to facilitate the French acquisition of Luxemburg. The King of Holland was the sovereign of Luxemburg, and could dispose of it as he pleased; and the Prussian chancellor would not only not claim its entry into the North German Confederation, but would oppose its entry, if it were demanded, in the Parliament. He suggested that the French should, by the aid of bankers, commercial travellers, and the like agents, get up demonstrations to convince the King of Prussia that the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy had no desire that the Prussian garrison should remain there, and that he might withdraw it without failing in any of his royal duties. Only, he said, he could have nothing to do with the negotiations; he must remain ignorant of them till they were completed; and then, if they were completed before the meeting of the Reichstag, he not only reckoned on being able to overcome any scruples his sovereign might have entertained had he known of the matter in its unfinished stage, but he would undertake "to make Germany swallow the pill." And then the alliance, with its secret as well as its open convention—an alliance on which, after all, the chancellor set great value—might be completed.

There were indeed warning voices opposing themselves to the too ready acceptance of the frank and bluff assurances—sometimes friendly, sometimes rather rude—of the Pomeranian squire. There came well-founded information of enormous military ar-

maments and warlike preparations throughout Prussia, and secret military treaties (destined to bear fruitful results three years later) with the states of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Hesse. But the French emperor, after a momentary burst of indignation, fell back under the magic influence which was guiding him whither Count Bismark would, though he did insist on reforms in the French army-organisation, which he put under the direction of the able Maréchal Niel. This reform gave Count Bismark an opportunity of suggesting that he was afraid of the intentions of France: and, among other specimens of the versatility of his resources, he about this time suggested that "they should light a fire together in Turkey, at which they could warm themselves together, and out of the ashes find the means of gratifying their common ambitions." It was in the midst, too, of the negotiations for annexing Belgium to France that England was informed by Count Bismark himself of the scheme: and the astute Belgian minister, M. Nothomb, was enabled to bring about the marriage of the Count of Flanders with the Princess Maria of Hohenzollern, and so to secure for Belgian independence the dynastic sympathies of the King of Prussia. But M. Benedetti was assured that Count Bismark had been no party to these proceedings, but indeed had warned the father of the bride of the instability of the Belgian throne.

The French emperor's prospect of "compensation" was now reduced to his chance of getting Luxemburg; and perhaps it is not contrary to the dignity of such very undignified history to say that we are irresistibly reminded of the story of the Irishman, who, having vainly applied for the Chief-Secretaryship, and then run down the whole scale of political and domestic offices, at last said to the Viceroy, "Could your honour give me an ould coat?" Luxemburg, however, it must be admitted, was not

without a traditional, and perhaps a practical, value in the eyes of France. Nature, art, and the jealousies of neighbouring sovereigns had for centuries combined to give importance to this little territory. A great rock on the edge of the country which has been called the cockpit of Europe, crowned with fortifications, of which the last were the work of the great Vauban himself, it had given emperors to Germany and kings to Bohemia and Hungary: it had belonged successively to the houses of Burgundy, Spain, Hapsburg, and Nassau, and was held by Louis XIV. of France: the diplomacy of Richelieu, Mazarin, and Fleury was always directed to its possession by France: it reappears as the price proposed to France for her consent to the annexation of Bavaria by Joseph II. in 1783: and by the treaty of Campo-Formio in 1797 the dream of the old French diplomatists was realised for a time, while it became the French outpost against Germany. But in 1815 the Congress of Vienna reversed its political position, brought it into the Germanic Confederation under the King of the Netherlands as its Grand Duke, entrusted its military occupation to Prussia, and so made it a part of the great system of the defence of Europe along the eastern frontier of France. In 1830 the people of Luxemburg joined the revolt of Belgium against Holland, and united themselves to the former country: but Leopold was soon compelled by Prussia and Austria, though very reluctantly, to give up this acquisition to his new kingdom; and then Louis Philippe tried hard to get it again for France. Lord Palmerston's correspondence first made public the miserable intrigues and efforts of the aged Talleyrand to secure something in the scramble, and how he vainly turned to Prussia when the English Foreign Office was inexorable. "No nibbling," said Lord Palmerston: "if the Great Powers once get a bite they will not stop till

they have eaten the whole cake." M. Rothan reminds us that similar schemes—for annexing Belgium as well as Luxemburg—had not long before been proposed by Charles X., and he compares these with their revival by Louis Napoleon, and all under the influence of the same motive of hoping to allay discontent at home by the *prestige*—conjurer's trick, as Mr. Freeman has happily explained the word—of a territorial acquisition.

The King of Holland was sovereign of both the Duchy of Limburg and the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, though by different titles, and both were members of the old Germanic Confederation. The possible attitude of Prussia to them, and to Holland itself, after the war of 1866, was a matter of great anxiety to the king. Prussia might demand that the connection of Limburg and Luxemburg with the old Germanic Confederation should be transferred to the new Northern Confederation: she might give practical effect to the regrets of military statesmen that at the settlement of 1815 Prince Hardenberg had consented to give up the fortresses of Maestricht and Vanloo, instead of making them part of the German system of defence: she might in her thirst for aggrandisement endeavour to bring Holland within her network of commercial, military, and maritime treaties: and Luxemburg itself might become the object of a contest between France and Prussia, of which Holland would have to bear the consequences. The king was therefore not disinclined to listen to the proposals of the French emperor that Luxemburg should be ceded to France, and Limburg released from all claim on the part of Germany; while France should pay an indemnity in money, and also guarantee the undisturbed possession of Limburg against all future pressure of Prussia, whether moral or material. While Limburg was an integral part of the monarchy, though hitherto artificially attached to the German Confederation,

Luxemburg was a personal fief of the king, and could be surrendered by his sole will, without reference to the Dutch Parliament. The queen, always friendly to the French emperor, supported the scheme, as did the Prince of Orange. But on the other hand, Prince Henry of the Netherlands, the king's brother, and his lieutenant-general in the Grand-Duchy, was opposed to the cession, as was his wife, a Princess of Weimar, and niece of the King of Prussia: it was known that they corresponded with Berlin, and more or less reflected the sentiments of that court: and when the French Government began to act on the advice of Count Bismark in preparing the minds of the inhabitants of Luxemburg for the *plebiscite* in which they were expected to declare their spontaneous desire for annexation to France, the lieutenant-general made a formal protest through his diplomatic representative at the court of the Tuileries. Still Count Bismark assured all parties concerned—the French emperor, the King of Holland, and their respective ministers and ambassadors at Paris, Berlin, and the Hague—that he approved and advised the arrangement, and would at the proper moment allow its completion by withdrawing the Prussian garrison. It was true that he had not yet found the disposition of his sovereign favourable to his bringing the matter before him, but the Minister of War and the Chief of the Staff, the Generals von Roon and von Moltke, had at last admitted that the retention of this military position was not of the great importance they had originally supposed, and when the inhabitants of Luxemburg had declared their desire for the change, and the arrangement with Holland had been completed, the King of Prussia would no doubt eventually acquiesce in what had become inevitable. But meanwhile Prussia must know nothing: the negotiations must be carried to completion by France and Holland alone. This was the shortest and the safest way, the chancellor said: and he

repeated to Prince Napoleon in 1868 that it was not his fault, but the want of energy on the part of the French Government, that the scheme was not so carried out. The negotiations with Holland continued through the last months of 1866 and the first of 1867; and notwithstanding occasional changes in the demeanour of Count Bismark or of the Prussian ambassador, and the warnings from other quarters of military preparations in Prussia, the Emperor Napoleon was sanguine of success. But it presently became more and more plain, that notwithstanding the mostly smooth and pleasant surface of the course which the negotiations were taking, there was a hostile current below. Prince Henry of the Netherlands not only raised objections, but pressed them with bitter reproaches: the Reichstag was about to meet in Berlin: and Count Bismark hinted that he might have some difficulty in replying to questions about Luxemburg, unless indeed he could say that the matter was settled, and without his having had any responsibility for it; and that the press was beginning to call for a patriotic resistance to the humiliation of the army by a withdrawal from this important fortress.

The King of Holland, who had at first objected to treat, except openly, had afterwards consented to the secrecy of the negotiations between Napoleon and himself; but both the king and his ministers were now convinced that it was most dangerous to proceed except with the full consent of Prussia. They distrusted the assurances of Count Bismark's good intentions; they feared to be involved in a war with Prussia; and they knew that in the actual condition of the French armaments, an alliance with France against Prussia would mean defeat with all its consequences. And when (on the 18th of March, 1867) the *Official Gazette* of Berlin had published the secret treaty of the 21st of August 1866 with Bavaria,—in defiant answer, it was said, to the denuncia-

tions of Prussian aggrandisement by M. Thiers in the French Chamber which had just met,—the King of Holland refused to proceed without the explicit consent of Prussia and of the other Powers who had signed the treaties of 1839. There was great alarm and anxiety at the court of the Tuileries: the telegraph was at work day and night between Paris and the Hague: and M. Benedetti was instructed to press for a clear declaration on the part of Prussia. Count Bismark replied that the king was too anxious as to the effect which the cession of Luxemburg to France might have in Germany to allow himself openly to consent to it. He spoke of his own difficulties in dealing not only with the king but with the Parliament, and with the disposition of public opinion. He could not authorise any one to say that Prussia had agreed with France that the latter should have Luxemburg: on the contrary, if he were questioned, he should be obliged to express, if not regret, yet a certain sadness of feeling. If he could have trusted the discretion of the King of Holland, he would gladly have avowed his own views and wishes; but as it was he could only—if applied to by that king—say that the King of Holland could dispose of his own rights of sovereignty as he pleased, in a way to imply that Prussia would not interfere with him in so doing. But at the same time he should so weigh his words as to be able to declare in Parliament that the assent of Prussia had not been given; only adding that if Germany had reason to regret the cession of Luxemburg to France, it could not have made this a cause of complaint against the King of Holland, who was only acting within his own rights. Then the German press became more and more violent against the cession of Luxemburg, and Count Bismark became colder and more cautious, and even hinted—to the great indignation of M. Benedetti, who declared that the terms were those of the conqueror to the conquered—that the Prussian

troops might have to destroy the fortifications before they evacuated them. Then Count Bismark—the conversation was at a ball which he gave on the 27th of March—turned the subject to the approaching International Exposition at Paris, for which his sovereign hoped to accept the emperor's invitation. The French ambassador hesitated to decide whether all this meant that the Prussian minister still wished the negotiations with the Hague to be carried out: but after a consultation with the Dutch ambassador, they agreed to telegraph to their respective governments to make haste, as public opinion in Berlin was become more and more hostile to the cession. Three days later, after what M. Rothan calls a supreme effort of *la diplomatie occulte* (apparently a sufficiently large payment in money to the King of Holland), all the difficulties were smoothed down. The Prince of Orange brought to Paris the written consent of his father: the treaties of cession and of guarantee were laid before the king and his ministers for signature on the 1st of April:—when M. de Zuylen, the Dutch minister, objected that the signature of the President of the government of Luxemburg was a necessary form, and proposed that the signing should be put off till the next day.

Meanwhile, the clouds were gathering. On the same day that the Prince of Orange had brought his father's consent, news reached Paris that Prussian troops were moving on Luxemburg; the *Official Gazette* of Luxemburg declared itself authorised to deny that any cession was intended; and—what was more serious—the sudden and unexpected question was put by the Prussian ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, to Lord Stanley, the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs—What would be the attitude of England, if war broke out between France and Prussia? And on the 1st of April (if I have rightly checked M. Rothan's rather confused and erratic dates),

at eleven o'clock at night, M. de Goltz, the Prussian ambassador at Paris, presented himself at the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, with a scared look, to tell the minister, M. de Moustier, that the Luxemburg business was going as badly as possible; and to urge him, in view of the excitement in the Prussian parliament, the irritation of public opinion, and the hostile feeling of the army, to break off the negotiations at once. M. de Moustier replied that the matter was already settled, showed him the despatch which had been sent the day before with the particulars to M. Benedetti; and added that after the confidence which the French Government had showed M. de Bismark throughout, they were justified in asserting that they had been betrayed; that they took on themselves all the responsibility, and that the fear of war should not make them draw back one inch. M. de Goltz listened in silence to the end, and only answered with a sneer that it would be very absurd to fight for so small a thing as Luxemburg.

The Reichstag now met, and the chancellor was questioned by Herr von Bennigsen, in a speech of patriotic enthusiasm, as to the truth of the rumours of the cession of Luxemburg to France. The reply was cautious:—It was true that there were some negotiations pending between Holland and France, but the Prussian Government was not aware whether a treaty had actually been signed: the King of Holland, as Grand Duke, had thought himself bound to consult the King of Prussia, but the latter had replied that before giving an opinion he must consult the other signatories of the treaty of 1839, and take into consideration the public opinion, of which the Parliament was the authorised organ.

The Emperor Napoleon was indignant, and resolved not to give way. He conferred with General Trochu, and discussed plans with General Leboeuf, who now remained permanently at the Tuileries. Maréchal Niel urged on the making of chassepots, bought horses,

and replaced the *matériel* lost at Mexico. The African army received orders to concentrate on Bona and Algiers; the divisions of the south were ordered towards Lyons. Nor were the preparations of Prussia less active. And when the French Government—taking the position that it was not possible to allow Prussia to interfere in the arrangements which two independent sovereigns might think fit to make between themselves—called on the King of Holland to sign the treaties at once; and just as the king, hearing from Berlin that the chancellor would not really object, was about to yield, the Prussian ambassador was announced. He came to declare that while the King of the Netherlands was free to act as he thought fit, he must take the responsibility of so doing, for the Cabinet of Berlin, in face of the expression of public opinion in Germany, must consider the cession of Luxemburg to France as a declaration of war. There was no need to add the fact that the Prussian army was concentrating towards the frontier, or that Luxemburg, with its garrison not withdrawn, but already strengthened, was to support the left wing of a force which only waited the order to cut all communication between France and Holland. The Dutch minister courteously but firmly refused to sign. Count Bismark had no need to move again. If France, practically unarmed, accepted the challenge, she was lost; if she shrank back, her *prestige* was damaged, and her weakness confessed in the face of Europe. In either case the destiny of Germany was accomplished, and her ascendancy in Europe established. The Emperor of the French, as M. Rothan says, was checkmated.

It was absolutely necessary to find a means of retreat, with as little loss of dignity and honour as might still be possible. M. de Moustier, the French minister, had already been preparing the ground, while his master was still insisting on his demands. He had found Austria and

England not only not unfavourable to the annexation of Luxemburg, but willing to support France in the negotiations, while Russia held an equivocal tone. And now an appeal, veiled in the decorous diplomatic forms of national self-importance, was made to the signatories of the treaty of 1839, not as judges of the right of France to Luxemburg, but of the right of Prussia to garrison the fortress. The French and the Prussian ministers gave their respective stories of the past negotiations in the usual circulars to their ambassadors. Count Bismark hardly concealed from the French ambassador his sympathy with the growing eagerness for war at Berlin; while M. Benedetti was instructed to yield to no provocation, and to give Count Bismark no opening, under any circumstances, for a quarrel. The emperor now sent for Lord Cowley, and desired him to ask not merely for the good offices, but for the mediation of England. Lord Augustus Loftus, our minister at Berlin, received pressing instructions in the interests of peace from the English Foreign Secretary, Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby), together with a letter from Queen Victoria to King William—to the effect of which letter the diplomatist of the Second Empire naturally attaches more importance than suggests itself to an Englishman accustomed to the belief that his own sovereign reigns but does not govern. And though Count Bismark had vanished to Varzin, and did not reappear for five days, during which his representative at the ministry declared he had no instructions, at the end of that time—on the 26th of April—the Prussian Cabinet announced its consent to the opening of a conference in London, on the basis of the neutrality of Luxemburg under the guarantee of Europe,—which plainly implied its evacuation. Now began that hair-splitting so dear to the smaller diplomatists who register, while they fancy they are directing, the decisions of the statesmen who really control and guide the wills and

passions of nations and their kings. The Cabinet of Berlin did not refuse the idea of evacuation, but did refuse Lord Stanley's proposal to make it the basis of the deliberations. Count von Bernstorff declared in London that under no circumstances would Prussia withdraw its garrison, while M. de Thile at Berlin denied that he had any authority for so saying. There was indeed a hard struggle going on between the advocates for war in the interest of Prussia and those for peace in that of Europe. But what can be said except "tweedledum and tweedledee," of the question whether the conference should be convoked by the Signatory Powers or by the King Grand Duke? Then Lord Stanley refused to join in any guarantee of neutralisation which could involve England in the obligation to go to war; and at ten o'clock on the 7th of May, the day and hour fixed for the conference, Count von Bernstorff announced that without such guarantee his government would not appear. Baron de Brünow, the Russian ambassador, was equal to the occasion. He devised a formula for a guarantee, not individual nor separate, but collective. This admitted of an elastic interpretation, and Lord Stanley was able to tell the House of Commons that our guarantee involved only a "limited liability." So this question, which after so many months had nearly ended in war, was settled on the terms of the neutralisation of Luxemburg, the withdrawal of the Prussian garrison, and the demolition of the fortifications. Paris, with its wonted facility of passing from one emotion to another, gave itself up to the festivities of the Exposition Universelle now opened, and welcomed among its royal and noble guests not only the King of Prussia, but his terrible minister himself. Prussian generals and statesmen did not at once conceal their regrets that the opportunity for a war with France at

a moment when she was more unprepared than she would be ever likely to be again, had slipped from them. Englishmen can remember how the Prussian ambassador in ordinary London society said openly that England had deprived Germany of an opportunity such as would not occur again, of taking at a disadvantage an enemy with whom war after all was inevitable. Whether Count Bismark himself held this view, and had, at the last moment, yielded to the pressure of the European Powers when he had elaborately prepared for war, and had believed that the decisive moment had come; or whether he was master of the situation throughout, and had seen that there were sufficient reasons for a further interval before the supreme hour arrived; or whether, he was content to deal with events and circumstances as they arose; it would be premature and presumptuous to pronounce. But at least it may be said that the estimation of his capacity and his power as a statesman rose higher still than before both in Germany and in Europe. While his statecraft was even more versatile and unscrupulous than that with which it matched itself in the policy of the Emperor of the French, it is plain that he came out of the contest as the victor; that he showed unvarying strength of judgment and of will, while his opponent was always infirm and weak of purpose. And it may be added that however unscrupulous the means of the great chancellor, his end—the unity of Germany—was noble; while that of Napoleon—the support of his despotism by pandering to the national vanity of his subjects—was mean and base. That the actual policy was that of the emperor himself, and that his ministers and diplomatists only carried out his plans and orders, M. Rothan loses no opportunity of assuring his readers.

EDWARD STRACHEY.

DEATH AND LIFE.

IN MEMORIAM JULY 18, 1881.

O DEATH ! how sweet the thought
 That this world's strife is ended ;
 That all we feared and all we sought
 In one deep sleep are blended.

No more the anguish of to-day
 To wait the darker morrow ;
 No more stern call to do or say,
 To brood o'er sin and sorrow.

O Death ! how dear the hope
 That through the thickest shade,
 Beyond the steep and sunless slope,
 Our treasured store is laid.

The loved, the mourned, the honoured dead
 That lonely path have trod,
 And that same path we too must tread,
 To be with them and God.

O Life ! thou too art sweet ;
 Thou breath'st the fragrant breath
 Of those whom even the hope to meet
 Can cheer the gate of death.

Life is the scene their presence lighted ;
 Its every hour and place
 Is with dear thought of them united,
 Irradiate with their grace.

There lie the duties small and great
 Which we from them inherit ;
 There spring the aims that lead us straight
 To their celestial spirit.

All glorious things, or seen or heard,
 For love or justice done,
 The helpful deed, the ennobling word,
 By this poor life are won.

O Life and Death ! like Day and Night,
 Your guardian task combine ;
 Pillar of darkness and of light,
 Lead through Earth's storm till bright
 Heaven's dawn shall shine !

A. P. STANLEY (1880).

THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION IN BELGIUM.

A STRUGGLE of unusual severity has been raging for two years in Belgium. The conflict is but one phase of the burning antagonism between the papacy and modern thought which prevails throughout Western Europe, but is the more significant from its occurrence in the ancient stronghold of Catholicism. Nowhere are the opposing parties, Liberal and Catholic, more clearly defined. The whole country, urban and rural, is divided into two hostile camps. Every commune, every village, is split into sections, and has its Catholic and Liberal butcher, baker, and *cafetier*, whose *clientèle* is strictly limited by political partisanship. It is no exaggeration to say that the discussion and treatment of the educational question has stirred the entire nation to its depths, has awakened controversies which have penetrated the remotest agricultural districts of the kingdom, and has roused a spirit which in all probability will profoundly influence its future policy.

A few words may serve to explain how the conflict has arisen. By the Belgian constitution, primary schools, unsectarian in character, and free to all who could not afford to pay for instruction, were to be established in every commune. The law was, however, regarded as merely permissive, and to avoid expense schools under the control of religious orders were in many districts *adopted* by the commune, and partly supported by local taxation. In 1842 political exigencies made clerical support indispensable to the party in power. The demands of the Roman Church in the matter of education are sufficiently ample, and they were practically all conceded. The Belgian parliamentary report on the *Loi Scolaire* of 1879 affirms that

in every stage, from the normal to the primary schools, the authority of the Church was supreme, that of the State was subordinate. The priesthood exercised a veto over the appointment of all teachers and the adoption of all books, and to such purpose was this authority wielded, that, save in a few rare instances in the largest towns, the Church had obtained a complete monopoly of education throughout Belgium.

This condition of things was not likely to be tolerated by a Liberal majority, and in 1879 it was determined to revert to the constitutional basis of national education. Absolute liberty of conscience was enacted, the authority of the State in official schools re-asserted. The teaching of any dogma hostile to the creed of Catholicism was strictly prohibited. No religious symbol was to be removed from the schools, but the priest was henceforth to be invited to continue, as pastor, the religious instruction he had hitherto given as a master. On his refusal, the official teacher might teach the letter, but not explain the meaning, of the catechism. It was further enjoined that State schools on this basis should forthwith be established in every commune.

No sooner was the design of the government known than it elicited the most determined opposition from the Catholic party. A papal allocution was pronounced formally condemning it, and episcopal instructions were issued in every diocese, and read from every pulpit, warning all good Catholics against any longer sending their children to the communal schools, which would by one fatal stroke suddenly become schismatical, heretical, and atheistic. In vain was it pointed out that if the priests would only

accept the invitation urged upon them to continue their catechising, nothing would be changed in the routine of the schools. Long before the *projet du loi* could come into operation, the direst evils were foretold as the inevitable results of its adoption. Special emphasis was laid upon the circumstance that whilst religious teaching was in future to be optional, gymnastics would be compulsory; and that youths thus trained to agility without religion would grow up a generation of house-breakers and criminals. Immoral books, not yet indeed introduced into the schools, were ready packed, and would be foisted in at a convenient opportunity. If any morality survived, it would be tainted with the indefinite and indescribable poison of freemasonry. "The Christ"¹ was to be banished from every communal school. To avert such evils a new petition was added to the Litany: "From schools without God, and teachers without faith, good Lord deliver us." These warnings were enforced by severe ecclesiastical penalties against such as should disregard them. Except under special extenuating circumstances, to be in every case referred to and decided by the bishop of the diocese, all persons connected with the national schools—teachers, members of the school committee, and scholars, with their parents and even their remoter relatives—were to be subjected to a general refusal of the sacraments, even *in articulo mortis*, unless they gave evidence of genuine repentance.

The *Enquête Scolaire* affords superabundant proof of the anguish inflicted by these spiritual terrors. Without confession, no absolution; without absolution, no grace; without grace, no possible salvation, is the creed of Catholic priest and people; and as soon as, at confession, the avowal was made that the penitent in any way supported the official schools, the little door of the confes-

¹ A crucifix is always found in a Belgian schoolroom.

sional was closed, and the suppliant dismissed unabsolved. Delicate pregnant women have had their apprehensions terribly aggravated by the withholding of a spiritual solace, universally sought and specially valued at such a season. The calm that should soothe and solemnise the dying bed has been broken and distracted by angry recriminations, by fierce insistence upon vows that have been commonly made only to the ear to be broken to the hope, by the outward admission of a fault which the inner conscience did not allow, by the reluctant, and, as we should deem it, worthless concessions, wrung from the fears of persons physically and mentally enfeebled to the last extremity, and in the immediate presence of death. More than one medical witness asserts that death has been accelerated by the spiritual agony thus occasioned. In some cases the dying person's confession has been abruptly cut short that the priest might obtain the instructions of his bishop—so abruptly, that in one instance *le bon Dieu* was left upon the table of the sick chamber, the poor moribund all the while torn by uncertainty and the fear of dying before the bishop's answer could be obtained. After all, the submission, extracted at a cost which has strained the relation of priest and people to the utmost, has generally proved worthless. It is the concurrent testimony of nearly all the witnesses, that extreme unction and Christian burial once secured, the survivors have held themselves absolved from promises thus extorted, and have continued to send their children to the communal schools.

My own introduction to a knowledge of this state of things was brought about in a somewhat amusing manner. I had observed in every Belgian church a large money-coffer, surmounted by the papal arms and tiara, with the word "Jubilee" below them, and I wanted to obtain some small *brochure* which should explain to me the meaning and purpose of the "Jubilee." I accordingly

selected a bookseller's shop in a flourishing country town—a shop whose window was filled with religious books, rosaries, crucifixes, and such other sacred emblems as are dear to the faithful of the Roman obedience. I stated my wishes, and the bookseller mounted a ladder to find the work I asked for, when a sudden inspiration seized him. "Are you Catholic?" he asked. I admitted I was not in the sense in which he used the term, and he then burst forth with amazing volubility into an explanation of the educational conflict. "There is no religion in it," he asserted; "the struggle is not for doctrine, but for domination. Our dean never preaches about the Gospel now—it is always on politics. They have put the Pope above God, but on earth *la patrie* must come first. Fortune, children, wife (his own was out of ear-shot), everything must yield to *la patrie*." I could not abstain from asking how such sentiments were in keeping with his trade. "That is purely a matter of commerce," he replied; "and on further inquiry you would find my opinions very generally held, even in this most Catholic town."

On pursuing this clue I was recommended to obtain the *Enquête Scolaire*—the report of a parliamentary commission of Belgian representatives appointed in June, 1880, to inquire into the moral and material position of elementary education in Belgium. Before giving some further account of the matter as illustrated by this document, it may be well to mention that it already extends over a thousand folio pages, that four thousand witnesses have been examined, and that every one has been at liberty to tender his evidence to the commissioners who have travelled in sections over the whole country in fulfilment of their commission. It should be added that all the witnesses have been examined upon oath, and have admitted the accuracy of the *précis verbal* drawn up by the secretaries to the commission for publication.

It requires an effort for men accustomed to English freedom of discussion to credit the dogmatism and intolerance of the Catholic party on the education question. Its fundamental principles are thus clearly laid down in a pamphlet which bears the imprimatur of the Belgian Primate, the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines.

"1. The Church alone has the right to teach religion.

"2. The Church has the right to control all branches of instruction which are combined with instruction in religion.

"3. Any government concerning itself with education is bound to recognise these rights of the Church.

"4. In regard to education, religious or scientific, all Catholics are subject to the Church, and bound to accept its decisions."

The theory is crisp and definite. Its practical application has been stern and logical. Minute episcopal instructions were issued for the guidance of confessors and their flocks. The following decision of the Congregation of the holy office was promulgated and adopted:—1. That the official schools could not be frequented with a safe conscience. 2. That so great a danger should be avoided at any risk of worldly interests, or even of life itself.

As soon as the decision of the ecclesiastical authorities was announced, every effort was employed to persuade the teachers of communal schools to desert them for the charge of the clerical schools. The majority of schoolmistresses were *religieuses*, and these universally sided with the *parti prêtre*. Whatever their motives, we cannot compliment these ladies on the line of action they selected. To disguise as long as possible their real intentions, to postpone their resignation to the last moment in order to cause the greatest possible difficulty in supplying their places, and to strip the schools they were leaving of furniture and apparatus to which they had no lawful claim, and which they

were subsequently compelled to restore, is not consistent with ordinary notions of honourable dealing. In one place the *religieuses* gave a written promise to remain at their posts over the communal school, and then left it, marching in solemn procession, with sacred banners flying, and accompanied by their scholars, as soon as the rival Catholic school buildings were ready for their reception. As only half the number of female teachers as compared with males had, up to 1879, been trained in the Belgian normal colleges, considerable disorganisation and inconvenience inevitably ensued for a time.

In the case of the male teachers the inducements to desertion were very great. They had commonly been on terms of intimate friendship with the parochial clergy. If they deserted, a salary was promised at least equal to that which they already received; if they refused they were threatened with personal hostility and ecclesiastical pains. It was besides suggested that the Liberal government would soon be overturned, and that the Catholic party would make short work of those who had resisted its demands. In many rural districts both landowners and communal authorities were on the Catholic side, so that the teachers had to face a weary and disheartening struggle.

Three reasons only were recognised as valid excuses for continuing to teach in the communal schools. 1. Liability to military service. 2. Loss of a government pension in early prospect. 3. The failure of the curé to establish a Catholic school. But even under such circumstances, the episcopal permission to teach was weighted with the condition that the teacher should not give any religious instruction, and *should abstain from making any effort to increase the school* whose efficiency he was receiving public money to promote.

To their honour the scholastic body, the *religieuses* alone excepted, universally stood firm; but their position

has been rendered almost intolerable. They have been burnt in effigy, gibbeted in caricature, lampooned in libellous songs, composed, as a caustic witness phrases it, by clerical Bérangers. Neither the dignity of the priesthood, nor the sanctity of the pulpit, have availed to save them or their schools from the most scurrilous abuse. Heretics, schismatics, apostates, renegades, wolves in sheep clothing, Zulus, nihilists, rotten hearts, whited sepulchres, apostles of Satan, men who go about to gather the largest possible harvest of souls for the devil, are a fair sample of the epithets applied to them. Nor have their schools fared any better. They are defined as places where children would learn, besides the three R's, to practise gymnastics, to live like brutes, and to die like dogs. "Send your children to a neutral school? better cut their throats at once!" cries one preacher. "They are filthy stink holes!" exclaims another. Nor have efforts been wanting to render this elegant description literally true. In many places the foulest indecencies have been committed in the school-rooms, whilst the teachers have been subjected to all the familiar miseries of "Boycotting." We are carried back to the records of mediæval superstition on reading of children solemnly exorcised from the special demons of national education, and of the grave assurance that the parish priest had seen the devil issuing from the mouth of a communal teacher. Special indignation has been manifested by the priesthood at the national teachers continuing, as heretofore, to superintend the conduct of their scholars in church. One schoolmistress, who persisted in occupying her accustomed bench, found that the seat had been purposely loosened, so that she was speedily overturned; another, as she clung to her place, was jolted up and down by the Catholic scholars, encouraged by the approving smiles of the *religieuses*; a third found her seat prepared with nails and pins, the

points upwards. Such rancour has produced its natural results in arousing hostility rather than submission, and scandalous scenes have been enacted within the sacred walls. The exasperated teachers have clung with tenacity to their accustomed chairs, and when these were forcibly wrenched from them others have been supplied by sympathising bystanders, and the unseemly struggle prolonged. In one instance the officiating priest at high mass stripped off his sacrificial vestments, and marching to the spot where the communal scholars were quietly seated, refused to proceed until they had left the church. In another, a congregation of nearly a thousand persons were kept vainly waiting for a funeral mass, although the curé could be seen behind the high altar, until his ukase to the same effect was obeyed, and to avoid graver scandal the official schools and staff retired. In a third case, the celebrant interlarded the mass for the dead with lamentations over his own hard fate in being surrounded by schismatics; and then, descending from the altar, he prayed before the image of Saint Martin: "Oh great Saint Martin, patron of the parish of Amberloup, thou *who didst always frequent Catholic schools*, have pity on these poor little children, and deliver them from the hands of their hypocrite of a father!" No wonder that the congregation hissed. It has been a favourite innuendo to assert that the new law ensured the presence of at least one "*impie*" in every parish, or a Judas who sells his soul for a hundred francs—in allusion to the government grant for teaching the catechism. Several schoolmistresses complain of being intentionally drenched with holy water after service. A more frequent and serious trial has arisen where a national teacher desired the Church's rite of holy matrimony; as absolution was refused, there remained only the painful alternative, from a Catholic's point of view, of either living in concubinage or profaning a sacrament.

The most effective coercive weapon in the hands of the priesthood has been the refusal of the *première communion*. In the Roman Church children are admitted to their first communion at an early age, and in outward circumstances the occasion is the most important day in the life of a Catholic child. For the poorer children a special dress is provided from a charitable fund, such as the wearer will probably never possess again. The girls in their white robes and veils, relieved only by the blue ribbon of the Virgin, the boys in all the glory of broadcloth jackets, white trousers, and gloves—you may see them thus attired, with bare head and hair well brushed and oiled, and in dainty shining boots picking their way through the mud as they go on a round of visits to display their finery and receive the *cadeaux* of their friends; their parents following admiringly at a respectful distance so as not to mar so brilliant a spectacle. What child or what loving mother, all thought of spiritual advantage apart, could patiently bear exclusion from such delights? Accordingly there is abundant evidence that many children are temporarily withdrawn from the communal schools to secure admission to their first communion.

In their treatment of the scholars of the national schools the priesthood stand convicted, in the *Enquête Scholaire*, of unexpected, and, we believe, quite exceptional harshness. To keep them out in the cold at the church door waiting for their lesson in the catechism, which they are forbidden to receive from their own teachers; to thrust them into inferior places during divine service, whilst the children of the Catholic schools are ostentatiously brought to the front; to pass them by deliberately in the religious instruction, and apply to them injurious epithets, such as beggars, liberals, and even *damnés*—the mediæval term *gueux* seems to have been specially revived for their annoyance—to adopt every means which could

degrade them in the eyes of their fellows, and wound the sensitive feelings of childhood—this is not the worst part of what these poor helpless children have had to bear. Far more injurious to our mind has been the advice constantly given them in the confessional, that they should refuse to obey their parents, should play truant, feign sickness, submit to be beaten, bear anything rather than consent to go to the accursed schools. Indeed the discord kindled in family life has been among the gravest evils which have resulted from the Catholic claims in the education question.

This discord the priests have not hesitated openly to foment. In domiciliary visits, as well as in the confessional, women have been prompted to force their husbands to send the children to the Catholic schools. "Surely you are mistress," it is suggested, "you can do as you like. Every woman, if she will, can get her own way." And when it is replied, "No, my husband is master," resistance has been occasionally counselled in terms with which we should be ashamed to sully our pages. Sometimes the confessor meets with a deserved, if unexpected, rebuff: "What, Monsieur le Curé, do you teach obedience in the pulpit, and disobedience in the confessional!" Several witnesses bitterly complained that the peace of their homes had been wrecked by bickerings on this subject, which had ended in alienation, and the return of the wife to her own family.

Denial of the sacraments has been employed as the punishment for a wide range of educational misdemeanours. To send a child to the national school; to provide food or clothing for the parents of such scholars; to teach sewing in an adult neutral school; to give buns and coffee for refreshment at a large school gathering; to be the grandfather or grandmother of a national scholar; to be the near relative of any one engaged upon the official staff (although personally sympathising with the Catholic party),

without using all possible influence, even to the destruction of all domestic peace, to bring about a retirement from the condemned position; to receive a communal teacher as a lodger, or not forthwith to dismiss him, although he had been for years under your roof; to take private lessons from such a teacher preparatory to an examination for the civil service; even to be generally esteemed a non-Catholic elector—each and all of these have been held to be crimes of sufficient gravity to justify the refusal of absolution, and to peril the soul's salvation. Widespread has been the sorrow, and harrowing the death-bed scenes occasioned by this terrific discipline. Small matters deeply affect simple rustics whose range of thought spreads over a very limited area, and who therefore brood over points from which more educated persons may find distraction; but we can sympathize with the grief of a widow whose husband, for no other fault than that of supporting the national schools, was borne to his grave without the Christ, "like a thief," or thrust for burial into the corner reserved for suicides and reprobates. The pressure thus used has not been ephemeral; some witnesses affirmed that they had been excluded from the sacraments for three years; nor has it been mitigated by any gentleness in the performance of a painful task. It is simply brutal to say to a dying woman, "Quick, you have only two hours to live;" or in answer to the piteous entreaty, "I want to think no more about schools, I want to think only about God;" to turn to the husband with, "Idiot! now remember, when you are dying you shall have no confession, you shall perish like a dog with your devil's school."

No wonder that the net cast so wide as to inclose so vast a draught should have broken in many places. Overstrained assertion of authority has provoked stubborn resistance. The insistence of the curé that a mother should send at least two of her four

children to the Catholic school, was met with the unanswerable query, "Which two would you have me choose to be damned?" The assertion that M. Van Humbeeck, the Minister of Education, had said at a recent masonic lodge that Catholicism was but a corpse waiting for burial, elicited the rejoinder, "How strange that what passed at a secret meeting should be so well known!" The refusal of absolution to a penitent for taking part in works of charity provoked the demure reply, "To do good, then, is to do evil." "I believe in the devil, but not in your nonsense," is the pert, but pointed, retort of a child; but older and graver minds might possibly reach the conclusion expressed by several recalcitrants, that confession and absolution could not be "*grande chose*" since, although no sin had been confessed, absolution was refused. One penitent inquired whether if he received private lessons from the communal teacher he would escape the penalty incurred by attendance at the night school under the same master, and was assured that he would. "It is the school *walls* then," he observed, "that are sinful." This happy audacity deserved and earned absolution. A striking appeal to the Pope himself, made by a country gentleman of Courtrai, failed to receive any notice from his holiness.

It is the custom in Belgian village churches for the preacher to allude to current and local events. The well known accusation against the English clergy during the Irish famine of never venturing to mention the "potato" nearer than as "that root" or "that esculent," would not hold in the Low Countries. A spade is freely called a spade. Such a habit naturally leads to remarks which would astonish those who are accustomed to the decorum of an English pulpit; but even a Belgian congregation might well be startled at many examples of pulpit oratory recorded in the *Enquête Scolaire*. Unbroken testimony from hundreds of parishes affirms that since

the promulgation of the Belgian Education Act of 1879, the priests have abandoned all other topics, and have preached exclusively on politics. The government has been denounced from the pulpit in unmeasured terms, and even the king has been assailed as an atheistic hog. The ruling authorities have been declared to be worse than Herod, who only slew the bodies, whereas they would destroy the souls, of the little ones. Priestly authority is insisted on in the most uncompromising terms, and the Saviour's words unhesitatingly pressed, "He that heareth you, heareth Me." Sometimes the official teacher is apostrophised in imaginary dialogue. "So, then, teacher, you will give your instruction, despite the *curé*?" "Yes." "Despite the bishop?" "Certainly." "Despite the Pope himself?" "Still yes." "Well, then, if I meet this person I shall say to him, 'Good morning, Mons. le Pape.'" Sometimes the sermon treats of an approaching election, and then the congregation is informed that those who vote for the Liberals will vote for assassins, robbers, *petroleurs*, communists, nihilists. We string together a few pearls out of a great mass of this pulpit eloquence. "In our official schools, blasphemy, theft, and contempt for authority will be taught, and if a teacher sees one of his scholars going to commit a robbery he will say to him, Be careful, fear no one except the *gendarmes*." "The Liberals are a set without morals, for whom it is useless to pray or to say a mass, for they are in mortal sin from the 1st of January to the 31st of December."

One preacher wishes that the children were strong enough to punch (*empoigner*) their parents, and to hold their faces in the dirt until they were compelled to withdraw them from the communal schools. Another declares that all knowledge except that of the catechism leads to hell. A third asserts that the first politician was a fiend called Lucifer, who deceived Adam and Eve by a lie; so too all the

Liberals are liars, and when they speak the truth it is by mistake. The exclusive right of the Church to give religious teaching has been carried to the point of insisting that without her license a father ought not to teach his children the catechism, or even their prayers. At times the rudest personalities season the discourse. "I see some dirty fellows at the end of the church; if they come again I will give them a *coup de brosse*." "A young man came to insult me last night; one member of his family has already died mad, and if he goes on he will die mad too, and I will fire at him *dans les fesses*." "There are some eating and drinking the savings of a worthy old priest, who, had he known the use that would be made of his money, would have thrown it into the sea." All such allusions are thoroughly understood by the audience, and applied to those at whom they are aimed. To compare the supporters of national education to the swine into whom the devils entered; to assert that the speaker would not touch a Liberal unless he had gloves on; that it were better to stab a man than to accept from him a Liberal newspaper; that only persons living in concubinage would send their children to a national school; that a recent assassination was less criminal than to adopt such a mode of education—these are specimens of the language which the priests have very generally allowed themselves. Even these excesses are surpassed by worse violations of decency, which, though uttered from the pulpit in the face of a Christian congregation, it were impossible to reproduce. But the palm of priestly impropriety must be awarded to the curé of Flamiège, in the Canton de Sibret. "Brethren, I have not prepared a sermon for to-day. I am going to relate to you an incident in the life of the curé of Ars. This holy priest had merited by his virtues to be tempted by the devil, who attacked him in every guise. One night he was surrounded by demons, who made everything look fiery around him, so

that even his bed-curtains appeared to be in flames. Well, now, the other day I had almost the same dream; I too was surrounded by evil spirits," and with this preface the preacher proceeded to give a detailed description of the several fiends—a description in which the audience could recognise the portrait or caricature of the chief local supporters of the national schools. The congregation was so deeply incensed by this outrage that the terrified priest sent for his revolver before venturing to leave the church.

Such addresses have indeed frequently provoked recrimination from those who felt themselves assailed, and scandalous scenes have followed. One witness admits that, stung by what he regarded as insults and misstatements, he interrupted the preacher and left the church, after an angry dialogue—the curé all the while in the pulpit—never to re-enter it. Another, on the reading of an episcopal admonition, shouted in reply, "The bishop lies." Witness after witness testified to the mingled indignation and contempt such sermons had evoked: "It was no mass at which we assisted, it was a farce."

Scandals of this kind are naturally enough not confined to the walls of the church or the hours of public worship. The teaching at the school has been fully in harmony with that of the confessional and the pulpit. At Houffalize a sort of comedy was performed in the Catholic school, in which four of the scholars played the part of four members of the Government. One of these, in the character of the Minister of Education, buried Catholicism in a grave. Others represented and ridiculed the burgomaster and the schoolmaster of the commune. At Alhoulment the curé refused to confess the mayor's dying mother until her son paid the costs of a suit brought against him by the civic functionary for felling trees in the public cemetery.

We must pass over the charges of

bribery and intimidation which each side alleges against its opponents. Where party spirit runs high indiscreet and unjustifiable acts are sure to be committed by too ardent spirits. Yet it is painful to read repeated evidence of old servants heartlessly dismissed, of poor widows and orphans struck out of the lists for free instruction, or deprived of customary and much needed charity, of struggling shopkeepers ruined, and even of the boon of ice refused, or but grudgingly accorded, to fever-stricken patients, under the influence of religious bigotry. Parents in some districts must have reaped a rich harvest from the educational struggle. Loans of money, presents of clothing, leases of coveted plots of land have been bestowed with a lavish profusion that recalls examples of corruption nearer home. The Liberals affirm that the Catholic party possess the heavier purse, and that all the offerings of the faithful are now exclusively devoted to the maintenance of their schools; but no one can deny that the *parti prêtre* has made large sacrifices to carry out their principles, and as it is an apparent hardship that they should have to maintain a communal school staff even in the districts where the entire population prefers a Catholic school, they must not be judged severely if some of their schools are insufficient in structure and teaching power. The same plea, however, cannot avail to excuse the employment of disreputable teachers, or the adoption of filthy modes of punishment. Nor must it be forgotten that all this violence has been exercised to crush an educational system which until 1879 commanded the loud approbation of the priesthood, and which since that date rests unchanged—teachers, books, instruction all remaining as before—nothing being wanted save the occasional visits of the parochial clergy, and these they have been invited to continue.

What may be the ultimate issues of a struggle of which this dark picture is no exaggerated portrait, we cannot now discuss. Its immediate results have been in some few districts to weaken, even to empty, the national schools; but in other respects they have been very different from the expectations of those who so hotly hurried to the fray. The conflict has produced bitter division in parishes where harmony used to prevail. It has alienated vast numbers of her peaceful followers from the Church to which every tie of early training, long association, and personal inclination bound them. It has shaken the authority of the priesthood in districts where it was deemed to be immovable. It has driven a large proportion of the agricultural population, estimated in different districts from one-fifth to one-half, into the arms of the Liberal party. To men who care and pray for the maintenance of a rational Christianity, the position of these schismatics in spite of themselves is full of the deepest interest. Under such circumstances men find a painful difficulty in reconciling faith with freedom; yet many are gradually groping their way through the dark to a firm foundation. They cannot yield assent, even though an infallible Pope should affirm it, to the dogmatic assertion that it is evil to do good, to perform acts of charity, to inculcate morality, to teach the letter of a catechism lauded and accepted by the priesthood. We may believe that scores of really devout men and women have been brought to the admirably expressed decision of a national teacher, when urged under pain of spiritual penalties to desist from religious teaching: "God is my judge, and it is impossible that He should condemn me because I teach children to know Him and to love Him, for in that case He would no longer be God."

HENRY LEACH.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PROSPERITY.

IN WHICH BRYAN ATTEMPTS TO DO JACK A SERVICE BY PREVENTING HIM FROM UNDERTAKING A BURDEN; AND IT IS SHOWN HOW THE RUNNING OF MUCH WATER CANNOT WASH OUT BLOOD STAINS.

LADY MAYFAIR'S masquerade took place on a Friday. On the Monday following Sinclair accompanied Jack to the place of embarkation; and Tom Berne was in attendance on his master.

Some hours were still to pass before the steamer sailed. There was an inn not far from the wharf, to which the party repaired. Jack's luggage having been sent on board, Bryan ordered dinner. It was served in a small parlour on the first floor, overlooking the quay. While it was getting ready, Bryan sat at the open window, while Jack paced up and down the room, occasionally pausing to send a glance towards the vessel that was to take him away. The neighbourhood was not an especially savoury one. The adjoining houses were used partly as shops for the sale of marine stores, and partly as sailors' lodgings. The street was roughly paved and ill-kept, and was shuffled over by the feet of tipsy seamen and professional blackguards. A wrangling dispute was going on in the bar-room of the inn; occasionally an oath or two would find its way up to the parlour window. Policemen were scanty; it was hardly worth while to protect such people as these against one another. It would have been easy to find a place almost as handy to the quay, and much more respectable; but Bryan, who professed familiarity with the locality, had re-

commended *The Silver Anchor*, and Jack had offered no objection. Indeed, he was so engrossed with thoughts of what lay before him, that he paid little heed to his surroundings.

"Anxious to be off, eh?" said Bryan, thrusting his hands in his pockets and stretching out his legs. "Tired of England in two months?"

"I mean to come back again when I've got what I'm going for."

"Still convinced you'll get it, eh, in spite of all my warnings? I tell you again, you'll be disappointed. I know quite as much about the business as your mysterious informant—who, by the by, is not such a mystery to me as you imagine. Hear reason, Jack, though at the eleventh hour. If those papers had been in existence, they'd have turned up long ago. And without them where are you? Much better stay where you are. Eh?—come now!"

"I shall find them," said Jack, with undisturbed confidence. "Some one has been keeping them for me—my grandfather, I suppose. When he found that I had run away that night, he hid the papers, and is waiting till I come back. I shall be Baron Castlemere."

"Ah, this is some of your confounded clairvoyance again. You've been seeing visions and dreaming dreams. If that's the case, you're past argument. Now, what if I should take a leaf out of your book, and prophesy your death with a hole through your head? That's what you did to me not so very long ago. Would that make you reconsider your rash purpose? Suppose I say, if you start on this wild-goose chase, you'll never get back alive?"

Jack laughed, and shook his head.

"The Baron Castlemere will get back alive," he said.

"What the deuce has given you this sudden hankering after greatness?" resumed Bryan, after a pause. "A few weeks ago you were an arrant republican, if not a communist. Now nothing will satisfy you but to join the English aristocracy. Why not stick to your clay, man? Any fool can be an English nobleman, if he happens to be born in the right place; but nobody but you can be Jack the animal sculptor. You can get fame and profit, and all the world will talk of you; but as Baron Castlemere you'll be a big nobody with thirty thousand a year. What's got into you?"

Jack seated himself on the window-sill, and folded his arms.

"I'm not the same that I was," he said. "When I thought I was the son of nobody, I could do what I liked. But now, I'm not myself—I am all my ancestors. Everything is changed."

"You would find things more changed than you imagine, if you became a baron," Bryan remarked. "A sculptor may have friends, but a baron not. I, for one, should be no friend of Baron Castlemere. A month ago I'd have given ten thousand pounds to do you a good turn; but I wouldn't turn on my heel to oblige Baron Castlemere. He doesn't interest me. Perhaps he's in my way. If you stood between me and a fortune, Jack, I'd let the fortune go; but if the baron interfered with me, I'd get rid of him. There's a fair warning for you!"

"I cannot change what is changed," said Jack.

The door opened, and a servant brought in dinner. Bryan told the man he need not wait; and when the two were alone again, he stood up and held out his hand.

"Good bye, Jack, my man," he said.

"It isn't time for that yet," said the other, surprised, but giving his hand nevertheless.

"Full time, Jack. It's to my old friend Jack I say good-bye, not to the baron. The baron be damned. Jack, I never cared for a man as I cared for

you, and I never shall again. If it had gone on, I might have ended with being canonised! So it's about time it stopped. Good-bye, old fellow. I don't blame you, and don't you blame me. It's fate—we can't help it. This is the last dinner we shall ever eat together." He gave Jack's hand a powerful gripe, and let it go. At the same time he cast aside his grim and grave bearing—which, indeed, was at variance with his customary demeanour—and exclaimed in his usual semi-jocose tone, "Now for victuals! We may talk as we like about society and the soul, but there's nothing in creation equal to a good dinner!"

They took their places at table, and Bryan was as genial and entertaining as only he could be when he laid himself out for it. His mental scenery was naturally warm and attractive in tone, and memory had enriched it with innumerable striking and amusing episodes from his past career. He rattled on, laughing himself, and making Jack laugh, saying any quantity of clever things, and treating life as if it were a game of billiards or a *Haymarket* comedy. There were a couple of bottles of excellent claret on the board, which Bryan had taken the precaution to bring with him; and he was careful to see that Jack's glass was never empty. "Nothing like smooth claret to counteract rough water," he observed. "Ah, Jack, how comfortably a man might go to heaven with a quart or so of this good stuff beneath his belt! 'Now to die were now to be most happy!' as your friend Othello remarked. What do you say?"

Before Jack could reply, the door partly opened, and Tom Berne's unconciliating visage appeared through the aperture.

"Might I speak a word with 'ee, sir?" he said to his master.

"What the devil have you come bothering about?" demanded Bryan, sharply. He got up, however, and went to the door, and after a moment passed out, and closed it behind him. For a minute or two Jack was left

alone. Then Bryan came back and reseated himself at the table.

"Only some of the fool's nonsense," he said, casting a peculiar fixed glance at his companion. "It's remarkable, though, what weight fools have in this world. They are the tyrants of wise men, and engines of destruction to everybody. That fellow, for example, was as much my slave as one creature can be the slave of another; and yet the very abjectness of his slavery makes him my master. He'll do anything I tell him, except the one thing I really want him to do—leave me; and I can't put him out of the way by murdering him, because, if I'm to be hanged, I can't afford to throw myself away upon such a *corpus delicti* as he. But that isn't all." Here Bryan interrupted himself, and poured out the last of the bottle into his own and his friend's glasses. "I drink to you, Jack," he said; "may the life which is before you be an improvement on the life you leave behind!" He emptied his glass and set it down.

"I may as well say it out," he resumed presently, in a heavier and slower tone. "I can draw a moral from myself as easily as from another man. You and I shall part soon, not to meet again, probably. You know the old fable about raising the devil and being unable to lay him again. You must find occupation for him. That seems easy enough—but the worst of it is, that the fact of the devil's being on hand suggests mischief that you would otherwise never have thought of. You seem to employ him, but really it's he employs you; for you are responsible for whatever he does. Suppose, say, that I have an enemy; and this enemy is bound to beat me. Now, being by nature a pugnacious, but amiable man, my natural course under those circumstances would be to use my fists as long as I could, and then to give in. But, as luck will have it, there's a devil in my service who suggests to me (or I suggest to him—it's all one)

that I shall turn the tables on my victorious enemy by murdering him. I therefore give orders to my devil (or he makes the offer—it's all one) to compass this murder. The murder is done!" Bryan brought his fist down heavily on the table. "The devil did it, but it was the devil in me. And the blow was really struck, not against my enemy, but against me—and it's a fatal blow! And the upshot of it is, that not the devil is the slave, but——Hullo! what's that?"

The noise of voices raised in altercation had been for some moments audible, but just now they burst out louder and more furiously. Bryan left his chair and went to the window. "It's that scoundrel Tom," he exclaimed; "he's drunk again—there'll be mischief directly! Come with me, Jack—quick! come on!"

The wine had kindled Jack's blood, but had not yet dulled his senses. He sprang to his feet and hurried down stairs after Bryan.

A struggle was going on just outside the doorway of the inn. The combatants were Tom Berne and a brawny sailor, with a red shirt and shaggy black hair. The men had been sparring, and the sailor was bleeding at the mouth. A knot of men were looking on, critically; such scenes were too common to arouse any special excitement. Just as Bryan appeared, however, some one called out, "Look sharp, there! drunken chap's got a pistol!" And immediately there was a scattering back of the spectators. Tom, in fact, had drawn a revolver from a pocket of his coat, and was apparently watching his chance to cock it.

"You trip up the red-shirted fellow, Jack," Bryan said; "I'll take care of my man. Now then!"

Jack stepped up to the sailor from behind, took him by the shoulders, twisted him round across his knee, and laid him down gently. Then he stood erect.

Bryan, meanwhile, had rushed at

Tom and caught him round the body. There he held him firmly, but seemed unable to throw him, or even to move him. Tom's arms were free; the pistol in his right hand, which was passed over Bryan's left shoulder. The muzzle of the pistol moved until it was in line with the sailor, over whom Jack was standing; then it was lifted a little and discharged.

Jack was bareheaded. Those who happened to be looking at him saw the hair on the right side of his head fly up, as if struck by a sharp blast of wind. At the same instant he staggered, dropped to his knees, and then sank backwards, his brow and cheek covered with blood. Immediately after the sound of the discharge, Bryan lifted Tom from his feet like a child, and dashed him heavily to the earth.

"You'd ought to 'a done that afore, sir," said a bystander; "he's been and potted the wrong man. Dang they pistols, anyhow!"

Bryan turned slowly, saw Jack lying prostrate and bloody, and, standing still, asked—

"Is he dead?"

"Looks uncommon like it," observed a critic. "Pal o' yours, sir?"

"'Taint only manslaughter, arter all," put in another. "'Twas 'tother cove 'e aimed at. That's the worst o' they blasted pistols. Knives is just as safe, and don't make no mistakes. Well, Mike Smith saved his bacon, howsumdever."

"You say it was an accident, then?" said Bryan, whose face was quite white, while his eyes avoided Jack's prostrate figure, and wandered from one to another of the surrounding group. "You're all sure of that? You saw it—I didn't."

"Ay sir—you won't get 'im 'ung for that—six months in quod, maybe"—were the responses of the spectators. "You giv' it 'im pretty 'earty yourself, sir," added one, referring to the seemingly inanimate condition of Tom, who had not stirred since Bryan threw him.

The attention of the group being thus drawn to a new object, Jack was, for the moment, left alone. Bryan approached him. After a brief hesitation he knelt beside him and raised his head on his arm. The position reminded him of their first meeting in California.

"The game is not worth the candle," muttered Bryan to himself. "I wish he were alive again, baron or not. Great God!—he is alive!" These words were whispered, and were accompanied by a strong convulsive tremor, which shook Bryan to the marrow of his bones. Jack had opened his eyes, sighed, and let the lids fall again. The bullet had but grazed the skull, stunning, not killing him. Bryan glanced up, no one was looking at them. His hand went lightly to Jack's throat; a little pressure there would still suffice. Bryan took his hand away, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Great God! he's alive!"

"So's this 'un, too," came from the group around Tom. "'Ere's a rum go! nobody hinjured after all! An' us has been a wastin' all this val'able time over 'em! Cheese it, mates! 'ere comes the bobbies!"

* * * * *

It lacked still an hour of the time advertised for Jack's steamer to sail, and he had little difficulty in getting aboard in season. His recollection of what had occurred was naturally rather confused; and the loss of blood gave him a feeling of languor. "You were in luck, my man, as usual," were Bryan's last words to him as they parted at the gangway; "but never try to stop a bullet with your head again."

Jack watched his friend's departure pensively. His vague impression was that Bryan had somehow saved his life. At all events, he had dressed his wound with the skill and with more than the tenderness of a trained surgeon. As for that poor drunken reprobate, Tom, it was only at Jack's special intercession that Bryan had consented not to prosecute him for

attempted murder. Well, death was a strange country; the world was worth staying in. It was a new world now. As the steamer left the harbour, and faced the western waves, Jack sought his berth and fell asleep. But his rest was disturbed. He dreamed of a masquerade in the Sacramento valley; he held some one by the hand—a woman, with soft black hair and a melodious voice; but her features were concealed by a mask. Then he snatched the mask away; but, with a cry, he saw, not the face he had expected, but the reproachful countenance of Kooahi. Then an explosion rent the air; something rushed down upon him; he strove to escape, but could not; he fell, and a vast weight crushed down upon him, and he knew that he was buried beneath the Witch's Head. He struggled desperately; and, with a peal of harsh laughter in his ears that sounded like Bryan's, he awoke. The vessel was labouring in a heavy sea, the timbers creaked and groaned, and there was a throbbing pain in his head. Looking out of his port-hole window, he saw the moon shining athwart the tumultuous waters, and tall waves hurrying by in ragged haste, and lifting ghostly hands, and vanishing for ever. At last he slept again, and this time dreamlessly.

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The modest but deserving village of Suncook had, during these latter years, begun to look up in the world. Its harbour had been improved, its trade increased, and its population augmented. A rival hotel and several handsome private dwellings had been put up. A contractor had entered into negotiations for the building of a town-hall on the site now occupied by the old red house beneath the elm; and the work was to be begun as soon as the present occupant should vacate the premises. And that was an event that had been for some time past expected, and might now occur any day; for the occupant in question lay upon his death-bed. Old Mossy Jakes, after holding on to life with a

dreary tenacity that had wearied his most unexacting friends, was at last sinking away into the inoffensiveness of death; he was dying, and with the hope of his latter days unrealised. A crazy and groundless hope it had been, as ever fretful senility was deluded by. An English lord, his grandson—Heaven save the mark!—was to come to Suncook, and declare himself, and receive Mossy Jake's blessing. Nor was this all; the lordly grandson was to turn out to be identical with a certain worthless scamp of a half-wild urchin, who, years ago, had lived in the neighbouring woods somewhere; until (as was generally believed) he one day was guilty of some escapade which made it necessary for him to escape punishment by shipping as cabin-boy aboard a West Indian trader lying at Newburyport. He had not since been heard of, and it was to be hoped he never would be; yet it was no less a personage than this that poor Mossy Jakes had made the hero of his crazy dream. Well, well; the graveyard would soon see the end of it; and meanwhile—patience!

It was a morning in early June, and Suncook and its environs were at their loveliest. The season had been a late one, and the trees were in the first green freshness of their beauty. Blue-birds, with a flash of sky on their backs, were glancing from thicket to thicket. There were blackbirds about who could alternate their croakings with divine singing when they chose. High aloft, an eagle was wheeling meditatively between the forest below and the azure above. Here and there, from points of vantage, lines of sparkling ocean could be discerned through the happy foliage. Hares and striped chipmonks cantered and scudded amidst the huckleberry bushes and along the out-cropping ledges of rock. And down the shadowy length of the winding ravine the twinkling brook wandered and delayed, and kicked up its baby heels over the stones. Jack, as he trod along the margin, with his

oaken staff in his hand, was continually marvelling at the unchanged aspect of this home of his boyhood, when, with the boy whose home it had been, so much was changed. By and by, however, he came upon something that was manifestly new—a flat stake, driven firmly into the ground, and painted white, with some numbers and letters inscribed upon it. It was a surveyor's mark, and indicated that some engineering operation was in contemplation here. In fact, a road was being laid out, which, for a considerable distance, was to follow the course of the ravine. After proceeding about a quarter of a mile further, Jack came upon unmistakable signs of the progress of the work.

A group of about a dozen men, most of them labourers with their shirt-sleeves rolled up over their brown elbows, were busy over a huge boulder, which lay in the very centre of the gorge, and was evidently an obstacle in the way of the further development of the road. Jack knew the boulder only too well; he was the only human being—save two—who had been present when it assumed its present position. He approached one of the men, who was standing apart from the others and directing them, and after exchanging greetings with him, inquired what was being done.

"Well, sir, we're going to try and get that darned old lump out of the way," the overseer replied. "She's too heavy to lift, and she's too high to crawl over; so we're going to try powder. I guess that'll do the job, if anything can."

"How did it get there?" Jack asked.

"Get there? Well, it grewed there, I expect," the man replied, pushing back his straw hat and staring at the new comer. "It was before your time, I guess, or mine either."

"That's all you know about it, Silas Clarke," remarked another personage, who seemed to be in attendance merely as a spectator. "You ain't a Suncook man, or you'd a' known it fell down

there a matter of nine or ten years ago. It used to be perched up in front of the little cave yonder. It's a queer thing, now," he continued, addressing himself obliquely to Jack, and pulling at the straw-coloured beard on his chin, "that cave was the home of a little chap—Jack they called him—a sort of half-wild little coon, that nobody knowd much about. And they do say—some of the folks hereabout—that when the stone toppled over, it caught him underneath, and that his bones are lying there at this minute."

"I guess it would take a pretty fair team of horses to draw that long-bow of yours, Minot," observed Mr. Clarke, with grave sarcasm. "You've got a sight of elbow-grease, for a thin man."

"You go 'long!" responded Minot, plucking a twig and chewing it. "All I know is, the little chap's never been seen nor heard of from then to now; and there was some would have set store by finding him, too; ask Mossy Jakes if there wa'n't."

"Does Mossy Jakes still live in the red house?" Jack asked.

"I expect he won't live there long; but he'll live there till he dies, any way," answered Minot sententiously; and then he added, with a more searching glance, "Ever been in these parts before, sir? I don't seem to recollect your features."

"Not for a good many years," said Jack, who recollected Minot well enough. "How soon will this blast come off?" he inquired, turning to Clarke.

"In about three minutes, I guess," replied that gentleman. "Maybe you'd like to stay, sir, and see if the bones of that little chap of Minot's are all right. How's that, Minot?"

"Oh, you go 'long!" said Minot; "it ain't my story, any way."

Jack had reasons of his own for wishing to see the result of the blast; although he certainly did not expect to find the bones of "Minot's little chap" underneath the boulder. The preparations being now completed, he withdrew with the others to the place

of shelter that had been prepared, and waited.

After a short interval, a sudden rumble, accompanied by a perceptible shock, was heard; and fragments of granite fell round about. "Hold on!" exclaimed Clarke; "she's bored in three places." Almost as he spoke, two other explosions occurred almost simultaneously; and then the whole party issued forth to view the result. Jack, though the most eager, held back the longest.

"By thunder, Minot!" he heard Clarke exclaim, "here is something, sure enough! Wait till the mud clears away. Well—darn my skin!"

Jack pressed forward, feeling himself hot and tremulous. The other men were bending down and staring into the bed of the brook, with various expressions of curiosity and interest. The blast had completely dispersed the boulder, fragments of which were lying confusedly about. The pool which had been formed above it had, of course, subsided, and the water ran only a few inches in depth. There, upon the rocky bottom, lay extended the bare skeleton and grinning skull of what had once been a human being. Some of the bones were crushed, and all were slimy and brown with a downy growth of water-moss. Some shreds of what had perhaps been clothing were loosened by the current, and floated away. There it lay, motionless, yet seeming to quiver and shake by reason of the eddying of the water above it. It was an uncanny spectacle.

"He's been there a good spell, and no one the wiser," observed one of the men.

"He wasn't no boy," said Clarke. "Look at the length of him. And there's four or five teeth gone in his jaw, too. Who can he have been, I'd like to know!"

"What's that thing between his ribs there?" said Minot.

Jack thrust his hand into the water, and took the thing out. It had lain where the man's heart had formerly been; but it was formed of an even tougher and more impenetrable substance. As far as could be seen, it

was an oblong box of some metal not subject to corrosion. It was fastened by a clasp, on which were deeply engraven the initials M.V.

"I have seen this box before," he said. "It belonged to a man named Murdoch Vivian. There are his initials. He was a relative of mine, and he disappeared about nine years ago."

"Murdoch Vivian! do tell!" exclaimed Minot. "Why, that's the chap old Mossy Jakes has been carryin' on about all this while. Said he stole his papers. Maybe they're in that box."

"Then the box must be taken to him, and he must open it," Jack said. "Mr. Clarke, if you and Minot will come with me, I'll take it to him. I have come from England on purpose to see him. And if the papers you speak of are in this box, they probably are the ones that I came to speak to him about."

"And what might your name be, sir, if you please?" demanded Clarke, with a keen look.

"My name is John Vivian," answered he, in a firm voice, that all could hear. "And Murdoch Vivian was my father's brother."

"Well, I read a thing that was called a novel, once," observed Minot, in a meditative voice; "but darned if this don't beat it all hollow!"

The conversation went on for some time. Jack listened and spoke with a quietness and self-possession that might have astonished himself, if he had been at leisure to criticise his own conduct. But that conduct was so purely superficial, and at so immeasurable a distance from the movement of his really vital thoughts and feelings, as to be practically in another sphere of existence. Somewhere in the hidden recesses of his soul, he was hearing a voice, with an unpleasant ring in it, say, "—— Do you wait here, while I climb up and see——" and then a deafening burst of sound, followed by a more terrible silence; and by an awful doubt, that had lasted nigh ten years; but which was

at rest for ever now! He might be John, fourteenth Baron Castlemere, now; but on the name, and on the lands and the wealth that went with it, would rest henceforth the indelible stain of his uncle's blood. No one save himself would see it or suspect it; but there it would remain, with whatever curse it might bring with it.

Events succeeded one another in an effortless, mechanical fashion; he seemed to have known it all before. His inward pre-occupation prevented his feeling or expressing any outward surprise or emotion; and yet he was brought face to face with things which, at another time, would deeply have moved him. He came to the little red house beneath the elm, which seemed much smaller than when he had known it before; and he stood in the low-ceiled bedroom up stairs—the room in which he had been born. There lay a withered and shrunken old man, sharp-featured, with thin white hair and strange peering black eyes, deeply sunken in their sockets; and bony, fumbling hands, that moved restlessly and plucked at the coverlet. Many things were asked and answered; things of the utmost importance, no doubt; but to Jack they were like a drama that he himself had composed, and the end of which he knew. It was all strange enough, of course; but with an unreal strangeness, like that of a tale which one holds in one's hand, knowing that the entanglement is explained and finished on the last page. He was telling the story of his life since he disappeared from Suncook; he was identifying himself, or being identified, by this or that link in the chain of evidence; the lawyer was writing it down, pausing now and then with the pen suspended over the paper; the black-eyed old man, dying, yet intensely alive, was listening, interpolating, complaining, triumphing. Was it a play, or a dream, or a reality? There was reality somewhere—of that he was certain; but this laborious routine, where

everything must follow on in due order and succession, instead of being simultaneously present to consciousness—this, surely, was but the merest phantom or symbol of reality. The end was already there—had always been there; why go this weary way about to reach it. John, Baron Castlemere: there was a fact, plain and palpable enough, one would think! Well, at last the end would be reached; and at last it was reached. "You are he who was known as Jack; the son of Annette and Floyd Vivian, born in lawful wedlock; you are John, Baron Castlemere, heir to such and such estates. These are the attesting documents, strangely preserved through all these years by him who purposed to destroy them. This is your grandfather, who brought you up, who loved and hated you, whom you knew familiarly, yet never knew. This is——" This is your right hand, and this is your left hand! What need of more words? And now you must bid farewell—an eternal farewell—to this same grandfather, who has lived only to see this hour, and who now dies in such peace and comfort as he may. Follow him to the grave beside his long-buried daughter, on the slope against the sea. Wear mourning, and be solemn, for Time is stage-manager of this terrestrial theatre, and gives us cues when we must weep or laugh. And oh, how palpable and visible our masks and our stage-dresses are, and how inscrutable and unattainable are ourselves who are thus masked and costumed! What is the use and significance of this hackneyed procession, whereof one end is called youth, and the other age? And who, since the beginning of the world, has ever spoken a true word to his fellow, and revealed the secret of his heart and the thought of his soul? What audience, with what scorn or pity, beholds our mummeries and listens to our chatter of parrots and monkeys? Is Luck our God? and how shall He be worshipped?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH SIR STANHOPE MAURICE
MAKES TWO OFFERS ; ONE OF WHICH
IS REFUSED, AND THE OTHER IS
ACCEPTED.

SIR STANHOPE MAURICE had certainly a claim to the title of a man who has had losses. He was a methodical and a resolute personage, born with a healthy conviction of his own good judgment and rectitude, and deficient only in this—that he never originated an idea, and always (though quite unconsciously) took his initiative in thought or action from some one else. But when he had committed himself to any view, or line of conduct, he would stick to it with a rare inflexible determination, which (since nothing of human devising is infallible) was likelier to lead to discomfiture than a more plastic frame of mind would have been. Sir Stanhope, at all events, was fated to suffer discomfiture oftener than was consistent with his notions of Providential impartiality. It was difficult for him to believe that he had been wrong, but the idea that he had been wronged more easily commended itself to him. What has been termed by some philosophers the natural cussedness of things, formed, as his misfortunes multiplied, an ever-strengthening element in his view of the world. He was not kindly disposed towards trouble; conscious of his own honest merit and moral orthodoxy, he was adverse from admitting that he was obnoxious to chastisement. But the persistence of undeserved calamity produces philosophic bewilderment; and by degrees Stanhope found himself reproachfully mistrusting those anchors of faith and hope on which he had been taught implicitly to depend. He was hovering anxiously upon the verge of the quaint conviction that a Providence which allowed the just to suffer without compensation, could not be a just Providence. His moroseness was aug-

mented by the operation of a sullen pride, which forbade him to invite the commiseration or assistance of his fellow-men. The mining craze with which the jocund eloquence of Sinclair had inspired him had swallowed up all his ready money, most of his investments, and not a little of his hereditary possessions; but it had not visibly shaken his determination to believe that the enterprise was a wise one, and that Sinclair and he had consequently been wise in respectively advocating and prosecuting it. A little more capital would set all right; but where was it to come from? There were friends who might have advanced a loan; but to have asked for it would have implied an admission of error or miscalculation, which was inadmissible. For some people it is easier to die of a mistake than to acknowledge it. Stanhope, accordingly, who in the days of his prosperity had looked forward to a union with Madeleine as among the blessed certainties of his career, found himself parted from her by adversity—not that he loved her less, but that he feared lest his motives in courting her should be misinterpreted. With a sense of gloomy dignity he told himself that he would rather starve than be under obligations to his wife for bread; and it afforded him a certain sombre satisfaction to meet the contrary persuasions of Kate Roland with an unreasoning refusal. He made arrangements to leave England—having first established his mother in a secure and comfortable position; and such was his predicament at the time of the Mayfair masquerade.

But these circumstances worked in him an important and unexpected change. Madeleine's intimation that his absence would be unwelcome to her, combined with the discovery that Sinclair had been playing a double game with him in respect of his relations to her, threw a new light upon the situation. If Sinclair had deceived him here—if, under cover of aiding

and abetting his suit to Madeleine, he had really been making love to her himself—why might not the same Sinclair have deceived him likewise with regard to the mines? But in that case, Stanhope's self-respect was no longer involved in affirming the respectability of the mines; he might openly abandon them; and again, the fact that a rival had been tampering with his mistress was in the way of being an obligation upon her true lover to avouch his love. To give a woman up from a superfine sense of delicacy is one thing; to surrender her to the unauthorised clutches of another man, is something altogether different; and Stanhope, as we have seen, lost no time in deciding that he would not take the latter course. It was true that her encouragement of him had not been very pronounced; but more was hardly to be expected at this stage. Stanhope's antipodean schemes retired promptly into the background; and he prepared to do what he should have been doing any time during the last twelvemonth, if he had not been an ass.

It was with a feeling of lofty recklessness, tempered by an ample share of genuine lover's fervour and humility, that he presented himself before Madeleine, soon after his parting with her at the masquerade. The young lady had been expecting him, and had, perhaps, had her own notions as to the probable result of the interview; but, as often happens with youthful heroines, she had been dwelling too much upon what she herself was going to say and think, to leave other than a colourless and echo-like rôle to her interlocutor. The oldest and wisest of us, however, never fully succeed in forecasting the disturbance which an actual human being is sure to make in our neat, self-possessed, and artistically conducted dialogues of the imagination.

Stanhope, for example, after taking in his own the hand of Madeleine, who looked darkly pale in a feathery white dress, began by saying—

"Whom do you think I met just now in Bond Street?"

The question drove out of Madeleine's head the opening passages of the interview as she had planned it, and she was impelled to say, quite prosaically—

"Who?"

"Sinclair," replied Stanhope, turning to deposit his hat and cane on the sofa, and then facing her with a solemn expression. "He addressed me, but I took no notice of him."

"How—strange!" she ejaculated. She had "absurd" on the tip of her tongue; and, indeed, inwardly smiled at the idea of a man like Stanhope ignoring a man like Sinclair. It was somewhat as if a match-box were to cut a man-o'-war. So great was her estimate of the red-bearded freebooter, though she raged against him now.

"It was a terrible step to take," continued Stanhope, who was apt to use impressive adjectives. "But he has betrayed my confidence, and I can never accept his hand again. No man ever had a truer friend than Bryan—than Sinclair had in me; and this is the end of it! He has led me to throw away my property; and he was trying to rob me of my—I mean of your——"

"Won't you sit down?" said Madeleine. She leaned her cheek on her closed hand, and added—

"He only used me as I deserved."

"No, no," Stanhope exclaimed. "He deceived you, and every one else."

"I deceived myself in supposing that he could really care for me."

"He cares for nothing but himself."

"That is all any one cares for."

"Not I," said Stanhope, reddening.

"I believe still that he did care for me," resumed Madeleine, stultifying herself. "You cannot comprehend a man like him. He is not like others. And there is some mystery."

"A mystery about what?"

"I was going to tell you all I know;

you may know things about him that I do not, that may help to explain. We—he spoke to me long ago; even long before he went to America. No, you needn't abuse him; I kept it secret as much as he did, and deceived everybody just as much. If he was wicked, so was I."

"You didn't make people believe that you loved any one else," broke out Stanhope; "but one of the last things that he said to me before going away was that——"

"He did not tell you that he loved any other woman?" said Madeleine, lifting her head menacingly.

"He said what amounted to the same thing—that he hoped I would marry you immediately. He made me believe that he was taking my part with you."

"I can forgive him for that—that's a very different thing," rejoined she, leaning back again with a momentary smile. "It was necessary that no one should suspect."

"I see no such necessity. Why shouldn't he have declared himself openly?"

"We thought it was best not. He was poor, and people would have said he was a fortune hunter; and we should have been kept apart, and troubled."

"Well, it's no wonder he was afraid of being called a fortune-hunter."

"I hope you will not be so foolish as to call him one. If he was a fortune-hunter then, why isn't he one now?"

"I don't understand you. You say you have found out that he has been deceiving you; but I don't suppose he meant that you should find it out?"

"He could not have spoken otherwise if he had meant it."

"Why, you don't mean to say that he——"

"Jilted me? Yes, that is exactly what I mean," said Madeleine, smiling again. "Of course there's no reason why I should not be jilted, as well as

any other girl. But there is some mystery about this. When he went away he promised to be back within a year; and he kept his promise. But it was understood—at least I thought so—that after that there was to be no more concealment. Our engagement was to be made known. So he called here, and Kate was in the room; I would not let her go out. I expected that he would say, before her and before everybody, that he loved me, and that I was to be his wife. But he didn't, and then I was angry and indignant, and I would have nothing to say to him. And I wouldn't see him alone when he came afterwards; I was determined he should never have me unless he claimed me openly; because I shall soon be my own mistress now, and he has made money of his own—enough to justify him in asking for me. But he seemed to want to speak to me privately, and to go on as we did before; he asked if I were not going to the masquerade; and I had intended to go, but then I said I would not. However, at the very last I made up my mind that I would go, though neither he nor Kate should know it. So I dressed at my aunt's, and went. But Kate found it out, and came after me; and he mistook her for me, and proposed to be secretly married. So far there is no mystery. But when Kate told me what he had said, and that she made him believe I refused him, I was angry with her for coming between us; and then I went to him and told him the mistake he had made, and I told him why I had behaved so coldly to him; and I humbled myself before him, and said—I said everything that a woman can say to the man she loves."

Here Madeleine turned aside, and rested her arms upon the table beside her, and hid her face upon them. She had spoken quietly, and even indifferently, until the last sentences, when she suddenly faltered and broke down. There is no pity like self-pity.

As for Stanhope, he began to enter-

tain a misgiving that Bryan, as a rival, was not altogether disposed of yet. He loved Madeleine more ardently, but less hopefully than ever heretofore. His anxiety to know the upshot of her story, however, was too pressing to endure delay.

"How did he answer you?" he demanded.

Madeleine did not reply for at least a minute. At last she raised her head, looked at Stanhope with heavy eyes, and said—

"He made no answer that I expected. It was not a quarter of an hour since he had proposed that thing to Kate, thinking she was I."

"I can't see through that; the man must be crazy!" exclaimed Stanhope, knitting his brows. "Unless he thought that you and Kate were in league to mislead him?"

Madeleine merely shook her head; she had reason, perhaps, for knowing the groundlessness of this suggestion. Hereupon ensued a depressing and unquiet pause. Then Stanhope, who had not called upon Madeleine for the purpose of discussing his rival's eccentricities, felt that the time had come when he must strike in his own cause, if ever he were going to do so. As he fixed his eyes upon her with this thought in his mind, the profound sadness of her face and attitude struck him with something akin to dismay. Had he or any man so much power to do her good, as this false friend and heartless lover had had to do her harm? When he considered his own love for her in its relation to the energies of heart and mind with which nature had endowed him, it seemed immense and irresistible; but when he reflected on the feat it must perform in making this heart-sore girl, forget an unworthy passion and embrace an honest one, it assumed a much less efficient aspect. So much easier is it to shatter the golden bowl than to repair it!

He got up from his chair, went over and stood beside her, and said—

"Madeleine, can you bear to let me love you?"

She glanced at him with a certain wistfulness. His appeal had been well made; but as she contemplated the compact, grave figure of the honourable little baronet, she sighed at not finding him more heroic. She would, perhaps, have been glad to yield, could she have felt the attack of a champion strong enough to conquer her; but to be obliged to be herself that champion—to help her lover to woo her fiercely enough to make her surrender herself to his desire—this was requiring too much.

"You are very different from him," she at length remarked, not quite regretfully, but as if recognising an important and hitherto unconsidered fact.

"There is only one way in which I could wish to be like him," was Stanhope's reply, in a tone which meant, "Let me be like him in winning your love, and I am content to be unlike him in deserving it."

"It's not your being like him that would help me to care for you," said Madeleine; "if I could ever care for any one, it would be for some one as different from him as day from night. But then the difference . . . must be of the right kind!"

"I don't know what—what is in your mind," said poor Stanhope.

Now, oddly enough, Madeleine's mind was at that moment occupied with the vision of a tall, gallant-looking figure, with a broad white forehead, and dreamy, yet penetrating brown eyes; a figure in the garb of a troubadour, and in all respects such as might have stepped out of the pages of mediæval romance. This vision was undoubtedly very unlike Sinclair, and as little resembled Stanhope. How it happened to present itself before Madeleine's mental eyesight at this juncture, and with what favour or disfavour she regarded it, she did not declare; nor, indeed, did she make any direct allusion to it whatever. But presently she said—

"I'm afraid it would be no use, Stanhope. I might marry you, but I can't think of myself as your wife. A woman, you see, cannot be made a wife by just marrying her! If I were to marry you, it would be only to make Bryan think that I had forgotten him."

"You are too young to say you never can love again."

"I did not say that," returned Madeleine; and once more the mediæval vision passed before her. "I might love some one else, perhaps, sometime——"

"Well then——" began the wooer eagerly; but Madeleine went on—

"It would not be you. I don't know why, Stanhope; but it is so. If I could do it, of course I would; I see that it would be sensible and safe; and I would do almost anything not to have him think that he can break my heart. But a woman can love a man only in two ways—either as I loved Bryan, or—in some other very different way that I can't describe. If I loved you, it would have to be in the same way that I loved Bryan, and that's impossible. I like you too much; and—I suppose I know you too well!"

This explanation was for the most part a riddle to Stanhope; but Madeleine's demeanour, with its fatal calm and kindness, was only too easy to understand. She could discourse upon the subject most vital to his happiness as composedly as if it were a question of matching knitting-yarns. She was languid; the subject hardly interested her.

"I am very unlucky!" said he. He was not accustomed to express despair and passion, but he did not on that account the less feel those emotions; and his tone evidenced something of what his words did not convey. It stirred Madeleine's compassion, if not her remorse.

"If I had made the world," she said, "I would have made love always come on both sides, when it came at

all. If I had known the other night how hopeless this was, I would not have said to you what I did—I wouldn't have asked you not to go to America. But after all, I am very lonely now; I seem to have nothing left."

"Can't I even do anything for you, Madeleine?" demanded Stanhope, with an impulse of manly generosity that was worth a great deal of love-making. "Is there nothing you wish that I might help you to? I should be glad if I could be of some use!"

She looked away, chafing one hand over the other upon her knee, and did not immediately reply. But her bosom heaved; some thought was working in her.

"You would not hesitate to tell me?" Stanhope persisted.

"You are tempting me to ask you something I ought not!" she finally said.

"Let me judge of that."

She rose up, with her hands twisted tightly together, and her eyes large and bright.

"It's only my curiosity, I suppose," she said in an uncertain voice. "I cannot be satisfied till I know. There must be some reason for it. Men do not act so for nothing."

"What have I done?"

"I mean—Bryan Sinclair."

"Oh—Bryan! We have both of us done with him."

"It may not be so bad as it seems!" rejoined she, facing him with a gesture of restrained passion. "If I could only know! How can he have changed so suddenly—all in a minute? If you had known how he—what we were to each other, you would say it was impossible. I could bear any certainty better than a doubt! Nothing wastes life so much as that!"

"It is better not to know some things too well," replied Stanhope gravely. "If you knew what it was that made him false to you, it might appear worse than it does now."

"No, no, Stanhope! If I were certain that he was absolutely worthless, of course I should—I might forget him at once, and never think of him any more. But now, I shall always be wondering whether, perhaps—I might not have been somehow in the wrong—too hasty; it is so easy to have misunderstandings when there is so much love!"

"If you have any reason to think that you have been mistaken——" began Stanhope, much disturbed; "if this was only a quarrel between you——"

"No, no! I have told you all there was—all that I know or can imagine. But I cannot help the thought that he may be keeping something back—or that somebody may have told him something about me that is not true. I suppose I have enemies; every one must have!"

"Then you hope to be reconciled with him again?"

"No, I don't hope that—at least I don't expect it. I only want to be sure—that that could never be. Stanhope, I know I have no right to ask you to help me; but whom have I in the world? What can I do?"

"I will help you all I can, Madeleine—you needn't doubt that. Only let me know exactly what you wish to be done." Stanhope said this with an air of manly self-possession that was not without its effect upon the girl, who was now almost beyond her own control; and he added, with a touch of egotism that was not ignoble. "You may trust to me as a gentleman, though you can't love me. And I would rather be a gentleman whom you could trust, than a scoundrel who had won your love."

If Madeleine had heard this sentiment uttered upon the stage, she would probably have appreciated it more than she was able to do now.

"It is because he may not be what you think that I want you to speak to him," she said appealingly. "You can find out the truth if you will. Oh! if you would, I would thank you with

all my heart, whatever the truth may be! I do trust you more than I trust anybody! Find out what is the matter! You don't know how wretched I am!"

"Don't feel so, Madeleine—don't be so excited. Do you wish him to know that I come from you?"

"Do you think that would be best? You must do as you think right. Perhaps you had better not let him know—at least, unless it turns out to have been a misunderstanding. Do you despise me, Stanhope? I despise myself!"

"I would not allow anyone else to say that of you," returned the baronet, grandly. "Well, I'll go to him, and do my best to—to make you lost to me. You shall see, at all events, that my love is unselfish. I can say, truly, Madeleine, that I hope it will turn out to have been a misunderstanding. I would rather lose you, knowing that Bryan was true and you happy, than possess you, and know that you were miserable and he false. Well, I will go now." He walked to the sofa and picked up his hat and stick; then returned, holding out his hand. "Good bye," he said, in a steady voice, though his eyes were glistening. "I will come back as soon as I've seen him, and tell you about it—or you shall hear from me at any rate."

"Come and tell me yourself, Stanhope, if there is no good news," she said, letting her hand stay in his, and looking steadfastly at him. "You are kinder and nobler than I believed possible. I said just now that I knew you too well; but it is not so, I didn't know you well enough."

"And if the news is good?"

Madeleine hesitated; her eyelids fell, colour mounted to her face. After a moment he let go her hand, and stepped back. As she still said nothing, nor looked up, he turned to the door and went out. Virtue is never so exclusively its own reward as when it is practised for the benefit of a rival. But Sir Stanhope Maurice

had done a man's part, and felt taller on leaving the house than when he had entered it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH THE RELATIONS OF A MASTER AND HIS VALET ARE DISCUSSED—AND IT IS SHOWN HOW THE LATTER'S ANTICIPATION OF THE FORMER'S WISHES MAY SOMETIMES BE OBJECTIONABLE.

THE evolutions and devices of a mind like that of Bryan Sinclair form a subject for analysis more curious, perhaps, than edifying. When all a man's aims in life centre in himself, he is debarred from any other than a merely material progress; the higher order of his faculties does not expand; at most the lower forms of acuteness and readiness are polished; and we find him, as time goes on, either morally or intellectually stationary, or retrograding. He has a revolution upon his own axis, but no orbit, or a very contracted one. To get the better of one's fellows is a religion the severe simplicity of which would be disconcerted by spiritual advancement; and the interest which a life founded upon that religion possesses, is due (after the first novelty is over) rather to its relations and collisions with other lives than to anything inherent in itself.

It is to be remembered, however, that no human being can attain to absolute and unexceptionable selfishness. Occasionally he will be inconsistent, and act with some regard to the interests and happiness of other people. Often, too, an act is selfish, or the reverse, not intrinsically, but according to the inscrutable quality of the mental attitude which prompted it. These reservations produce, in practice, that mixedness in human characters which must more or less vitiate any sweeping judgment or generalisation. No man is so bad, so good, or so indifferent as it would be convenient to the epigrammatist to assume. A Frankenstein may be manufactured all of one colour and

tendency; but human beings, while they remain in this world, are of the chameleon's dish. Consistency must begin on the other side of the grave.

It was certainly Bryan's business to know what he was about; and yet it may be doubted whether he saw his course clear after his interview with Jack on the night of the masquerade. There had been a time when he was strongly attracted by Madeleine. Beauty, genius, and passion, in a woman, are a magnet, if anything in nature is so; and then, if more were needed, Madeleine was an heiress. So it was, at all events, that Bryan found it agreeable to make love to her; and his suit prospered. There were moments during his courtship when, had the moment demanded it of him, he would have sacrificed himself for her; when he was so vividly sensible of her maiden freshness and purity as to become noble and chivalrous, and to desire to remain so for her sake. But he had never, either in act or principle, been an ascetic; and loose behaviour bears this punishment—that the memory of it intrudes at seasons which would otherwise be most sacred and pure, and soils and spoils their sanctity by the gross image of their parody. The frigid ghost of the past mistress drags the husband back to the assignation place, and bids him embrace his present wife there, or not at all. And there is room, between the tenderest meeting of wedded lips, for the whole dreary and foul abyss of incontinent years to yawn and give forth its paralysing exhalation. During the period of courtship these awkward spectres are not so insistent; but their influence is nevertheless to coarsen and shorten love's exquisite interior dawn, when the beloved one seems to the lover like the fragrant angel whose feet are beautiful upon the mountain-tops. Such glorious hallucinations, which are more true than facts, are vouchsafed to sullied souls by glimpses only, or not at all. Bryan therefore, soon began to regard Made.

leine merely as a fine-looking girl, with a fine mind and a fine fortune ; and with that his sentiments ceased to be romantic and became practical. She was a splendid and lovely ornament for a man to wear, and solidly useful as well. But he had already lost the power to be made a saint by her.

Nevertheless his aim in life was to enjoy every phase of it, and he was acute enough to perceive that in losing his worship of Madeleine he was losing something which it would have been worth while to retain. In casting about how best he might yet keep it alive he bethought himself of a former scheme of his of visiting California, where, as he had persuaded himself, gold was to be found. Although "Out of sight out of mind" is a weighty proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" may sometimes be no less true a one, and Bryan determined to make experiment of it. He would thus be killing two or three birds with one stone ; for he would have the plunge into unknown regions which his roving instinct occasionally demanded ; he would stand the chance of filling his pockets with ready money, of which he was in need ; and he would return with a probably undiminished and possibly increased ardour of affection for the girl he intended to marry. Off he went, therefore, and the passion which was kindled at his parting gave him good hopes of finding it in a condition still more inflammable on his return. It was characteristic of him to feel gratified rather than distressed at Madeleine's anguish in being separated from him ; not that he wished, in a general way, to see her suffer, but that the relation of her suffering, in this instance, to himself, flattered his self-esteem. During his sojourn abroad he made a feint, as it were, of regularly thinking about Madeleine in a lover-like way ; but though he could manage the intellectual part of the business very well he could not blind himself to the fact that his longings and fond

reminiscences had but a small amount of cordial substance in them. The predicament was almost ludicrous ; he grinned occasionally at his own plight, but it also annoyed and even disgusted him. For constancy as a virtue he cared nothing, but for constancy as a means of keeping up a certain form of enjoyment he cared much. Moreover he was in the conscious possession of unusual strength of body, mind, and temper ; why then should his emotions and affections not be lasting ? To have the force of will to dismiss an undesirable passion was one thing, but to be unable, by force of will, to stick to a passion that was desirable was to admit a lamentable weakness. There is no pleasure to be got out of fickleness ; and the suspicion that he was fickle was therefore a humiliation to Bryan. However, he still hoped for the best, and after he and Jack became friends he sometimes spoke to the latter about Madeleine, though never giving her her right name or entering into any verifiable particulars. He fancied that he might thus vivify his feeling towards her. But he was aware of an empty ring in his praises and raptures ; he could not talk the love-language of Romeo and of Troilus ; he was more apt to fall into the Richard III. vein. When at last he landed in London he felt that his voyage round the earth had brought him no nearer to Madeleine. He had only contrived to prove that he could live without her.

It was still quite possible that the sight of her might revive him, but, because it was a possibility and not a certainty, he delayed a couple of weeks before hazarding it. He was then pleased rather than disconcerted at Kate's presence during the interview ; the check gave him something to contend against, and enabled him to figure to himself what protestations he would have made had he and Madeleine been alone. He went away feeling encouraged ; she surpassed his anticipations ; if he could only be held

back from her persistently enough his yearning for her might become satisfactorily intolerable. He was not troubled by her silence and seeming coldness; it was plain enough that she loved him as much or more than ever, and was hurt at his own undemonstrativeness. In the course of the next few days he revolved a new scheme that promised well—that of a secret marriage. Bryan had perhaps read that it was a custom among the Circassians and other semi-civilised tribes to make a profound mystery of their wives, and to visit them only by stealth, like a thief in the night. This custom had a good deal of practical wisdom in it—it kept up the excitement so to say; and the factitious and imaginary barriers wherewith the wife was surrounded served to endow her with a value independent of her personal attractions. To marry Madeleine surreptitiously, therefore, besides being a sound piece of policy on the financial side, would invest her with the romantic charm of a treasure unlawfully obtained; and since, after the ceremony she would return to her home and remain in all appearance the same as ever, a vista was opened of unlimited amusing intrigue, of alarms, of expedients, of perilous meetings, of subtle understandings. It was an ingenious and promising device, not unworthy of Bryan's fertile invention. By the time he had perfected it the masquerade was at hand.

Madeleine's pronounced and reiterated refusal to go to the masquerade had gone for nothing with Bryan; he was so full of double meanings himself that he could not help suspecting the presence of some in Madeleine's mind. She wished to throw Kate off the scent, or to make him anxious, or some such matter. If he was not altogether right in his conclusions he was not (as we have seen) very far wrong. Madeleine did go to the masquerade, but she went in a disguise which she had some justification in believing would prove impenetrable. Bryan was on

the look-out, and when the necklace had revealed to him the person whom he supposed to be Madeleine, he lauded himself for his sagacity, and lost no time in making known his scheme. But the emphatic and scornful manner in which the wearer of the necklace refused his overtures completely surprised him and put him out of countenance. At a moment when there was no need for concealment here was Madeleine vehemently dismissing him and all his works, and informing him in the most unmistakable terms that she cared for him not the snap of her finger. The tables were turned; and before he could recover from his bewilderment his interlocutor had slipped away from him and disappeared. It was while this discomfiture was still tingling in his ears that he encountered Jack, and heard from him the amazing story of his parentage.

It was not easy, even for a man like Bryan, to see his way clearly and at once through this zigzag of circumstances; and he had not yet made up his mind how to act, when he was confronted by the true Madeleine, in a mood of mingled passion and agitation that made her peculiarly difficult to deal with. She reproached him for his past apathy and reticence; but, in the same breath, she plainly insinuated that she would not have responded to his suggestion of a secret marriage in quite the manner that Kate Roland had done. How should he reply? The situation of half an hour ago was altered now. The stimulating barriers were broken down; not only that, but the worldly advantages of the step he had been on the point of taking were seriously in jeopardy, if not actually eliminated. Bryan did not really care for money and social position as a miser and a snob care for them, but he was alive to the taint of failure and absurdity which would attach to a man who should unite himself to a woman reputed to be an heiress, who turned out to be none. He was provoked with himself for having been

bamboozled, and was by no means in an accommodating humour. "What one says in a masquerade," he remarked in effect to Madeleine, "must not be taken too seriously." The sentiment was capable of bearing more than one meaning, but Madeleine, who had impetuously laid herself open to insult, was too sensitive not to understand it as levelled against herself. She shrank back at once, and so the interview ended.

Bryan, as soon as his spleen had relieved itself, began to reconsider his position more coolly. Madeleine must not be let slip thus. What if, after all, the disaster impending over her fortunes could be averted? Might not Jack be persuaded to give up his enterprise? or, if he proved obstinate, might he not be prevented? And then, how would Bryan look, if Madeleine, smarting under the slight she had received, were to turn to some one else—to Stanhope, for example—for consolation? This apprehension wrought yet another change in the man's purpose; Madeleine appeared once more desirable. Such are the vacillations which beset every resolve in which the heart is not primarily enlisted. He set himself to test the constancy of Jack's determination; and when he found himself foiled on that issue, his fiercer traits began to creep into visibility. Here, however, he might have paused, content to have contemplated the ugly plunge, without taking it, had he been left to himself. But there was a Caliban at hand, for whose existence Bryan was responsible, and who had already succeeded in establishing a strange sort of sway over him. Identifying himself wholly with his nominal master, Tom Berne constituted himself the latter's evil genius. But the relation between these two men is not to be described in a phrase. If anything in the phenomena of the communion of human beings deserves to be called hideous, it is surely such a thing as this. Tom Berne, up to the

moment when Bryan Sinclair first crossed his path, had been a resolute, capable, honest fellow, whose great physical strength sometimes tempted him to be over-bearing, but who was accounted a good and trustworthy chap in the main. Bryan met him, fought him, and beat him; and beat him in such a way as to break his spirit. Tom became, soul and body, his slave. At last, by Bryan's command, Tom killed a man who turned out to be his own brother. From that time, a change began to exist in their mutual attitude. Tom, whose character had become more and more debased after he had surrendered his moral responsibility, had nevertheless (let us suppose) solaced himself with the notion that the recording angel, in making up the indictment against him hereafter, would make allowance for the fact that the sins committed by him at Bryan's instigation were practically involuntary. But the killing of his brother, though as involuntary as any of the former acts, differed from them in being a final outrage upon whatever remained of Tom's human affections. It turned the man from a passive slave into an active devil. All thought or care about his future salvation vanished from his mind. His complete object in life was now Bryan's destruction. Not his physical destruction, however—or that only subordinately—but the eternal damnation of his soul. To compass this end he hit upon a device of singular ingenuity, and indicating the awakening in him of an intellectual cunning more subtle than any ordinary circumstances could have rendered him capable of. So subtle, indeed, and yet so simple was his procedure, that for a long time Bryan himself had no suspicion of the change, and never, perhaps, arrived at a full understanding of it. Superficially, all went on as before; Tom was still the unquestioning and complaisant slave, executing, without hesitation or reluctance, whatever unsavoury or unholy job Bryan deemed it beneath

his own dignity to have a hand in. But by degrees the master felt, rather than perceived, that his tool was becoming in some way more assimilated to himself than heretofore. Tom seemed to have so completely laid aside his individuality, to have so utterly made Bryan's will his own, that there was no longer any other than a physical or accidental distinction between them. Tom was a supplementary Bryan; he was the manifestation of all Bryan's wicked and baser characteristics. One soul informed them both; but while in Bryan this soul still retained some elements that were at least intellectually good and noble, in Tom it was unmixed and sunless evil. Whatever life Tom had, he took from Bryan; but it was moral death and corruption, not life, that he gave in return. The physical parallel of the situation would be that of a festering limb, which draws its vital nourishment from the body, and insinuates in return its own poison into the whole system. And there is another step in the analogy. After the mortification of the limb has set in, it begins to develop a horrible life of its own—the life which announces annihilation. In the same way, Tom, his moral rottenness being established, began to manifest a loathsome and fatal kind of vitality. Slowly, but surely, he ceased merely to discharge the evil offices with which he was commissioned, and assumed the attitude of a suggestor and advocate of sin. In deadly hatred, as in immeasurable love, an obscure bond of sympathy seems to unite the hating or loving hearts; and it appeared as if Tom were immediately made aware of the presence of any the most minute germ of wicked intent in Bryan's mind, and straightway set himself to cherish and encourage it. Had he also planted it? Bryan sometimes suspected so; but there was never any direct evidence to that effect. Certain it was, however, that Bryan became daily more prone to evil impulses, and that

Tom's alacrity in bringing these impulses to realization was every day more marked and less liable to restraint. This would have mattered little had Bryan been able to free himself from the persuasion that he, quite as much as Tom, was guilty of whatever Tom did. When a man is moved to commit a murder, he has the option of resisting the temptation or of yielding to it; but for Bryan this option no longer existed; no sooner did the temptation enter into his own heart, than he saw the reflection of it in Tom's eyes, and felt assured that sooner or later he—through Tom's agency—would commit it. Thus had his deliberate maltreatment of another man's soul resulted in the loss of his own moral free-will. Between thinking and doing evil there was for him no more than a nominal distinction; and evil thoughts were fast gaining the ascendancy over all others. It was no figure of speech, therefore, to say that he was now the slave and Tom the master.

What was to be done? The most obvious thing was to sever his connection with Tom at once. But we have already seen how this expedient was defeated. Tom, with a hideous parody of affection, declared his inability to exist apart from his adored master. Wages were no object—hard treatment was no deterrent; where Bryan was, Tom must be, until the end. Until the end? Then why not hasten the end? Why not take the wretch by the throat and strangle the life out of him on the spot? Alas! the deed were easy, but the relief would be delusive. Tom would be only too happy to have Bryan murder him. But Bryan knew that in murdering him he would inflict the final defeat and humiliation upon himself; and much as he had lost, he was not yet so desperate as to do that. No other escape was practicable; so there was nothing to do but endure.

We need not enter into the details

of the plot by which it was intended that Jack should be prevented from obstructing Madeleine's inheritance. Its accidental miscarriage afforded a perverse sort of triumph to Bryan, while it filled Tom with malignant disappointment. This faithful and devoted agent had risked the gravest personal consequences in order to do his beloved master so signal a service. He had considered all the bearings of the deed, and had decided that it was worth risking hanging for; merely to be knocked senseless in the attainment of such an object would be a positive privilege. But the stars in their courses fought against him, and he had his aching bones for his pains. The situation as regarded Bryan and Madeleine thus remained unaltered; and it was necessary to contrive some other device; for Bryan would not consent to give her up (even without her fortune) so long as anything beside his own good pleasure stood in the way of his possessing her. But the position of affairs demanded patience and caution. It was still possible, in the first place, that Jack's anticipations might come to nought. Until that point was settled one way or the other, especial care must be taken to do nothing that could in any way compromise Madeleine. To marry her out of hand (assuming her to be amenable to such a course), would be equally imprudent. But neither would it be safe to leave her without an explanation of his conduct during the interval which must elapse before the trial—if there was a trial—took place. What, then, should the explanation be, and how should it be offered? After his blunder with Kate, not to mention his rencontre with Madeleine herself, he could hardly expect to be received as usual at the house. It would be necessary to find some other place of meeting, and, what was more difficult, to induce Madeleine to meet him there. Having accomplished that, he must rely upon the charms of his eloquent tongue, the fertility of his

resources, and the assumption that Madeleine's love for him was stronger than her mistrust or her pride, to help him out of his difficulty.

One evening, when, having meditated deeply upon these things, he was about entering his brougham to seek distraction at the opera, he heard his name spoken, and looking round, saw Stanhope Maurice coming hastily towards him along the pavement. He took his foot from the step, and waited, with the handle of the door in his hand.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SUGGESTIVE OF THE UNWISDOM OF SELF-SACRIFICE; THE PERSON FOR WHOM THE SACRIFICE IS MADE, NOT BEING, AS A GENERAL THING, APT TO BE IMPROVED THEREBY EITHER MORALLY OR MATERIALLY.

BRYAN had not forgotten how Stanhope had "cut" him at their last casual meeting; but, occupied with more important matters, the incident had not much impressed him. He had always been accustomed to treat the baronet with a certain blunt good humour, but had never felt much respect for his brains; like Iago, he had "made his fool his purse" upon occasion; but now that the occasion was no longer present, he did not particularly care whether Stanhope quarrelled with him or not. He hoped no good, and feared no harm from him. As the latter came up, he said—

"Well, what's the matter now?"

"I am the bearer of an important and delicate message," said Stanhope, with a sort of agitated formality. "I need scarcely assure you, Mr. Sinclair, it is not for my own pleasure, after having declined intercourse with you, that I now——"

"Pshaw, man! leave your damnable faces and begin!" exclaimed Bryan with a short laugh. "It would take a sharper cut than yours to draw my blood. Speak up!"

"This is about—about Miss Vivian," said the baronet, dropping his voice.

"What? the old lady?"

"You know to whom I refer. You never told me you had intentions——"

"Now you mention it, I don't believe I ever did. Well?"

"But you did think——"

"Bless you, man! if I told you all I think, where would you find room in your head to put the information?"

"I cannot say what I wish to here," remarked Stanhope, growing red.

"Hop into my brougham, then, and let's have it as we go along." They entered the vehicle accordingly, and it set off. "Now then!" said Bryan.

"I was at the masquerade the other night," Stanhope began. "I know—she has told me—what took place there. You mistook some one for her, and——"

"Oh! sits the wind in that quarter? Are you her ambassador?" Stanhope did not immediately answer. "Or her accepted lover—is that it?" continued Bryan, looking at him.

"My arrangements are made to go abroad next month," replied Stanhope, with solemn reserve.

"Ah! Hum! I see! Poor boy! So we're both in the same box, eh?"

"I did not come to talk about myself," Stanhope said.

Bryan rapidly reflected. It was evident that Stanhope had something to communicate, and it would be no use continuing to snub him until he had found out what it was. Possibly the communication might be pertinent to Bryan's present embarrassment. Such a messenger should be conciliated and encouraged. Bryan therefore discharged his tone of its brusque and mocking accent, and said, quietly—

"Listen to me, Stanhope—we've known each other all our lives. A woman has come between us; that's the curse of all friendships. I deceived you—I own it. But a man of the world like you can make allowances.

A man may be driven to do a thing he regrets, to avoid doing a thing he would regret still more. In love and war, you know—eh!"

"I know I would rather be caught in some villany myself, than catch you in it!" exclaimed Stanhope, impulsively. "I have always quoted you as the finest fellow I knew. You know what confidence I always put in you. I never doubted you because my affairs went wrong. I'd lose all the money over again to be certain you are an honest man. But I did think, after all you let me say to you about my feeling for Madeleine——"

"Yes—yes—you have some claim to know my motives, and perhaps you may sometime—— But first—what is all this about?"

"I want you to understand, in the first place, that I love her with all my heart and soul. It's a sacred thing, and, whatever you may think of me, it deserves respect. If you don't care for her as much as I do, Sinclair—if you have any thought of playing her false—in God's name say so now! Only a devil incarnate would see a girl like her shamed because she—she—had given away her heart. By Jove!"

Bryan perceived from his companion's manner that he must have offered himself to Madeleine and been refused. This put him at his ease. He spread out his hands with an ingenuous gesture. "Do I look like a devil incarnate?" he inquired.

"Well, you best know what you are. I have known her ever since she was a child—a little black-eyed creature, with all sorts of queer little fantastic ways. I fancied I could have her at any time; I never thought any other man would come between us. But I'd given up the hope of making her my wife yet—until I'd done something to improve my prospects. And all the time she was—— Good God! Bryan, how could you have the heart to let me expose myself before you so? You two may have been making fun of me. No! I can't

think that; she is too noble to do such a thing! But it wasn't fair of you. If you had told me, in the beginning, that it was you she cared for, there's no man I would so gladly have seen her happy with. By Jove, you might have told me!"

"By Jove, so I might!" returned Bryan, thrusting his hands in his pockets. "But the fact is, I was down on my luck. The only safe thing seemed to be, to keep dark. As for your talking to me about her, how could I prevent that? However, since I got back from America, I'm bound to confess I have fared no better than you. We're not on terms, it appears."

"But she says she spoke to you after you had spoken to Mrs. Roland at the masquerade."

"But not before Mrs. Roland knew what I had meant to tell Madeleine."

"What difference did that make?"

"All the difference in the world. I had my plans laid, wise or foolish is no matter now. Since Mrs. Roland had found them out, there was an end of them. There could be no secret marriage after that—eh?"

"But you gave Madeleine to understand that you had not been in earnest from the first."

This was, in truth, the nucleus of the difficulty. Unless Bryan could excogitate some plausible explanation for his sudden change of front towards Madeleine, he could hardly expect her to forgive him. He considered for a moment. Then he looked up.

"Does Madeleine actually suppose that between the time of my leaving Kate Roland and meeting her, I had changed my mind about her?"

"She could suppose nothing else, if she trusted her ears. But she is all truth and purity herself, and she wishes to believe, if she can, that you are as honest as she. Rather than risk a misunderstanding, she sacrifices her pride, and gives you this chance to set yourself right. And if you take unfair advantage of her position, by Heaven you deserve to be shot!"

"Isn't it rather odd that a girl should ask her rejected suitor to be the medium of reconciliation between her and the rival?" Bryan inquired demurely.

Stanhope answered nobly, "She knew I cared more for her than for myself, so she honoured me with her confidence. And if I'm worthy her trust, I'm worthy yours, if you were the best man that ever lived on the earth!"

"You do love her, Stanhope, and no mistake! and I believe you'd make her a better husband than I," said Bryan, leaning back in his seat. "However, Fate will have its way! As to this question, it was not I that changed, but the circumstances."

"How do you mean that?"

"It's simple enough. But here we are at the theatre; come in—there's room for two in my box."

They alighted, and Stanhope followed Bryan into the house. The opera was *Don Juan*; the curtain had not yet risen. Bryan removed his hat and overcoat, and appeared in evening dress. Stanhope, not being thus arrayed, remained in the background.

"The thing lies in a nutshell," Bryan continued. "I go to the masquerade with a certain end in view. An accident upsets my calculations. Having betrayed my secret to Kate Roland, could I repeat to Madeleine what I had just said to her? Would you have done so in my place? My only wish was to spare her annoyance—to save her from being compromised. The best way seemed to be to treat the whole affair as a jest—to pretend that I had known it was Kate all along, and had proposed the secret marriage only as a bit of fun. I could see that she felt hurt for the moment; but better that than have outsiders suppose I had intended any surreptitious action. I hoped to have an opportunity for private explanation afterwards, but she has allowed me none. I have not had an easy hour since. You know as well as I do that

the girl can't take care of herself—one must do it for her. Her happiness and welfare are all that I think of."

"Well," said Stanhope with a sigh, "I must admit that you have met the objections fairly. I will let her know what has passed between us."

The orchestra had entered upon the last movement of the overture. Bryan happened to glance across the house while Stanhope was speaking, and saw two ladies enter a box opposite; he recognised them immediately. The tallest of them seated herself in the front of the box, and leaned upon its cushioned edge; her eyes wandered over the audience, and finally lighted upon Bryan, who immediately rose. She drew back.

Bryan turned to Stanhope. "Give me your hand, old friend!" he said, and held out his own. The baronet complied, with some surprise, for the other's tone was unexpectedly cordial. They stood thus in the front, in full view of the house.

"I shall take some better oppor-

tunity for speaking to you further on this matter," Bryan said. "You have acted like the fine fellow I always knew you to be. I see you want to be off now; but don't let it be long before I hear from you!"

Poor Stanhope departed without suspecting who had been the witness of this friendly passage; otherwise he might have been more heedful of his bearing; for though Bryan's words had all been reasonable, they had not put Stanhope entirely at his ease. Though they had hardly aroused his mistrust, they had not altogether satisfied his expectation. However, he hoped for the best.

When he had gone, Bryan again looked across the house. The overture was just concluding. The lady opposite was fanning herself fitfully. Their eyes met. Bryan left his box; and three minutes afterwards he was by Madeleine's side, and had felt the pressure of her hand. The other lady was Miss Vivian. The curtain went up, and the opera began.

To be continued.

LONDON PLAYGROUNDS.

WHEN a girl first leaves school she is apt to find the days long. There seems nothing particular for her to do, and she feels useless and in the way. Hitherto, her studies and school-work generally have taken up all her time and energies—filled up her life. Now a great change has come; she knows that there is a place and work for her, and she is longing for it, but she cannot find it. The girl's life is over, the woman's not begun, and for a time there is a blank. All around her, friends are busy, interested in one pursuit or another, artistic, literary, philanthropic. If she has a decided bent, the problem of how to use her life, and what her elderly relatives call her "superfluous activity," is comparatively easy; but if not, if she is just an ordinary, healthy, capable girl, ready for anything, but with no special inclinations, it is much more difficult. A boy in this position generally has a profession chosen for him, and has to train himself for it; a girl is left to find out for herself what she is fit for; and until she does, she is eager, restless, impatient, longing to do something, not knowing what. She tries various things, but is checked on every side; told she is too young for this, too inexperienced for that, and all the time she does not feel young at all, but decidedly old—nearly twenty perhaps—and as for experience, how is she to gain it if she is never to try anything? Must all her life be passed in waiting? She is advised to study, and she does; but study at school, with regular, fixed hours, and companions to spur one on, is a very different thing from study at home, alone, without any definite object, when one may be interrupted every moment. Besides, she has a growing

feeling that she ought to do something for others, she can no longer be bounded by personal or even family duties; when these are done, she has still a fund of energy unused which cannot be comfortably expended even on lawn tennis, and what to do with her spare time becomes an important question. She knows that there is a world outside and beyond her own home, and she feels that she owes some duties to it. She wishes to do something for others less fortunate than herself, who have no part nor lot in her life, yet whom she sees daily, with whom she has a vague yearning sympathy, and whom she has a great longing to help. Can she do nothing for these because she cannot be a Sister of Mercy or a nurse in an hospital? She would like at this stage to give up her whole life to the poor, but this is clearly impossible and wrong; older people tell her she must wait; "soon enough," they say, "will work come in such quantities that you will be thankful enough to have so much time to yourself as you have now. Wait." But meanwhile she is not thankful at all; so much leisure, unaccustomed as she is to it, and not knowing how to use it, wearies her; she chafes impatiently against the too great ease of her lot, and looks back longingly to her school-days, when she always had plenty to do, and work given her instead of having to look for it, and be told she must "Wait till she is older" when she thinks she has found it; till she almost wishes for gray hair, to prove that she is as old as she feels.

There is no help for it. She must wait for her life's work to come to her. She is unfit for it now; but by and by, at the right time, it will come, as

surely as to-morrow's sun will rise. Every one of us has some special work, and no one can rest, in the true sense, till he has found it, perhaps not in this world at all. But meanwhile, is our girl's spare time to be wasted? Surely that is no way of preparing for work to come. It certainly need not be, for there are many useful and necessary things which must be done by somebody; and earnest, over-worked people would be glad of the help of even untrained, if zealous and active, young people; but, for the most part, youth and want of training are great drawbacks. My object is to point out one work which does not need special training, and which young people, and only young people, can do.

We have heard, and are still hearing, a great deal about open spaces—breathing-places for our city, playgrounds for our children. Now, if any of you will go to a newly-opened playground, or will join an excursion of children from any poor and crowded part of the city, nay, if you will walk down one of the paved courts leading out of Drury Lane, for instance, you will see at once the kind of work that is wanted. The poor little creatures sit or stand listlessly about, idle and bewildered, not knowing what to do, not knowing how to play.

Play, you think, comes naturally to puppies, kittens, children, and all young things—yes, if they lead natural lives. But shut your kitten, for a week, up in a box, without much light or air, or even a cotton reel to roll about, and see how much it will play when it is at last set free.

So our children in many parts of London are shut up until the power of play is almost gone. Respectable parents, rightly and naturally, will not let their children run loose about the streets, where there are so many dangers, physical and moral. Their only chance is on the road to and from school, when they are told not to loiter, or on those rare occasions when mother has time to take them to the park, often so far from their homes

that they are too tired to run about when they reach it. And if they are allowed to be in the streets, what kind of play can they have there? It must consist chiefly of playing buttons at the corners, or rushing wildly along, to the great annoyance of older and staidier fellow-creatures, until stopped by the police—and even in this game only the older and stronger children can indulge. To be sure, in any quiet street you may see groups of little children dancing to the music of the organ-man, and a very pretty sight it is; but for the most part a child's life is divided between school and home; and when home consists of one or two rooms, there is not much space for a *very* lung-stretching, limb-stretching, romp, even if the over-tired parents could bear the noise. No wonder the little ones grow prematurely old and wizened. Play is known to be indispensable for the children of well-to-do parents, and arrangements are made for it. In one form or another they have it all their lives; but these other children, who need it quite as much, have it by fits and starts as they can get it, often not in a good or healthy form. It is not considered a necessary for them, and no provision is made for it; rather their efforts at obtaining it are checked by a hasty "Sit still, can't you," from nervously irritable elders. Poor little Saturday's bairns, working hard for their living from the beginning! The consequence is, when they are turned loose in a playground, they do not know what to make of it. The rougher ones, who have not been kept out of the street, begin to enjoy themselves in their fashion, cuffing each other, shouting, and frightening the timid, well-behaved creatures who have never seen such doings except at a distance.

Now here is something for you to do, you who think yourselves old and grown up, who yet in your hearts enjoy a good run as much as ever you did. Go and teach those children, who have not had your advantages—a big garden, visits to

the country, plenty of room for brothers, sisters, cousins, and friends—how to play. Show them the games you like best. They will be ready enough to learn, especially if you begin with the more simple—such as “Mulberry-bush,” before going on to the complex. An old person, whose limbs are stiff, or who is weighted by care and responsibility, cannot do this; it must be done by one young enough to enjoy running about; for duty-play is a very poor affair. Play because you like it, or not at all. You remember, I daresay, that dreadful time when you were told, or found out for yourself, that you were too old for dolls; and how you consoled yourself by nursing and dressing somebody else’s. Well, you are too old to romp now, but not too old to like and need it, so you must play for other people’s amusement, instead of your own. It comes to pretty much the same thing in the end, as far as you are concerned. You get the exercise you need, and give them pleasure at the same time.

You think perhaps it may be disagreeable, that you will feel shy, unable to say anything to these children. Go and try; find out how responsive they are; how eagerly they put their confiding dirty little paws into yours, as the pleading little voices cry, “Is you goin’ to take us into the garding, miss?” even though the “garden” is nothing but a tiny railed-in space, with formal walks and prim, bare beds, where they may not tumble about for fear of kicking up the gravel, or trampling on the place where the flowers are not! It is such a relief to them to be taken out of the noise of the street into a breathing-place, that that alone is almost enough for them; and if you can add a story, or a song, or a quiet game, or a picture-book, their cup of happiness is full. In such hard lives as theirs, a very little kindness goes a long way. They are so accustomed to being “chivied” about by policemen, rough neighbours, and often, sad to say, by worried parents, that merely being let alone,

or spoken to as ordinary fellow-beings, is a rare and unaccustomed pleasure. This is an extreme case. Playgrounds generally are bare and ugly enough, but there is nothing to prevent the children’s running about as much as they please. They are of all shapes and sizes. Many are provided with swings and gymnastic apparatus, which give great delight. Many, such as the little, disused burial-ground in Drury Lane, are kept shut against the children, unless they are under the charge of some grown-up person; in all, the swings are never used unless there is some one responsible, to guard against accidents from carelessness or roughness. These children are just like others; a little more responsive perhaps, a little more dirty, a little less reserved in expressing their feelings, quite as ready to make friends as those who have been overwhelmed with attention from their birth. Having once made friends in play, you may, if you like and have time, go on to other things—teach them to sew, or draw, or anything else that you may think can help them and brighten their lives; but do not forget that the grand business of a playground is play, and, in a good sense, the more romping it is the better. Remember that “Play is the voluntary exercise of all our faculties under a sense of freedom; where we exert ourselves because we like, and not because we must, that power is developed by exercise—and exercise only.” It is, in fact, a branch of education that is very much neglected.

This work needs no special qualifications. She who undertakes it must be moderately good-tempered and just, for little neglected children are sometimes provoking, and she may be often called on to settle disputes; she must be strong enough to hold somebody’s baby for a minute while somebody has a swing, and if the minute should be rather long, she can reflect that nursing requires knack rather than strength, or how could that poor, pale little thing manage who has been standing

leaning against the wall this half-hour, with her baby in her arms—poor “little old-faced, peaking sister turned mother!” She must be ready with suggestions, on those unlucky days, when no one wants to do anything in particular, except to interfere disagreeably with every one else. She must be firm, and not allow herself to be coaxed or bullied. She must be able to run (this is very important), and should be able to sing, or at least croon, the “Peasant,” or the “Little Dog,” and must have a natural love of children. If she can really sing, not croon only, she will be able to give extra pleasure, and if she can tell stories, she will soon get an eager little audience, when, tired of running, she sits down for a moment on the seat, with which most playgrounds are provided. Stories should be told, not read. The stock, either of games or stories, need not be large; children like old favourites again and again. Few toys are needed; skipping-ropes and balls are the best, and these should be lent, not given. Gifts, unfortunately, almost always lead to jealous disputes, when they are rarities. Give the things you wish to the playground; allow them to be kept there, and lent when wanted—unless indeed you can call and make your presents, without a criticising audience crying, “Oh, miss, it is a shame, you give him a ball and me only a top; he sha’n’t have it,” &c.

Swings, if there are any, are an immense resource; then the play teacher’s chief work is to make the children take turns without squabbling. This is a little difficult at first, when everyone wants a swing and no one is quite sure that the swings won’t be taken

down before his turn comes; and, if possible, it is as well to take one or more friends, that one may watch the swings while the others amuse those who have had their turn, or will have a long time to wait for it.

Besides, it is well to take friends in any case—partly on the principle of “the more the merrier,” and partly because it is easier to keep order without a sense of constraint where there are plenty of grown-up people about.

Playground workers are particularly wanted on Saturday holidays. The play teacher need not forget her little friends when she leaves them to go into the country. They will be delighted to hear her adventures when she returns, and to look at her treasures of shells and seaweed. If she likes, she may borrow a basin and give them some idea of a rock-pool, which, though very unsatisfactory and poor to her, will fill them with delight.

There are many playgrounds in want of workers just now, and more would be opened if persons were willing to take children into them and superintend them. Perhaps some of you may know of some little place near your own homes—if not, there is room for play teachers in the little burial-ground in Drury Lane; in Wentworth Street, Whitechapel; in Baker’s Row Park, late the Quakers’ Burial Ground; in Aldgate and in Freshwater Place, near Edgware Road. The Kyrle Society, at 14, Nottingham Place, W., could suggest others.

The School Board managers would open their large playgrounds on Saturday afternoons, if proper people would volunteer to superintend the children.

B. HOLLAND.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE LYCEUM.

Romeo and Juliet as presented at the Lyceum Theatre by the poet-manager of our time deserves a permanent literary record. Around the histrionic merits of the impersonations in it light clouds of controversy may gather. But these cannot obscure the essential and peculiar distinction of the representation. In toned brilliancy, in ingenious and proportioned completeness, in perfection of quiet and expressive real-life harmony, and in poetical elevation as resulting from these, it is a great advance upon all previous theatrical performances.

When a play is well mounted—when the various arts in alliance with that of acting are combined so successfully as to realise in some degree the scene as the author must have wished spectators to imagine it—there are always attempts to persuade the public that these aids are derogatory. Some even go so far as to say that the enjoyment of plays must have been most complete when a placard—"Bohemia" or "A Temple of Diana"—was all the assistance given through the eye to the mind by the arrangements of the stage. Others are content to insist upon a limitation to some certain degree of decoration, probably associated in their recollections with what they hold to be the palmy days of acting, and arbitrarily insist that anything beyond this not very definite limit of beauty and splendour dwarfs the acting and distracts the attention from what ought most to occupy it. This discussion seems scarcely worth pursuing, because there is no standard of judgment to appeal to. Every one must conclude for himself whether the mounting of

any play distresses him by excess, or reduces by distraction his capacity or his inclination to be affected by the acting. Mr. Irving has probably hit upon the common sense of the matter in the simple observation that the poet would have availed himself of the advantages of the fuller development of our present stage had his own opportunities been brought up to the level of our time. Great acting, great singing, noble soarings of poetry will make themselves felt on the stage, be sure, none the less for appropriate and fancy-kindling surroundings.

One suppressed premiss in objections of the kind just referred to deserves to be brought up and discredited. It seems to be assumed that effects to increase the acting attractions of classical plays are modern inventions, and that the old usage was to produce them with great severity of style, if not in textual purity. Now not only were the acting versions of Shakespeare till the last generation grossly corrupted by mere stage play-wrights, but according to their lights the managers of the palmy days used to foist into Shakesperian representations, for the purpose of mere theatrical effect, episodes utterly incongruous with the structure and quality of the poet's fabric. Take, for instance, the regular acting version of *Romeo and Juliet*—from which the essential introductory Rosaline passages are struck out. Prefixed to it, under the dates of 1825 and 1831, are casts containing the names of Charles Kemble, Abbott, Wallack, Jones, Miss Kelly, Miss Phillips, Miss Fanny Kemble, and

other celebrated players. It contains, to say nothing of Garrick's long scene substituted for Shakespeare's language, the following nonsensical interpolated opening for the fifth act:—

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A CHURCH: BELL TOLLS.

Enter the procession surmounted with white plumes, borne slowly along the nave, and rests under the centre arch.

The Dirge.—Chorus drawn up on each side.

Rise, Rise!
Heart-breaking sighs,
The woe-fraught bosom swell;
For sighs alone,
And dismal moan,
Should echo Juliet's knell.

AIR.

She's gone—the sweetest flower of May,
That blooming blest our sight:
'Those eyes, which shone like breaking day,
Are set in endless night!

CHORUS.

Rise, Rise! &c.

AIR.

She's gone, she's gone; nor leaves behind
So fair a form, so pure a mind.—
How couldst thou, Death, at once destroy
The lover's hope, the parents' joy?

CHORUS.

Rise, Rise! &c.

AIR.

Thou spotless soul, look down below,
Our unfeign'd sorrow see!
O, give us strength to bear our woe,
To bear the loss of thee!

CHORUS.

Rise, Rise! &c.

[Exeunt Omnes L.]

Among the too subtle theorisings of which *Romeo and Juliet* has been the subject, there is one which places the love story in a position subsidiary to the contests of the Montagues and Capulets, and the consequent conditions of Verona life which the play exhibits. This is to put the background in front. The background, however, was very important in Shakespeare's eyes, and the great attention paid to it in the Lyceum representation goes far to extend over

the whole story the interest which stage usage has limited to the vicissitudes of Romeo and Juliet's love, and to certain episodes—the Queen Mab speech, the fun with Peter and the Nurse, and one or two others. Only to such a performance could the Prologue be a fit introduction; to such a performance its restoration gives especial meaning. In its leading reference to the feud between the two great families, and the scenes of civic meeting arising out of it, is provided the setting for the tragic jewel—the "piteous overthrows" of the "star-crossed lovers," who "with their death bury their parents' strife." This setting has generally been neglected, with the result of exalting the story into a region of supernal elevation above common life which Shakespeare did not seek in this play to reach, and of suppressing or slurring over points of uncompromising reality upon which his faithful truthfulness insisted.

The effect of the prologue is immediately developed by the remarkable first scene. Pictorially it is a very striking "set" of the market-place of Verona, carefully and agreeably softened by shade and by a central fountain, giving a delightful feeling of repose, while beyond over a bridge is seen the glaring brilliancy of the unshaded sunny atmosphere. Throughout the play the management of the lighting is a thing wholly new in its perfect and accurate graduation, and here in the first scene we have the first example of it in the creation of what the *Spectator* well described as "an atmosphere." In a few moments, when the coming turmoil has passed, we shall feel how valuable is the tone of ease and comparative shade which this scene preserves, so that Romeo can half sit loungingly against the fountain while he reads the list of guests, and all the characters can talk out their talk, some of which is very contemplative, without the audience having a feeling that the place is altogether unsuitable for such confidences.

Even when the faction-tumult begins no one leaps out of the frame. Gregory and Sampson, Abraham and Balthasar are not grotesque spouters, but members of a crowd. Swiftly upon their encounter there ensues a street conflict, the vigour, the fierceness, and the simulated confusion of which are so life-like that the spectator holds his breath until the fray is stilled. The trumpets of the Prince's retinue as he appears on the bridge at the back of the stage at the very height of the broil have an effect somewhat resembling, only the occasion is more vulgar, the celebrated trumpet sound in the great prison scene in *Fidelio*. After the Prince's speech, delivered amidst the dead silence of the awed multitude, the factions and the citizens disperse murmuring, but rapidly, as if meaning to settle their differences at once elsewhere, and then, by a transition very naturally managed the subjective Romeo becomes first the theme and then the principal figure. It is Mr. Irving's reading of the part that Romeo throughout the play is never heart-whole; and the language in which he is spoken of before his appearance by his father and Benvolio, and the fantastic sentimental incoherency of his first speech when he appears sustain this conception. The manner of the actor, however, distinguishes well between the more subjective and fanciful infatuation under which Romeo is first seen and his subsequent objective passion for Juliet; and this is one of the striking points which he is enabled to make by restoring Rosaline. It is accentuated by a pleasant incident when Capulet's servitor comes by and begs Romeo's help to read the list of guests to be summoned to the feast. As Romeo reads the names down with listless good nature, just after describing to Benvolio his very egoistic love troubles, his eye lights and his tongue lingers on the name of Rosaline. Presently, at Benvolio's suggestion, Romeo resolves to go to the Capulet feast, not as Benvolio

wishes, that he may compare his love with other ladies, "but to rejoice in splendour of his own." We shall see anon how effectively this restored element in the exordium, so to speak, of the play, made to yield its full significance by intelligent foresight in acting, leads up to the situation at the banquet as Shakespeare conceived it. In all the Lyceum productions certain improvements of the stage management and illuminations of the text have been made which will become traditions; and the various interesting details which belong to or are associated with the Rosaline episode are conspicuous examples of this honourable feature of the management.

In the second scene, however, the pretty loggia of Capulet's house, we have first to see Juliet and her Nurse. The garrulity of the latter, the marriage proposals of Lady Capulet, and the few words spoken by Juliet, are soon over. There is just time to note the beauty of the heroine, and then the loggia passes away softly and silently, and the outside of Capulet's house is revealed. This is the scene of the entrance of the Romeo party, and deserves mention for being made to minister to reality, instead of, as commonly it is, being conspicuously awkward and artificial. What can be more natural than this group of sumptuous youngsters under the torchlight, mustering for their coming merry exploit in entering Capulet's mansion uninvited? How well the wit and fancy of Mercutio support the gaiety of the freak, for which Romeo has prepared himself by a written speech. Observe, too, that amidst all the lightsomeness Romeo describes himself as having a soul of lead; and when Benvolio urges the party to enter lest they should be too late, Romeo exclaims—

I fear too early, for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail.

This, of course, may only be an expedient of the poet to prepare the mind of the audience, but it may deserve passing remark that the ill-foreboding hero of the text contrasts curiously with the serene and glowing Romeo who is some people's ideal, and coincides much more nearly with the more pensive rendering which Mr. Irving has preferred.

The scene of the masque is a blaze of splendour with every accessory consistent with the period to make it magnificent and striking. The grouping and ungrouping and regrouping of the characters, the free course of a real seeming festivity, the quaint architectural structure of the banquet hall, the permissible and indeed laudable care that has been taken in blending the colours of the costumes so that the seeming chance-mingling shall bring together no incongruities, and the half-dreamy gracefulness and genuine domesticity of the dancing, combine to produce an extraordinary ensemble.

As a detail of "business," technically so called, what could be sweeter or more significant than Juliet's natural unobtrusive toying with the children, and the easy terms they are on with her. To those who know not the play, it is a pretty accessory to the scene of family festivity. To those who know the play, how touching this almost last opportunity for natural and unpreoccupied cheerfulness that Juliet is destined to have.

This scene, however, will be historically remarkable chiefly because of the daring imaginative importation into it of an incident entirely consistent with the plan of the play and the theory of Romeo's character in the pre-Juliet period, but very startling to those who are familiar only with the acting versions. I have several times said, in writing about Irving, that his most distinguishing characteristic is the thoughtful subtlety with which he acts in one scene with inner reference to another, and so as it were by collation

brings into consistency and *rapport* all the phases of a character. In this instance it is not so much harmonisation that is studied. The audacious aim of the actor is to place in the strongest possible light that sudden transition of affection from Rosaline to Juliet—from disconsolate yearning and love-famine to the instinctive appropriation and assumption of glowing, mutually responsive passion—which to those who never knew, or have forgotten what young love is, is a difficulty in understanding the play. Irving by no means clears up the point. It would be a most un-Shakespearean attempt to try. But he knows what Shakespeare devised, and I suppose he believes that Shakespeare did not devise it thoughtlessly or mechanically. The poet, it may fairly be imagined, takes Romeo to the Capulets' feast, led by the hope of being near and contemplating Rosaline. Our poet-actor first accentuates this fact, as already mentioned, by the scene with Capulet's servant in the marketplace, and then at the mask, instead of incontinently dropping all thought of Rosaline, as the invariable usage has been, ventures to display in dumb show to the audience the sudden transference of thought and emotion which must have taken place.

Those who follow Irving's conception of the part throughout—without dwelling on trivialities of manner and person, which in him, as in most great English actors, have afforded the crowd much idle occupation—will feel that it is all led up to by the restoration of Rosaline, and the truer, while more pensive and less merely pretty view of his character, which is by that means afforded. Romeo is a bold lover, no doubt, in that he will do all and dare all to obtain the delight of loving and being loved; but he is not one to be bold or strident in the presence of the beloved one. He is of that mould of man to whom—perhaps throughout life, but certainly during a long period of it—the worship of some woman is an essential of being; and

his love is fuller of worship than of any other quality. He has worshipped distantly, ruefully, despondingly, distractingly, the cold or unmoved (perhaps unattempted) Rosaline. He still loves her when he comes brooding and sentimentalising to the mask. As Irving enters, his eye wanders in search of Rosaline. Once found she is the cynosure of his rapt gaze. But presently, as if in fatigue, he turns listlessly from this wistful melancholy contemplation, and then and there is, as it were, struck statue-like by the beauty and charm of the unknown girl who is to be his fate. It is a change as sudden as that of Faust from age to youth. As he stands there immobile, the love of Rosaline falls unconsciously from him, and he is changed in the twinkling of an eye, or rather without the twinkling of an eye, into the glory and glamour of his new adoration, which is to make him—in spite of this cataclysm of fickleness—the ideal lover of all future ages.

Whether human life is worth exploring in detail or not may be matter for debate, but there are few things, out of Browning, which explore it as such acting of Shakespeare, and the thought which it prompts. These restored Rosaline passages lead up to the tremors of Irving's Romeo in the balcony scene. The key-note is worship—yearning, tremulous worship. He adores his love; only slowly realises that he can be adored by her; and when he knows it almost sinks in the sweetness of it. Such a lover is surely more intensely and truly a lover—at any rate more intensely and truly Romeo—than the mere bright-spoken physical fascinator whom many playgoers prefer. The airy, petting, protecting gallant suitor is much more likely to be loved than to languish for love—to be a loveless Lovelace (did old Richardson mean a pun?) or at best a gracious Bassanio, than a stricken Romeo or a lamenting Hamlet.

Anticipating for a moment the

extreme of intensity in Irving's soft and sensitive love-making in the balcony scene—which not only is truer than other renderings to Romeo's self-renouncing, self-surrendering character, but realises better the fearsomeness and adventure of the balcony situation in which the lover's life is actually at stake—if I am asked how so wistful and trembling a Romeo, whose speeches in the garden are, as George Meredith has said of another, "the breath of love, delicate, tender, alive with enamoured bashfulness," could so boldly essay Juliet at the ball, the explanation lies in the sudden excitement of a new passion, or at least a new amorous enterprise, and in the innocent license of his masquerading exploit as a pilgrim. And in case it should be argued that Shakespeare did not mean Romeo's new love to be thus sudden and had no reason for it, let me ask why he departed in this particular from the tale as it was told to him. Juliet's passion was equally sudden, and so strong that she thought that her grave was like to be her wedding bed if he were married. Miss Terry gives emphatic force to this wild devotion. "Other young men," said Rousseau's Julie to her lover, "had seemed to me handsomer and finer men than you. None of them caused me the least emotion. My heart was yours at first sight."

The pretty and very natural scene where Benvolio and Mercutio skirt the wall of Capulet's garden in pursuit of their friend is a prelude to the yet more exquisite scene in the garden. The chastened beauty of it is delightful. The foliage, the low balustrade overlooking the tree-tops of the deep contiguous orchard, the firm and simple, but graceful pillared balcony, the avoidance of newness in the architecture, the trailing of the shrubs, the delicious lighting, all help the atmosphere of the situation more than it has ever been helped before, and when Juliet appears on the balcony we feel that she has entered into the very domain which the poet would

have desired for her at this moment in her story.

I will not attempt to follow in detail—for nothing is in such a case so wearisome—the rendering of this scene by Miss Terry, whose very idiosyncrasy seems to be identified with the frank and romantic qualities of Juliet's courtship. There can be no doubt that it was Shakespeare's bold yet delicate aim to conciliate to English audiences a type of young female character as alien from their ordinary sympathies as it is fraught with delicious beauties of instinct, sentiment, and fancy. And never can there have been a lovely female form, a thrilling and quivering yet pure, receptive, and expressive female intelligence, better equipped by idiosyncrasy to fulfil the imaginative mission of Shakespeare's Juliet than Miss Ellen Terry. She looks one of those sweetly royal women who can do no wrong. The ingenuous unreserve of her love avowals, the boldness of her wedding plans, the ardent anticipations of her nuptials, the rapturous worship of the perfect lover of her fancy seem to need no apology from temperament, climate, or country. They are, and they are hers; as delightful as the glowing yet chaste language in which the poet has expressed them. The impersonation of the actress at this point is as sweet and pure and earnest as is the embodiment of Juliet's rare and strangely kindled mind in Shakespeare's fervid text. It is a triumph of very special gifts of person, artistic temperament, and mind.

The leading idea of Irving's Romeo has already been indicated. From the banquet to the vault Romeo's fickleness or shallowness is seen no more. To a man of his nature there can be no fickleness, nor any detachment, while there is response. His love must be ecstatic. It will not be advised, or compelled, or dispelled. It drinks in true delights through the eyes which once drank in hallucination. The very voice of the lover is not so much tremulous as faint and sinking in

the exhaustion of love's sweet anguish. It is thus, I think, that Irving plays the scene in the garden, and from it dates all the acting which follows. He loses himself in his love. Defrauded of Juliet, or debarred from her, he is fierce and desperate, admits no conference of prudence, is swift to rush upon any tragic consequence, wild in his forlorn hysterics, or manful, direct and keen in his resolves and proceedings. Give him Juliet, be it even in the midst of peril, where he can flash through the moonlit trees to her presence, or even with the oncoming certainty of blank separation in the early morning of the bedchamber scene, and he is all gentleness, obedience, absorption, submission. Some writers have talked about protective friendship and maturity, forsooth. Whatever the outward seeming this is essential youth; youth neither of years nor character, but of passion; a youth which never ages until all such love paroxysms have passed. Such youth, because such love, but not mere youth without such love, Shakespeare meant to depict. It is not a very common sort of love in masculine England, where even pleading lovers are often very masterful; but it is a type of love that lends itself, as Shakespeare shows us, to most poetical presentment, and, as Irving shows us, affords a great histrionic artist (though in a part not specially his own, and the youthful aspect and movements of which he cannot possibly simulate) scope for most thoughtful acting.

To the balcony scene succeeds the monastery, also distinguished by excellent architectural effect, and having an ingenious cloistral arrangement. The principle of the representation throughout is that the imagination of the spectator is to be helped to glide from scene to scene, not only by the unwonted silence of the scene-shifting, and by architectural solidity, accuracy, and good taste, but also by any and every resource that may adventitiously bring help to the sensorium. Such is the tolling bell and the undertoned

miserere in the monastery scenes. Such is the literally baking sun in the street scene where Mercutio is slain, relieved by the cool passage in the distance beneath foliage-covered trellis-work. Such is the incident of Peter, the Nurse's attendant, when he has returned hot and fretted with his pettish old mistress, passing out and being seen from the loggia to walk through the adjacent orchard, and casually pluck fruit from the trees as he goes by them. Such too is the very welcome new stage arrangement by which in the scene where the nurse finds Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio, and he are seen sitting on a bench under the shade of a tree, instead of uncomfortably standing and reciting their parts at the footlights. This last improvement avoids a great absurdity—or a great little absurdity—which has hitherto existed, and which may even seem to lurk in the text—Romeo's non-recognition of the Nurse whom he perfectly well knows, and at the sight of whom all his faculties would be on the alert. At the Lyceum he does not see her till after the careless words, "I am the youngest of that name for want of a better," being engaged with his back turned in easy conversation with Benvolio. The minute and intelligent care involved in this detail of stage management is just as significant as many a much greater achievement.

This is the proper place to pay a brief tribute to the Nurse of Mrs. Stirling, which is a wonderful piece of elaborate and unctuous acting. Such perfection of mechanism is rarely seen. Every muscle, every expression, every syllable of the mellow voice is obedient to the will of the artist, and the result is that one of the most amusing, natural, and irresistible old women ever imagined lives before you, treads the stage, and asserts a phenomenal importance in the action of the play.

Under the "baking sun" of the first scene in the third act takes place an episode in which a true instinct of the actor brings out faithfully an ele-

ment of Romeo's love-life which has hitherto been almost overlooked. Nothing Irving does is shallow. And Romeo is not shallow, though the part has too often been shallowly played and shallowly written about, as if Romeo were a mere figure in a pretty idyll, in which psychological truth was not to be looked for. This is how Shakespeare found the story; it is not how he left it. He so treated it as to show us not only its beauty, not only its beauty *plus* its tragedy, not only the beauty and the tragedy *plus* the domestic and clan embroilment of love; but also something else, appertaining more to feebler and less strenuous, but still real and important aspects of character; germane, indeed, to the principal love motive, but as illustrating the lapse into futility of character which is apt to occur when the whole being is rapturously taken possession of by a great passion.

Romeo was from love what Hamlet was from irresistible weird circumstances and native irresolution. He has the makings of a fine character, but, so far as the story was permitted to go, love reduced him to be the mere toy and waif of temporary surgings and billows, with no more power than a rudderless bark, or a bark with its head held by a wild infatuated helmsman hard on to the rocks.

Now, note the scene in which Tybalt tries to fasten a quarrel on Romeo, and observe how Romeo, a young gallant of a stormy, sword-drawing period, is affected by the circumstances in which he secretly stands:—

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.
Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. *Villain* am I none;
Therefore, farewell; I see thou know'st me not. [*Going.*]
Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore, turn and draw.
Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

And so, good Capulet—which name I tender
As dearly as my own—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

A la stoccata carries it away.

[*Draws.*

This scene is usually played without giving any hint of how Romeo's fibre has been weakened, how his standard of conduct has been lowered beneath that of his friends, that of his world, and that of his own customary judgment, by the monopoly which love has obtained of his mind, and by the peculiar relations which he is necessarily in with those of Juliet's kin and faction. The impression usually produced has been that of a very superior young man, too amiable and dignified, and too much possessed by thoughts of higher things, to be capable of engaging in broils; and this impression is often deepened by the gallant and imposing bearing which actors of better presence than insight are likely at this point to sustain. As Shakespeare, however, so the Lyceum representative of Shakespeare's hero, fully intends us to behold the seamy side even of this beautiful love-story, and to know that there is a seamy side to it in character as well as in misfortune. Irving gives the speeches to Tybalt with a sort of abject anxiety to avoid a rupture, which brings vividly and painfully to the spectators' minds the difficulty in which he is placed as a Montague by having fallen in love with Juliet, and which by its conspicuous falling short from the customary sword-drawing manliness and gallantry, fully justifies the indignation manifested by Mercutio. Nay, it afterwards brings Romeo's own condemnation on himself, though he knows all the circumstances, and must make all the allowance for them that stress of self-reproaching emotion will permit. For when, first having shirked his own quarrel, he has caused Mercutio, who has taken it up, to be slain through his fussy and pottering interference, he exclaims—

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation's stain'd

With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel.

The bringing out, for the first time, as I believe, of the full meaning of this lament by previous profound indications of almost mean submissiveness to Tybalt, is another of those noteworthy achievements which Irving accomplishes by dint of entirely unconventional, inquisitive, unfettered honesty; by keen insight and fidelity to essential facts of character developed by incident.

A touch more likely to be understood and felt by audiences, and legitimately telling in effect, is the killing of Tybalt with Mercutio's own sword, which Romeo snatches up from the ground with deadly intent, as he is impelled, nay, compelled, to avenge upon the fiery flouter the death of his friend.

It is, perhaps, a fault that the citizens crowd too quickly on the vacated scene, after Romeo and Benvolio have fled, but it may be remembered in palliation that the news of the previous combat will have spread very rapidly through the city.

Juliet's soliloquy and the tempestuous scene with the Nurse, both occurring in the loggia, and Romeo's passionate colloquy with the Friar, the second and third scenes of the third act, may be passed over here because they call simply for tragic power, upon which, unless there be some special instance of originality, description must be inadequately and unprofitably employed. The excellent solidity of the stone-built "secret place in the monastery" deserves a word of commendation. Juliet's chamber is the next scene of interest, and it is first revealed in the beautiful light of an Italian day-break. It is a room altogether natural and unstagey, and yet in every particular most beautiful—an L-shaped room, with the front of the stage for its base, while the long part retreats upon the left towards the bed and a window beyond, and on the right the audience face a nearer window looking

out over the city amid luxurious foliage, fair and sweet in the morning air. The room is seen under three lights, and this is the first of them. In the just awakening dawn stand Romeo and Juliet, contriving or meditating how to part.

Of the acting of this episode of quivering anxiety and love, I will only say that while the Juliet is all that Juliet can be, the Romeo makes the dialogue more probable, while not less intense, than it has usually been made.

Beautiful as is the conversation in which Juliet plays upon the doubt whether it is the nightingale or the lark that sings at the moment of the forlorn bride and bridegroom's parting, there is in its composition a troubling strain of artifice. No one ever felt it to be perfectly natural, though many have been excusably indifferent as to whether it was natural or not. Somewhat may be allowed for Coleridge's suggestion that the whole play was meant to approach a poem; but one would prefer that it should not approach a poem so nearly as to be dramatically unreal. Now the key to the right recital of this awkward piece of dialogue probably is, that as Juliet is prone to indulge and to follow, even in most serious crises, the fanciful conceits of her own mind; so it is suggested by the quaint, acquiescent, imitative elocution of Irving in this nightingale episode, that Romeo, in conformity with his character and in consistency with all the plaintive knightliness of his love, falls in with Juliet's conceits. This is a very ingenious as it is a very ingenuous solution of what has always seemed a difficulty, and gives a new and sincerer feeling to the hitherto artificial-seeming beauties of the lines. Even in the very agony of the final parting at the window, Juliet's fancy is still the channel of her grief. As he descends she exclaims—and in what tones!—

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

And Romeo's fancy still is stirred,

though gloomily and to the dregs of bitterness—

Trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

That beautiful upper chamber, seen under so many exquisitely different lights, reminds one how even mere artistic mounting may help criticism at points where it has faltered. In spite of much raggedness and staginess of accessories, the loveliness of the morning escape, and the grandeur of Juliet's potion scene, have always been recognised; but in Coleridge's charming notes on this play, he puts a sort of query against the fifth scene of the fourth act, where the Nurse discovers Juliet, as she supposes, dead, on coming to wake her on the morning of her expected wedding with the County Paris. He says:—

As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable. But it is a strong warning to minor dramatists not to introduce at one time many separate characters agitated by one and the same circumstance. It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakespeare meant to produce—the occasion and the characteristic speeches are so little in harmony! For example, what the Nurse says is excellently suited to the Nurse's character, but grotesquely unsuited to the occasion.

Great as is Coleridge's authority, no one will attach much validity to these observations who has found Shakespeare justified against him by the reality and the poignant interest of this scene as arranged at the Lyceum; as played so wonderfully by Mrs. Stirling, with every detail of characteristic behaviour; and as heightened by the luminous Verona morning, which pervades the room, as it were, with more than its own serene, cool light—with the very truest domestic essence of a story which, however it "approached a poem," was firmly intended by its author to be kept within the atmosphere of home reality. The previous wedding chant without and the incidents which succeed the discovery of the death, as the entrance and kneeling of the troop of bridesmaids, are dramatically

beautiful and quite consistent with the spirit of the situation.

To dilate upon parts of the performance in which what has been well done before is well done now is not within the intention of this article, but in glancing back at the especial points of success in the bedchamber scenes, two occur to me as distinctive of this representation. One is the aid given by Miss Terry's acting, in co-operation with the arrangement and darkening of the stage in the potion scene, to the ghostly effect of the soliloquy in which Juliet expatiates in the supposed horrors of the vault. The faint hues and lines of the dim room seem to blend with her imaginings in a spectral manner which is notably appropriate and thrilling. The other point is antecedent to this, and is due solely to a fine impulse of the Juliet. The moral revolt of the fair young newly-married wife from the vile, though matter-of-fact—all the viler because matter-of-fact—suggestion of the Nurse that she should throw Romeo over and marry Paris, has not in my recollection been enacted with such natural energy and dignity. Without any sign or likelihood of its being so intended, it as it were insures Juliet, in an instant of self-revelation, from any shade of suspicion that her unquestionable warmth of temperament is unaccompanied by that single-hearted devotion by which passion is redeemed and sublimated. Besides all her other merits Miss Terry has especially this: she makes people feel that whatever she enacts, that, for the time being, she is, from the centre of her heart to the tips of her fingers.

The decoration of the first scene of the fifth act at the Lyceum Theatre is a most successful effort of the scene-painter. The place represented, a sort of retired poor street approached by a covered entry, is somewhat squalid, but picturesque. And once again the management has been very successful in atmosphere. This scene realises the sleepy sultriness of an Italian back street on a holiday, as other

scenes have realised broiling heat, and cool shade, and rosy morning, and exquisite night, kissed tenderly by "the moon that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops." The impressive elocution of Irving's conversation with the haggard Apothecary has been unanimously and without controversy applauded, and the whole scene with the unwilling and yet scarcely reluctant seller of poison is very impressive. But I avail myself of the scene to offer an observation on a characteristic of this performance which will always be remembered in tradition, and which will probably somewhat alter the traditions of the part of Romeo. It is at the opening of the scene in the Apothecary's miserable street that Romeo utters almost the only cheerful lines which Shakespeare has given him. Has this been generally recognised?

One critic has said that Romeo has been conceived at the Lyceum in a quite new light—meaning that the rendering is too lugubrious. But he naïvely enough goes on to quote the lines in which Romeo is described as

With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep
sighs;

and it would puzzle his ingenuity to show that Romeo ever had many moments in which he could naturally throw his nighted colour off. Romeo's courting is clandestine and most anxious. His marriage is secret. His nuptial visit to his bride's chamber does not take place till he has killed her cousin, and been sentenced to banishment. In this particular, and others which greatly enrich the drama, Shakespeare has departed from the original story so as to accentuate the anxious view of Romeo's situation; and except at the moment when he finds the Friar astonishingly complaisant in expediting the wedding, there is scarcely an opportunity for that boyish exuberance of poetic gallantry which some seem to think the spirit of the part. The most buoyant lines in the play, and almost in any play,

are those of which I just now spoke, delivered outside the Apothecary's house before there is any reason for Romeo's remembering whereabouts he dwells.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful
thoughts.

And when are these words uttered? When Balthasar is just arriving with the news of Juliet's supposed death. The poet, it would seem, would not allow his hero to have even a false presentiment of happiness—would not let him even taste the rich joy of love's shadows—without cruelly insisting on the altogether sad drift and purpose of the action. If the last Romeo is sadder than others, may it not be because he has more truly felt the circumstances and obligatory mood of the character?

From this point the tragedy may be said to plunge rather than to hasten to its dreadful conclusion. A moment or two with the half-frenzied Friar, to realise to us the complication of misfortunes which has kept Romeo in ignorance of the potion-device, and then we are in the churchyard before the tomb of the Capulets. Such a scene—so fit, so real—has never been seen. The painted part fulfils all that can be desired for the appropriate sentiment of the situation. The built part in its strong solidity, its majestic proportions, its genuine resistance to the crowbar, meets equally important requisitions of the mind. There have no doubt been incidents of over-realism, and they have not all been very recent. It was felt to be an excess, I am told and can well believe, when Macready introduced the sound of singing birds in the Forest of Arden in *As You Like It*. But the public taste is ready to welcome and justify progress in realism, or at least increasing avoidance of unreality, as dramatic art advances; and finds that such improvements contribute both to the illusion and to the poetry of theatrical scenes. People do not realise how striking and serviceable,

though often very simple, are such changes in stage appointments. I remember sitting in the stalls with the late T. W. Robertson no longer ago than the performance of the *Long Strike*. One of the characters made his exit through a door, and flung it to behind him. It closed with a clang. It had a real catch and handle. That this had never been done before I cannot positively assert, but it was amusing to hear Robertson say with unction, "To think that I have lived to hear that sound on the stage at last!" Those who remember the unreal way in which exits and entrances used to be made through doors, and the preposterous shamming which went on when a door had to be fastened, though they may not share Robertson's triumphant feeling, will admit that there is no relation between conspicuous unreality and dramatic effect; and that when a certain realistic innovation has been made, the old fashion becomes for ever intolerable. Never again shall we behold a Romeo pretending to labour away at wrenching open a visibly fragile lath and plaster "flat."

Instead of beholding Juliet on her bier, as soon as the "detestable maw" has been thrown open, all that is seen is a darksome entrance to a subterranean vault, which arrangement, and the surprising plan of the next scene, may probably have been suggested to Mr. Irving by the lines in the speech to Balthasar before the attack on the tomb—

Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face, &c.

When the curtains part for the last time but one, they disclose a vault of vast proportions, nobly groined, with a massive stone staircase winding its way upwards through the darkness in the rear to the very top of the stage, where the moonlight is seen streaming in aslant at the entrance which Romeo has just broken open. In the centre lies Juliet, and near her under a crimson pall—another instance of close

observation of the text—the corpse of her slain kinsman, soon to be apostrophised by Romeo:

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

The entrance of Romeo from the lofty doorway and by the gloomy descent is a little melodramatic perhaps, because he drags the body of Paris, but only melodramatic because this cannot really be carried out, and the mind is painfully conscious that it is only carried out in appearance. Thus far the bringing down of Paris's body may be pronounced a mistake; but it is truly in accordance with the text—

Give me thy hand

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave—

and is not in ill accord with Romeo's idiosyncrasy. Read in a poetical description it would be tragic as well as ghastly. I doubt if it can be made so consistently with the striking arrangement of this scene, and the peculiar effect of Romeo's entrance from the lofty summit of the stairway.

The pathos of the concluding speeches and actions of the lovers, purged of all the puling sentimentalities of the ordinary version, is achieved with simplicity and power; and when Juliet has died the curtains meet once more, as the distant hubbub of the roused citizens comes nearer and nearer to the mouth of the charnel-house. Last scene of all, the same vaulted mausoleum, with the Prince and the Capulets and the Montagues assembled in its depths, while thronging the staircase and occupying every point of vantage, with blazing torches lighting up the expanse and making the gloom lurid, stand the multitudinous, silent, awe-struck citizens of fair Verona, whose greatest fame of all in the providence of genius it has been to have been

imagined to have witnessed the woes "of Juliet and her Romeo."

I will only say further that Friar Laurence, the pivot of the action, profits greatly both by the restoration of the Rosaline passages, and in the illustrations, Mr. Irving's acting of the reduction of life to valuelessness, except for poetry, by a too overmastering, though innocent and beautiful, affection. This grave and reverend character receives a riper air of sagacity, a sterner tone of ethical judgment, a more gracious tone of tolerant allowance, never sinking into weakness, though crushed eventually by the rude accidents of the world.

The Friar's wisdom could at any moment, and no doubt did at many, presage the probability of such disaster as may always attend the most innocent absolute surrender to a ruling passion young in its strength, and strong in its youth. Romeo absolutely yielded to the almost universal instinct of imaginative youth, and was repaid by an infinite wealth of love and beauty. But Friar Laurence knew all the same that Romeo had rushed upon his future by impulse, and that a future so challenged was likely to be full of fate. The mind has made love as it peopled heaven, even with its own desiring fantasy;¹ and where love has the absolute unquestioning mastery, it is for old monks and cold critics to look on and note the beauty of it, and the destiny of it, interwoven perhaps with accompanying failure and fatality, as too often seen in life; as reflected not less honestly than sublimely in Shakespeare; and as very worthily exhibited by those whose powers of histrionic divination enable them truly to read the depths of that faithful mirror.

EDWARD R. RUSSELL.

¹ *Childe Harold*, iv. 121.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM GOES UP HIGHER.¹

WHEN the little Pilgrim came out of the presence of the Father, she found herself in the street of a great city. But what she saw and heard when she was with Him it is not given to the tongue of mortal to say, for it is beyond words, and beyond even thought. As the mystery of love is not to be spoken but to be felt, even in the lower earth, so, but much less, is that great mystery of the love of the Father to be expressed in sound. The little Pilgrim was very happy when she went into that sacred place, but there was a great awe upon her, and it might even be said that she was afraid; but when she came out again she feared nothing, but looked with clear eyes upon all she saw, loving them, but no more overawed by them, having seen that which is above all. When she came forth again to her common life—for it is not permitted save for those who have attained the greatest heights to dwell there—she had no longer need of any guide, but came alone, knowing where to go, and walking where it pleased her, with reverence and a great delight in seeing and knowing all that was around, but no fear. It was a great city, but it was not like the great cities which she had seen. She understood as she passed along how it was that those who had been dazzled but by a pass-

ing glance had described the walls and the pavement as gold. They were like what gold is, beautiful and clear, of a lovely colour, but softer in tone than metal ever was, and as cool and fresh to walk upon and to touch as if they had been velvet grass. The buildings were all beautiful, of every style and form that it is possible to think of, yet in great harmony, as if every man had followed his own taste, yet all had been so combined and grouped by the master architect that each individual feature enhanced the effect of the rest. Some of the houses were greater and some smaller, but all of them were rich in carvings and pictures and lovely decorations, and the effect was as if the richest materials had been employed, marbles and beautiful sculptured stone, and wood of beautiful tints, though the little Pilgrim knew that these were not like the marble and stone she had once known, but heavenly representatives of them, far better than they. There were people at work upon them, building new houses and making additions, and a great many painters painting upon them the history of the people who lived there, or of others who were worthy that commemoration. And the streets were full of pleasant sound, and of crowds going and coming, and the commotion of much business, and many things to do. And this move-

¹ See *Macmillan* for May, 1882.

ment, and the brightness of the air, and the wonderful things that were to be seen on every side, made the Pilgrim gay, so that she could have sung with pleasure as she went along. And all who met her smiled, and every group exchanged greetings as they passed along, all knowing each other. Many of them, as might be seen, had come there, as she did, to see the wonders of the beautiful city; and all who lived there were ready to tell them whatever they desired to know, and show them the finest houses and the greatest pictures. And this gave a feeling of holiday and pleasure which was delightful beyond description, for all the busy people about were full of sympathy with the strangers, bidding them welcome, inviting them into their houses, making the warmest fellowship. And friends were meeting continually on every side; but the Pilgrim had no sense that she was forlorn in being alone, for all were friends; and it pleased her to watch the others, and see how one turned this way and one another, every one finding something that delighted him above all other things. She herself took a great pleasure in watching a painter, who was standing upon a balcony a little way above her, painting upon a great fresco: and when he saw this he asked her to come up beside him and see his work. She asked him a great many questions about it, and why it was that he was working only at the draperies of the figures, and did not touch their faces, some of which were already finished and seemed to be looking at her, as living as she was, out of the wall, while some were merely outlined as yet. He told her that he was not a great painter to do this, or to design the great work, but that the master would come presently, who had the chief responsibility. "For we have not all the same genius," he said, "and if I were to paint this head it would not have the gift of life as that one has; but to stand by and see him

put it in, you cannot think what a happiness that is: for one knows every touch, and just what effect it will have, though one could not do it one's self; and it is a wonder and a delight perpetual that it should be done."

The little Pilgrim looked up at him and said, "That is very beautiful to say. And do you never wish to be like him—to make the lovely, living faces as well as the other parts?"

"Is not this lovely too?" he said: and showed her how he had just put in a billowy robe, buoyed out with the wind, and sweeping down from the shoulders of a stately figure in such free and graceful folds that she would have liked to take it in her hand and feel the silken texture; and then he told her how absorbing it was to study the mysteries of colour and the differences of light. "There is enough in that to make one happy," he said. "It is thought by some that we will all come to the higher point with work and thought: but that is not my feeling; and whether it is so or not what does it matter, for our Father makes no difference: and all of us are necessary to everything that is done: and it is almost more delight to see the master do it than to do it with one's own hand. For one thing, your own work may rejoice you in your heart, but always with a little trembling because it is never so perfect as you would have it—whereas in your master's work you have full content, because his idea goes beyond yours, and as he makes every touch you can feel 'that is right—that is complete—that is just as it ought to be.' Do you understand what I mean?" he said, turning to her with a smile.

"I understand it perfectly," she cried, clasping her hands together with the delight of accord. "Don't you think that is one of the things that are so happy here? you understand at half a word."

"Not everybody," he said, and smiled upon her like a brother; "for we are not all alike even here."

"Were you a painter?" she said, "in—in the other——?"

"In the old times. I was one of those that strove for the mastery, and sometimes grudged——We remember these things at times," he said gravely, "to make us more aware of the blessedness of being content."

"It is long since then?" she said with some wistfulness; upon which he smiled again.

"So long," he said, "that we have worn out most of our links to the world below. We have all come away, and those who were after us for generations. But you are a new comer."

"And are they all with you? are you all—together? do you live—as in the old time?"

Upon this the painter smiled, but not so brightly as before.

"Not as in the old time," he said, "nor are they all here. Some are still upon the way, and of some we have no certainty, only news from time to time. The angels are very good to us. They never miss an occasion to bring us news: for they go everywhere, you know."

"Yes," said the little Pilgrim, though indeed she had not known it till now; but it seemed to her as if it had come to her mind by nature and she had never needed to be told.

"They are so tender-hearted," the painter said; "and more than that, they are very curious about men and women. They have known it all from the beginning and it is a wonder to them. There is a friend of mine, an angel, who is more wise in men's hearts than any one I know; and yet he will say to me sometimes, 'I do not understand you—you are wonderful.' They like to find out all we are thinking. It is an endless pleasure to them, just as it is to some of us to watch the people in the other worlds."

"Do you mean—where we have come from?" said the little Pilgrim.

"Not always there. We in this city have been long separated from that

country, for all that we love are out of it."

"But not here?" the little Pilgrim cried again, with a little sorrow—a pang that she knew was going to be put away—in her heart.

"But coming! coming!" said the painter, cheerfully; "and some were here before us, and some have arrived since. They are everywhere."

"But some in trouble—some in trouble!" she cried, with the tears in her eyes.

"We suppose so," he said, gravely; "for some are in that place which once was called among us the place of despair."

"You mean——" and though the little Pilgrim had been made free of fear, at that word which she would not speak, she trembled, and the light grew dim in her eyes.

"Well!" said her new friend, "and what then? The Father sees through and through it as He does here: they cannot escape Him: so that there is Love near them always. I have a son," he said, then sighed a little, but smiled again, "who is there."

The little Pilgrim at this clasped her hands with a piteous cry.

"Nay, nay," he said, "little sister; my friend I was telling you of, the angel, brought me news of him just now. Indeed there was news of him through all the city. Did you not hear all the bells ringing? But perhaps that was before you came. The angels who know me best came one after another to tell me, and our Lord himself came to wish me joy. My son had found the way."

The little Pilgrim did not understand this, and almost thought that the painter must be mistaken or dreaming. She looked at him very anxiously and said—

"I thought that those unhappy—— never came out any more."

The painter smiled at her in return, and said—

"Had you children in the old time?"

She paused a little before she replied.

"I had children in love," she said, "but none that were born mine."

"It is the same," he said; "it is the same; and if one of them had sinned against you, injured you, done wrong in any way, would you have cast him off, or what would you have done?"

"Oh!" said the little Pilgrim again, with a vivid light of memory coming into her face, which showed she had no need to think of this as a thing that might have happened, but knew. "I brought him home. I nursed him well again. I prayed for him night and day. Did you say cast him off? when he had most need of me? then I never could have loved him," she cried.

The painter nodded his head, and his hand with the pencil in it, for he had turned from his picture to look at her.

"Then you think you love better than our Father?" he said: and turned to his work, and painted a new fold in the robe, which looked as if a soft air had suddenly blown into it, and not the touch of a skilful hand.

This made the Pilgrim tremble, as though in her ignorance she had done something wrong. After that there came a great joy into her heart. "Oh, how happy you have made me," she cried. "I am glad with all my heart for you and your son—" Then she paused a little and added, "But you said he was still there."

"It is true: for the land of darkness is very confusing, they tell me, for want of the true light, and our dear friends the angels are not permitted to help: but if one follows them, that shows the way. You may be in that land yet on your way hither. It was very hard to understand at first," said the painter; "there are some sketches I could show you. No one has ever made a picture of it, though many have tried: but I could show you some sketches—if you wish to see."

To this the little Pilgrim's look was so plain an answer that the painter laid down his pallet and his brush, and left his work, to show them to

her as he had promised. They went down from the balcony and along the street until they came to one of the great palaces, where many were coming and going. Here they walked through some vast halls, where students were working at easels, doing every kind of beautiful work: some painting pictures, some preparing drawings, planning houses and palaces. The Pilgrim would have liked to pause at every moment to see one lovely thing or another, but the painter walked on steadily till he came to a room which was full of sketches, some of them like pictures in little, with many figures—some of them only a representation of a flower, or the wing of a bird. "These are all the master's," he said; "sometimes the sight of them will be enough to put something great into the mind of another. In this corner are the sketches I told you of." There were two of them hanging together upon the wall, and at first it seemed to the little Pilgrim as if they represented the flames and fire of which she had read, and this made her shudder for the moment. But then she saw that it was a red light like a stormy sunset, with masses of clouds in the sky, and a low sun very fiery and dazzling, which no doubt to a hasty glance must have looked, with its dark shadows and high lurid lights, like the fires of the bottomless pit. But when you looked down you saw the reality what it was. The country that lay beneath was full of tropical foliage, but with many stretches of sand and dry plains, and in the foreground was a town, that looked very prosperous and crowded, though the figures were very minute, the subject being so great; but no one to see it would have taken it for anything but a busy and wealthy place, in a thunderous atmosphere, with a storm coming on. In the next there was a section of a street with a great banqueting hall open to the view, and many people sitting about the table. You could see that there was a great deal of laughter and conversation going on,

some very noisy groups, but others that sat more quietly in corners and conversed, and some who sang, and every kind of entertainment. The little Pilgrim was very much astonished to see this, and turned to the painter who answered her directly, though she had not spoken. "We used to think differently once. There are some who are there and do not know it. They think only it is the old life over again, but always worse, and they are led on in the ways of evil: but they do not feel the punishment until they begin to find out where they are and to struggle, and wish for other things."

The little Pilgrim felt her heart beat very wildly while she looked at this, and she thought upon the rich man in the parable, who, though he was himself in torment, prayed that his brother might be saved, and she said to herself, "Our dear Lord would never leave him there who could think of his brother when he was himself in such a strait." And when she looked at the painter he smiled upon her, and nodded his head. Then he led her to the other corner of the room where there were other pictures. One of them was of a party seated round a table and an angel looking on. The angel had the aspect of a traveller as if he were passing quickly by, and had but paused a moment to look, and one of the men glancing up suddenly saw him. The picture was dim, but the startled look upon this man's face, and the sorrow on the angel's, appeared out of the misty background with such truth that the tears came into the little Pilgrim's eyes, and she said in her heart, "Oh, that I could go to him and help him!" The other sketches were dimmer and dimmer. You seemed to see out of the darkness, gleaming lights, and companies of revellers, out of which here and there was one trying to escape. And then the wide plains in the night, and the white vision of the angel in the distance, and here and there by different paths a fugitive striving to follow. "Oh, sir," said

the little Pilgrim, "how did you learn to do it? You have never been there."

"It was the master, not I; and I cannot tell you if he has ever been there. When the Father has given you that gift, you can go to many places, without leaving the one where you are. And then he has heard what the angels say."

"And will they all get safe at the last? and even that great spirit, he that fell from Heaven——"

The painter shook his head, and said, "It is not permitted to you and me to know such great things. Perhaps the wise will tell you if you ask them: but for me I ask the Father in my heart and listen to what He says."

"That is best!" the little Pilgrim said; and she asked the Father in her heart: and there came all over her such a glow of warmth and happiness that her soul was satisfied. She looked in the painter's face and laughed for joy. And he put out his hands as if welcoming some one, and his countenance shone; and he said—

"My son had a great gift. He was a master born, though it was not given to me. He shall paint it all for us so that the heart shall rejoice; and you will come again and see."

After that it happened to the little Pilgrim to enter into another great palace where there were many people reading, and some sitting at their desks and writing, and some consulting together, with many great volumes stretched out open upon the tables. One of these who was seated alone looked up as she paused wondering at him, and smiled as every one did, and greeted her with such a friendly tone that the Pilgrim, who always had a great desire to know, came nearer to him and looked at the book, then begged his pardon, and said she did not know that books were needed here. And then he told her that he was one of the historians of the city where all the records of the world were kept, and that it was his business to work upon the great history,

and to show what was the meaning of the Father in everything that had happened, and how each event came in its right place.

"And do you get it out of books?" she asked; for she was not learned, nor wise, and knew but little, though she always loved to know.

"The books are the records," he said; "and there are many here that were never known to us in the old days; for the angels love to look into these things, and they can tell us much, for they saw it; and in the great books they have kept there is much put down that was never in the books we wrote; for then we did not know. We found out about the kings and the state, and tried to understand what great purposes they were serving; but even these we did not know, for those purposes were too great for us, not knowing the end from the beginning; and the hearts of men were too great for us. We comprehended the evil sometimes, but never fathomed the good. And how could we know the lesser things which were working out God's way? for some of these even the angels did not know; and it has happened to me that our Lord Himself has come in sometimes to tell me of one that none of us had discovered."

"Oh," said the little Pilgrim, with tears in her eyes, "I should like to have been that one!—that was not known even to the angels, but only to Himself!"

The historian smiled. "It was my brother," he said.

The Pilgrim looked at him with great wonder. "Your brother, and you did not know him!"

And then he turned over the pages and showed her where the story was.

"You know," he said, "that we who live here are not of your time, but have lived and lived here till the old life is far away and like a dream. There were great tumults and fightings in our time, and it was settled by the prince of the place that our town was to be abandoned, and all the people left to the mercy of an enemy

who had no mercy. But every day as he rode out he saw at one door a child, a little fair boy, who sat on the steps, and sang his little song like a bird. This child was never afraid of anything—when the horses pranced past him, and the troopers pushed him aside, he looked up into their faces and smiled. And when he had anything, a piece of bread, or an apple, or a plaything, he shared it with his playmates; and his little face, and his pretty voice, and all his pleasant ways, made that corner bright. He was like a flower growing there; everybody smiled that saw him."

"I have seen such a child," the little Pilgrim said.

"But we made no account of him," said the historian. "The Lord of the place came past him every day, and always saw him singing in the sun by his father's door. And it was a wonder then, and it has been a wonder ever since, why, having resolved upon it, that prince did not abandon the town, which would have changed all his fortune after. Much had been made clear to me since I began to study, but not this: till the Lord Himself came to me and told me. The prince looked at the child till he loved him, and he reflected how many children there were like this that would be murdered, or starved to death, and he could not give up the little singing boy to the sword. So he remained; and the town was saved, and he became a great king. It was so secret that even the angels did not know it. But without that child the history would not have been complete."

"And is he here?" the little Pilgrim said.

"Ah," said the historian, "that is more strange still; for that which saved him was also to his harm. He is not here. He is Elsewhere."

The little Pilgrim's face grew sad; but then she remembered what she had been told.

"But you know," she said, "that he is coming!"

"I know that our Father will never forsake him, and that everything that is being accomplished in him is well."

"Is it well to suffer? Is it well to live in that dark stormy country? Oh, that they were all here, and happy like you!"

He shook his head a little and said—

"It was a long time before I got here; and as for suffering that matters little. You get experience by it. You are more accomplished and fit for greater work in the end. It is not for nothing that we are permitted to wander: and sometimes one goes to the edge of despair——"

She looked at him with such wondering eyes that he answered her without a word.

"Yes," he said, "I have been there."

And then it seemed to her that there was something in his eyes which she had not remarked before. Not only the great content that was everywhere, but a deeper light, and the air of a judge who knew both good and evil, and could see both sides, and understood all, both to love and to hate.

"Little sister," he said, "you have never wandered far—it is not needful for such as you. Love teaches you, and you need no more; but when we have to be trained for an office like this, to make the way of the Lord clear through all the generations, reason is that we should see everything, and learn all that man is and can be. These things are too deep for us; we stumble on, and know not till after. But now to me it is all clear."

She looked at him again and again while he spoke, and it seemed to her that she saw in him such great knowledge and tenderness as made her glad; and how he could understand the follies that men had done, and fathom what real meaning was in them, and disentangle all the threads. He smiled as she gazed at him, and answered as if she had spoken.

"What was evil perishes, and what

was good remains; almost everywhere there is a little good. We could not understand all if we had not seen all and shared all."

"And the punishment too," she said, wondering more and more.

He smiled so joyfully that it was like laughter.

"Pain is a great angel," he said.

"The reason we hated him in the old days was because he tended to death and decay; but when it is towards life he leads, we fear him no more. The welcome thing of all in the land of darkness is when you see him first and know who he is: for by this you are aware that you have found the way."

The little Pilgrim did nothing but question with her anxious eyes, for this was such a wonder to her, and she could not understand. But he only sat musing with a smile over the things he remembered. And at last he said—

"If this is so interesting to you, you shall read it all in another place, in the room where we have laid up our own experiences, in order to serve for the history afterwards. But we are still busy upon the work of the earth. There is always something new to be discovered. And it is essential for the whole world that the chronicle should be full. I am in great joy because it was but just now that our Lord told me about that child. Everything was imperfect without him, but now it is clear."

"You mean your brother? And you are happy though you are not sure if he is happy?" the little Pilgrim said.

"It is not to be happy that we live," said he; and then, "We are all happy so soon as we have found the way."

She would have asked him more, but that he was called to a consultation with some others of his kind, and had to leave her, waving his hand to her with a tender kindness which went to her heart. She looked after him with great respect, scarcely knowing why; but it seemed to her that a man who had been in the land of darkness,

and made his way out of it, must be more wonderful than any other. She looked round for a little upon the great library, full of all the books that had ever been written, and where people were doing their work, examining and reading and making extracts, every one with looks of so much interest, that she almost envied them—though it was a generous delight in seeing people so happy in their occupation, and a desire to associate herself somehow in it, rather than any grudging of their satisfaction that was in her mind. She went about all the courts of this palace alone, and everywhere saw the same work going on, and everywhere met the same kind looks. Even when the greatest of all looked up from his work and saw her, he would give her a friendly greeting and a smile; and nobody was too wise to lend an ear to the little visitor, or to answer her questions. And this was how it was that she began to talk to another, who was seated at a great table with many more, and who drew her to him by something that was in his looks, though she could not have told what it was. It was not that he was kinder than the rest, for they were all kind. She stood by him a little, and saw how he worked and would take something from one book and something from another, putting them ready for use. And it did not seem any trouble to do this work, but only pleasure, and the very pen in his hand was like a winged thing, as if it loved to write. When he saw her watching him, he looked up and showed her the beautiful book out of which he was copying, which was all illuminated with lovely pictures.

"This is one of the volumes of the great history," he said. "There are some things in it which are needed for another, and it is a pleasure to work at it. If you will come here you will be able to see the page while I write."

Then the little Pilgrim asked him some questions about the pictures, and he answered her, describing and explaining them; for they were in the

middle of the history, and she did not understand what it was. When she said—"I ought not to trouble you, for you are busy," he laughed so kindly, that she laughed too for pleasure. And he said—

"There is no trouble here. When we are not allowed to work, as sometimes happens, that makes us not quite so happy, but it is very seldom that it happens so."

"Is it for punishment?" she said.

And then he laughed out with a sound which made all the others look up smiling; and if they had not all looked so tenderly at her, as at a child who has made such a mistake as it is pretty for the child to make, she would have feared she had said something wrong; but she only laughed at herself too, and blushed a little, knowing that she was not wise: and to put her at her ease again, he turned the leaf and showed her other pictures, and the story which went with them, from which he was copying something. And he said—

"This is for another book, to show how the grace of the Father was beautiful in some homes and families. It is not the great history, but connected with it: and there are many who love that better than the story which is more great.

Then the Pilgrim looked in his face and said—

"What I want most is, to know about your homes here."

"It is all home here," he said and smiled; and then, as he met her wistful looks, he went on to tell her that he and his brothers were not always there. "We have all our occupations," he said, "and sometimes I am sent to inquire into facts that have happened, of which the record is not clear; for we must omit nothing; and sometimes we are told to rest and take in new strength; and sometimes——"

"But oh, forgive me," cried the little Pilgrim, "you had some who were more dear to you than all the world in the old time?"

And the others all looked up again at the question, and looked at her with tender eyes, and said to the man whom she questioned—"Speak!"

He made a little pause before he spoke, and he looked at one here and there, and called to them—

"Patience, brother," and "Courage, brother." And then he said, "Those whom we loved best are nearly all with us; but some have not yet come."

"Oh," said the little Pilgrim, "but how then do you bear it, to be parted so long—so long?"

Then one of those to whom the first speaker had called out "Patience" rose, and came to her smiling; and he said—

"I think every hour that perhaps she will come, and the joy will be so great, that thinking of that makes the waiting short: and nothing here is long, for it never ends; and it will be so wonderful to hear her tell how the Father has guided her, that it will be a delight to us all; and she will be able to explain many things, not only for us, but for all; and we love each other so, that this separation is as nothing in comparison with what is to come."

It was beautiful to hear this, but it was not what the little Pilgrim expected, for she thought they would have told her of the homes to which they all returned when their work was over, and a life which was like the life of the old time; but of this they said nothing, only looking at her with smiling eyes, as at the curious questions of a child. And there were many other things she would have asked, but refrained when she looked at them, feeling as if she did not yet understand; when one of them broke forth suddenly in a louder voice, and said—

"The little sister knows only the little language and the beginning of days. She has not learned the mysteries, and what Love is, and what life is."

And another cried, "It is sweet to hear it again;" and they all gathered round her with tender looks,

and began to talk to each other, and tell her, as men will tell of the games of their childhood, of things that happened, which were half-forgotten, in the old time.

After this the little Pilgrim went out again into the beautiful city, feeling in her heart that everything was a mystery, and that the days would never be long enough to learn all that had yet to be learned, but knowing now that this too was the little language, and pleased with the sweet thought of so much that was to come. For one had whispered to her as she went out that the new tongue, and every explanation, as she was ready for it, would come to her through one of those whom she loved best, which is the usage of that country. And when the stranger has no one there that is very dear, then it is an angel who teaches the greater language, and that is what happens often to the children who are brought up in that heavenly place. When she reached the street again, she was so pleased with this thought, that it went out of her mind to ask her way to the great library, where she was to read the story of the historian's journey through the land of darkness; indeed she forgot that land altogether, and thought only of what was around her in the great city which is beyond everything that eye has seen, or that ear has heard, or that it has entered into the imagination to conceive. And now it seemed to her that she was much more familiar with the looks of the people, and could distinguish between those who belonged to the city, and those who were visitors like herself; and also could tell which they were who had entered into the mysteries of the kingdom, and which were like herself, only acquainted with the beginning of days. And it came to her mind, she could not tell how, that it was best not to ask questions, but to wait until the beloved one should come, who would teach her the first words. For in the meantime she did not feel at all impatient or disturbed by her want of

knowledge, but laughed a little at herself to suppose that she could find out everything, and went on looking round her, and saying a word to every one she met, and enjoying the holiday looks of all the strangers, and the sense she had in her heart of holiday too. She was walking on in this pleasant way, when she heard a sound that was like silver trumpets, and saw the crowd turn towards an open space in which all the beautiful buildings were shaded with fine trees, and flowers were springing at the very edge of the pavements. The strangers all hastened along to hear what it was, and she with them, and some also of the people of the place. And as the little Pilgrim found herself walking by a woman who was of these last, she asked her what it was?

And the woman told her it was a poet who had come to say to them what had been revealed to him, and that the two with the silver trumpets were angels of the musicians' order, whose office it was to proclaim everything that was new, that the people should know. And many of those who were at work in the palaces came out and joined the crowd, and the painter who had showed the little Pilgrim his picture, and many whose faces she began to be acquainted with. The poet stood up upon a beautiful pedestal all sculptured in stone, and with wreaths of living flowers hung upon it—and when the crowd had gathered in front of him, he began his poem. He told them that it was not about this land, or anything that happened in it, which they knew as he did, but that it was a story of the old time, when men were walking in darkness, and when no one knew the true meaning even of what he himself did, but had to go on as if blindly, stumbling and groping with their hands. And "Oh, brethren," he said, "though all is more beautiful and joyful here where we know, yet to remember the days when we knew not, and the ways when all was uncertain, and the end could not be distinguished from the beginning, is sweet and dear; and

that which was done in the dim twilight should be celebrated in the day; and our Father Himself loves to hear of those who, having not seen, loved, and who learned without any teacher, and followed the light, though they did not understand."

And then he told them the story of one who had lived in the old time; and in that air, which seemed to be made of sunshine, and amid all those stately palaces, he described to them the little earth which they had left behind—the skies that were covered with clouds, and the ways that were so rough and stony, and the cruelty of the oppressor, and the cries of those that were oppressed. And he showed the sickness and the troubles, and the sorrow and danger; and how Death stalked about, and tore heart from heart; and how sometimes the strongest would fail, and the truest fall under the power of a lie, and the tenderest forget to be kind; and how evil things lurked in every corner to beguile the dwellers there; and how the days were short and the nights dark, and life so little that by the time a man had learned something it was his hour to die. "What can a soul do that is born there?" he cried; "for war is there and fighting, and perplexity and darkness; and no man knows if that which he does will be for good or evil, or can tell which is the best way, or know the end from the beginning; and those he loves the most are a mystery to him, and their thoughts beyond his reach. And clouds are between him and the Father, and he is deceived with false gods and false teachers, who make him to love a lie." The people who were listening held their breath, and a shadow like a cloud fell on them, and they remembered and knew that it was true. But the next moment their hearts rebelled, and one and another would have spoken, and the little Pilgrim herself had almost cried out and made her plea for the dear earth which she loved; when he suddenly threw forth his voice again like a great song. "Oh,

dear mother earth," he cried; "oh, little world and great, forgive thy son! for lovely thou art and dear, and the sun of God shines upon thee and the sweet dew falls; and there were we born, and loved and died, and are come hence to bless the Father and the Son. For in no other world, though they are so vast is it given to any to know the Lord in the darkness, and follow Him groping, and make way through sin and death, and overcome the evil, and conquer in His Name." At which there was a great sound of weeping and of triumph, and the little Pilgrim could not contain herself, but cried out too in joy as if for a deliverance. And then the poet told his tale. And as he told them of the man who was poor and sorrowful and alone, and how he loved and was not loved again, and trusted and was betrayed, and was tempted and drawn into the darkness, so that it seemed as if he must perish; but when hope was almost gone, turned again from the edge of despair, and confronted all his enemies, and fought and conquered—the people followed every word with great outcries of love and pity and wonder. For each one as he listened remembered his own career and that of his brethren in the old life, and admired to think that all the evil was past, and wondered that out of such tribulation and through so many dangers all were safe and blessed here. And there were others that were not of them, who listened, some seated at the windows of the palaces and some standing in the great square—people who were not like the others, whose bearing was more majestic, and who looked upon the crowd all smiling and weeping, with wonder and interest, but had no knowledge of the cause, and listened as it were to a tale that is told. The poet and his audience were as one, and at every period of the story there was a deep breathing and pause, and every one looked at his neighbour, and some grasped each other's hands as they remembered all that was in the past; but the strangers

listened and gazed and observed all, as those who listen and are instructed in something beyond their knowledge. The little Pilgrim stood all this time not knowing where she was, so intent was she upon the tale, and as she listened it seemed to her that all her own life was rolling out before her, and she remembered the things that had been, and perceived how all had been shaped and guided, and trembled a little for the brother who was in danger; yet knew that all would be well.

The woman who had been at her side listened too with all her heart, saying to herself as she stood in the crowd, "He has left nothing out! The little days they were so short, and the skies would change all in a moment and one's heart with them. How he brings it all back!" And she put up her hand to dry away a tear from her eyes, though her face all the time was shining with the recollection. The little Pilgrim was glad to be by the side of a woman after talking with so many men, and she put out her hand and touched the cloak that this lady wore, and which was white and of the most beautiful texture, with gold threads woven in it, or something that looked like gold.

"Do you like," she said, "to think of the old time?"

The woman turned and looked down upon her, for she was tall and stately, and immediately took the hand of the little Pilgrim into hers, and held it without answering, till the poet had ended and come down from the place where he had been standing. He came straight through the crowd to where this lady stood, and said something to her. "You did well to tell me," looking at her with love in his eyes—not the tender sweetness of all those kind looks around, but the love that is for one. The little Pilgrim looked at them with her heart beating, and was very glad for them, and happy in herself, for she had not seen this love before since she came into the city, and it had troubled her to think that perhaps it did not exist

any more. "I am glad," the lady said, and gave him her other hand; "but here is a little sister who asks me something and I must answer her. I think she has but newly come."

"She has a face full of the morning," the poet said. It did the little Pilgrim good to feel the touch of the warm, soft hand, and she was not afraid, but lifted her eyes and spoke to the lady and to the poet. "It is beautiful what you said to us. Sometimes in the old time we used to look up to the beautiful skies and wonder what there was above the clouds, but we never thought that up here in this great city you would be thinking of what we were doing, and making beautiful poems all about us. We thought that you would sing wonderful psalms, and talk of things high, high above us."

"The little sister does not know what the meaning of the earth is," the poet said. "It is but a little speck, but it is the centre of all. Let her walk with us, and we will go home, and you will tell her, Ama, for I love to hear you talk."

"Will you come with us?" the lady said.

And the little Pilgrim's heart leaped up in her, to think she was now going to see a home in this wonderful city; and they went along, hand in hand, and though they were three together, and many were coming and going, there was no difficulty, for every one made way for them. And there was a little murmur of pleasure as the poet passed, and those who had heard his poem made obeisance to him, and thanked him, and thanked the Father for him that he was able to show them so many beautiful things. And they walked along the street which was shining with colour, and saw as they passed how the master painter had come to his work, and was standing upon the balcony where the little Pilgrim had been, and bringing out of the wall, under his hand, faces which were full of life, and which seemed to spring forth as if they had been hidden there. "Let us

wait a little and see him working," the poet said: and all round about the people stopped on their way, and there was a soft cry of pleasure and praise all through the beautiful street. And the painter with whom the little Pilgrim had talked before came, and stood behind her as if he had been an old friend, and called out to her at every new touch to mark how this and that was done. She did not understand as he did, but she saw how beautiful it was, and she was glad to have seen the great painter, as she had been glad to hear the great poet. It seemed to the little Pilgrim as if everything happened well for her, and that no one had ever been so blessed before. And to make it all more sweet, this new friend, this great and sweet lady, always held her hand, and pressed it softly when something more lovely appeared; and even the pictured faces on the wall seemed to beam upon her, as they came out one by one like the stars in the sky. Then the three went on again, and passed by many more beautiful palaces, and great streets leading away into the light, till you could see no further; and they met with bands of singers who sang so sweetly that the heart seemed to leap out of the Pilgrim's breast to meet with them, for above all things this was what she had loved most. And out of one of the palaces there came such glorious music, that everything she had seen and heard before seemed as nothing in comparison. And amid all these delights they went on and on, but without wearying, till they came out of the streets into lovely walks and alleys, and made their way to the banks of a great river, which seemed to sing too, a soft melody of its own.

And here there were some fair houses surrounded by gardens and flowers that grew everywhere, and the doors were all open, and within everything was lovely and still, and ready for rest if you were weary. The little Pilgrim was not weary, but the lady placed her upon a couch in the porch, where the pillars and the roof were

all formed of interlacing plants and flowers ; and there they sat with her, and talked, and explained to her many things. They told her that the earth though so small was the place in all the world to which the thoughts of those above were turned. "And not only of us who have lived there, but of all our brothers in the other worlds ; for we are the race which the Father has chosen to be the example. In every age there is one that is the scene of the struggle and the victory, and it is for this reason that the chronicles are made, and that we are all placed here to gather the meaning of what has been done among men. And I am one of those," the lady said, "that go back to the dear earth and gather up the tale of what our little brethren are doing. I have not to succour like some others, but only to see and bring the news ; and he makes them into great poems as you have heard ; and sometimes the master painter will take one and make of it a picture ; and there is nothing that is so delightful to us as when we can bring back the histories of beautiful things."

"But, oh," said the little Pilgrim, "what can there be on earth so beautiful as the meanest thing that is here ?"

Then they both smiled upon her and said, "It is more beautiful than the most beautiful thing here to see how, under the low skies and in the short days, a soul will turn to our Father. And sometimes," said Ama, "when I am watching, one will wander and stray, and be led into the dark till my heart is sick ; then come back and make me glad. Sometimes I cry out within myself to the Father, and say, 'Oh, my Father, it is enough !' and it will seem to me that it is not possible to stand by and see his destruction. And then while you are gazing, while you are crying, he will recover and return, and go on again. And to the angels it is more wonderful than to us, for they have never lived there. And all the other worlds are eager to hear what we can tell

them. For no one knows except the Father how the battle will turn, or when it will all be accomplished ; and there are some who tremble for our little brethren. For to look down and see how little light there is, and how no one knows what may happen to him next, makes them afraid who never were there."

The little Pilgrim listened with an intent face, clasping her hands, and said—

"But it never could be that our Father should be overcome by evil. Is not that known in all the worlds ?"

Then the lady turned and kissed her : and the poet broke forth in singing, and said—"Faith is more heavenly than heaven ; it is more beautiful than the angels. It is the only voice that can answer to our Father. We praise Him, we glorify Him, we love His name, but there is but one response to Him through all the worlds, and that is the cry of the little brothers, who see nothing and know nothing, but believe that He will never fail."

At this the little Pilgrim wept, for her heart was touched : but she said—

"We are not so ignorant : for we have our Lord who is our Brother, and He teaches us all that we require to know."

Upon this the poet rose and lifted up his hands and sang again a great song ; it was in the other language which the little Pilgrim still did not understand, but she could make out that it sounded like a great proclamation that He was wise as He was good, and called upon all to see that the Lord had chosen the only way : and the sound of the poet's voice was like a great trumpet sounding bold and sweet, as if to tell this to those who were far away.

"For you must know," said the Lady Ama, who all the time held the Pilgrim's hand, "that it is permitted to all to judge according to the wisdom that has been given them. And there are some who think that our dear Lord might have found another way, and that wait, sometimes

with trembling, lest He should fail: but not among us who have lived on earth, for we know. And it is our work to show to all the worlds that His way never fails, and how wonderful it is, and beautiful above all that heart has conceived. And thus we justify the ways of God who is our Father. But in the other worlds there are many who will continue to fear until the history of the earth is all ended and the chronicles are made complete."

"And will that be long?" the little Pilgrim cried, feeling in her heart that she would like to go to all the worlds and tell them of our Lord, and of His love, and how the thought of Him makes you strong; and it troubled her a little to hear her friends speak of the low skies and the short days, and the dimness of that dear country which she had left behind, in which there were so many still whom she loved.

Upon this Ama shook her head, and said that of that day no one knew, not even our Lord, but only the Father: and then she smiled and answered the little Pilgrim's thought. "When we go back," she said, "it is not as when we lived there: for now we see all the dangers of it and the mysteries which we did not see before. It was by the Father's dear love that we did not see what was around us and about us while we lived there, for then our hearts would have fainted: and that makes us wonder now that any one endures to the end."

"You are a great deal wiser than I am," said the little Pilgrim; "but though our hearts had fainted how could we have been overcome? for He was on our side."

At this neither of them made any reply at first, but looked at her; and at length the poet said that she had brought many thoughts back to his mind, and how he had himself been almost worsted when one like her came to him and gave strength to his soul. "For that He was on our side was the only thing she knew," he said, "and all that could be learned or discovered was not worthy of naming

beside it. And this I must tell when next I speak to the people, and how our little sister brought it to my mind."

And then they paused from this discourse, and the little Pilgrim looked round upon the beautiful houses and the fair gardens, and she said—

"You live here? and do you come home at night?—but I do not mean at night, I mean when your work is done. And are they poets like you that dwell all about in these pleasant places, and the——"

She would have said the children, but stopped, not knowing if perhaps it might be unkind to speak of the children when she saw none there.

Upon this the lady smiled once more, and said—

"The door stands open always, so that no one is shut out, and the children come and go when they will. They are children no longer, and they have their appointed work like him and me."

"And you are always among those you love?" the Pilgrim said; upon which they smiled again and said—"We all love each other," and the lady held her hand in both of hers, and caressed it, and softly laughed and said—"You know only the little language. When you have been taught the other you will learn many beautiful things."

She rested for some time after this, and talked much with her new friends: and then there came into the heart of the little Pilgrim a longing to go to the place which was appointed for her, and which was her home, and to do the work which had been given her to do. And when the lady saw this she rose and said that she would accompany her a little upon her way. But the poet bid her farewell and remained under the porch, with the green branches shading him, and the flowers twining round the pillars, and the open door of this beautiful house behind him. When she looked back upon him he waved his hand to her as if bidding her God speed, and the lady by her

side looked back too and waved her hand, and the little Pilgrim felt tears of happiness come to her eyes; for she had been wondering with a little disappointment to see that the people in the city, except those who were strangers, were chiefly alone, and not like those in the old world where the husband and wife go together. It consoled her to see again two who were one. The lady pressed her hand in answer to her thought, and bade her pause a moment and look back into the city as they passed the end of the great street out of which they came. And then the Pilgrim was more and more consoled for she saw many who had before been alone now walking together hand in hand.

"It is not as it was," Ama said. "For all of us have work to do which is needed for the worlds, and it is no longer needful that one should sit at home while the other goes forth; for our work is not for our life as of old, or for ourselves, but for the Father who has given us so great a trust. And, little sister, you must know that though we are not so great as the angels, nor as many that come to visit us from the other worlds, yet we are nearer to Him. For we are in His secret, and it is ours to make it clear."

The little Pilgrim's heart was very full to hear this; but she said—

"I was never clever, nor knew much. It is better for me to go away to my little border-land, and help the strangers who do not know the way."

"Whatever is your work is the best," the lady said; "but though you are so little you are in the Father's secret too; for it is nature to you to know what the others cannot be sure of, that we must have the victory at the last. So that we have this between us, the Father and we. And though all are His children, we are of the kindred of God, because of our Lord who is our Brother;" and then the Lady Ama kissed her, and bade her when she returned to the great city, either for rest or for love, or because the Father sent for her, that she

should come to the house by the river. "For we are friends for ever," she said, and so threw her white veil over her head, and was gone upon her mission, whither the little Pilgrim did not know.

And now she found herself at a distance from the great city which shone in the light with its beautiful towers, and roofs, and all its monuments, softly fringed with trees, and set in a heavenly firmament. And the Pilgrim thought of those words that described this lovely place as a bride adorned for her husband, and did not wonder at him who had said that her streets were of gold and her gates of pearl, because gold and pearls and precious jewels were as nothing to the glory and the beauty of her. The little Pilgrim was glad to have seen these wonderful things, and her mind was like a cup running over with almost more than it could contain. It seemed to her that there never could be a time when she should want for wonder and interest and delight so long as she had this to think of. Yet she was not sorry to turn her back upon the beautiful city, but went on her way singing in unutterable content, and thinking over what the lady had said, that we were in God's secret, more than all the great worlds above and even the angels, because of knowing how it is that in darkness and doubt, and without any open vision, a man may still keep the right way. The path lay along the bank of the river which flowed beside her and made the air full of music, and a soft air blew across the running stream and breathed in her face and refreshed her, and the birds sang in all the trees. And as she passed through the villages the people came out to meet her, and asked of her if she had come from the city, and what she had seen there. And everywhere she found friends, and kind voices that gave her greeting. But some would ask her why she still spoke the little language, though it was sweet to their ears; and others when they heard it hastened to call from the houses and

the fields some among them who knew the other tongue but a little, and who came and crowded round the little Pilgrim and asked her many questions both about the things she had been seeing and about the old time. And she perceived that the village folk were a simple folk, not learned and wise like those she had left. And that though they lived within sight of the great city, and showed every stranger the beautiful view of it, and the glory of its towers, yet few among them had travelled there; for they were so content with their fields and their river, and the shade of their trees, and the birds singing, and their simple life, that they wanted no change; though it pleased them to receive the little Pilgrim, and they brought her in to their villages rejoicing, and called every one to see her. And they told her that they had all been poor and laboured hard in the old time, and had never rested; so that now it was the Father's good pleasure that they should enjoy great peace and consolation among the fresh-breathing fields and on the riverside, so that there were many who even now had little occupation except to think of the Father's goodness, and to rest. And they told her how the Lord Himself would come among them, and sit down under a tree, and tell them one of His parables, and make them all more happy than words could say; and how sometimes He would send one out of the beautiful city, with a poem or tale to say to them, and bands of lovely music, more lovely than anything beside, except the sound of the Lord's own voice. "And what is more wonderful, the angels themselves come often and listen to us," they said, "when we begin to talk and remind each other of the old time, and how we suffered heat and cold, and were bowed down with labour, and bending over the soil, and how sometimes the harvest would fail us, and sometimes we had not bread, and sometimes would hush the children to sleep because there was nothing to give them; and how we grew old and weary, and still

worked on and on." "We are those who were old," a number of them called out to her, with a murmuring sound of laughter, one looking over another's shoulder. And one woman said, "The angels say to us, 'Did you never think the Father had forsaken you and the Lord forgotten you?'" And all the rest answered as in a chorus, "There were moments that we thought this; but all the time we knew that it could not be." "And the angels wonder at us," said another. All this they said, crowding one before another, every one anxious to say something, and sometimes speaking together, but always in accord. And then there was a sound of laughter and pleasure, both at the strange thought that the Lord could have forgotten them, and at the wonder of the angels over their simple tales. And immediately they began to remind each other, and say, "Do you remember?" and they told the little Pilgrim a hundred tales of the hardships and troubles they had known, all smiling and radiant with pleasure; and at every new account the others would applaud and rejoice, feeling the happiness all the more for the evils that were past. And some of them led her into their gardens to show her their flowers, and to tell her how they had begun to study and learn how colours were changed and form perfected, and the secrets of the growth and of the germ of which they had been ignorant. And others arranged themselves in choirs, and sang to her delightful songs of the fields, and accompanied her out upon her way, singing and answering to each other. The difference between the simple folk and the greatness of the others made the little Pilgrim wonder and admire, and she loved them in her simplicity, and turned back many a time to wave her hand to them, and to listen to the lovely simple singing as it went further and further away. It had an evening tone of rest and quietness, and of protection and peace. "He leadeth me by the green pastures and beside the quiet waters,"

she said to herself: and her heart swelled with pleasure to think that it was those who had been so old, and so weary and poor, who had this rest to console them for all their sorrows.

And as she went along, not only did she pass through many other villages, but met many on the way who were travelling towards the great city, and would greet her sweetly as they passed, and sometimes stop to say a pleasant word, so that the little Pilgrim was never lonely wherever she went. But most of them began to speak to her in the other language, which was as beautiful and sweet as music, but which she could not understand: and they were surprised to find her ignorant of it, not knowing that she was but a new-comer into these lands. And there were many things that could not be told but in that language, for the earthly tongue had no words to express them. The little Pilgrim was a little sad not to understand what was said to her, but cheered herself with the thought that it should be taught to her by one whom she loved best. The way by the riverside was very cheerful and bright, with many people coming and going, and many villages, some of them with a bridge across the stream, some withdrawn among the fields, but all of them bright and full of life, and with sounds of music, and voices, and footsteps: and the little Pilgrim felt no weariness, and moved along as lightly as a child, taking great pleasure in everything she saw, and answering all the friendly greetings with all her heart, yet glad to think that she was approaching ever nearer to the country where it was ordained that she should dwell for a time and succour the strangers, and receive those who were newly arrived. And she consoled herself with the thought that there was no need of any language but that which she knew. As this went through her mind making her glad she suddenly became aware of one who was walking by her side, a lady who was covered with a veil

white and shining like that which Ama had worn in the beautiful city. It hung about this stranger's head so that it was not easy to see her face, but the sound of her voice was very sweet in the pilgrim's ear, yet startled her like the sound of something which she knew well, but could not remember. And as there were few who were going that way, she was glad and said, "Let us walk together, if that pleases you." And the stranger said, "It is for that I have come," which was a reply which made the little Pilgrim wonder more and more, though she was very glad and joyful to have this companion upon her way. And then the lady began to ask her many questions, not about the city, or the great things she had seen, but about herself, and what the dear Lord had given her to do.

"I am little and weak, and I cannot do much," the little Pilgrim said. "It is nothing but pleasure. It is to welcome those that are coming, and tell them. Sometimes they are astonished and do not know. I was so myself. I came in my sleep, and understood nothing. But now that I know, it is sweet to tell them that they need not fear."

"I was glad," the lady said, "that you came in your sleep: for sometimes the way is dark and hard, and you are little and tender. When your brother comes you will be the first to see him, and show him the way."

"My brother! is he coming?" the little Pilgrim cried. And then she said with a wistful look, "But we are all brethren, and you mean only one of those who are the children of our Father. You must forgive me that I do not know the higher speech, but only what is natural, for I have not yet been long here."

"He whom I mean is called—" and here the lady said a name which was the true name of a brother born, whom the Pilgrim loved above all others. She gave a cry, and then she said trembling, "I know your voice,

but I cannot see your face. And what you say makes me think of many things. No one else has covered her face when she has spoken to me. I know you, and yet I cannot tell who you are."

The woman stood for a little without saying a word, and then very softly, in a voice which only the heart heard, she called the little Pilgrim by her name.

"MOTHER," cried the Pilgrim, with such a cry of joy that it echoed all about in the sweet air, and flung herself upon the veiled lady, and drew the veil from her face, and saw that it was she. And with this sight there came a revelation which flooded her soul with happiness. For the face which had been old and feeble was old no longer, but fair in the maturity of day; and the figure that had been bent and weary was full of a tender majesty, and the arms that clasped her about were warm and soft with love and life. And all that had changed their relations in the other days and made the mother in her weakness seem as a child, and transferred all protection and strength to the daughter, was gone for ever: and the little Pilgrim beheld in a rapture one who was her sister and equal, yet ever above her—more near to her than any, though all were so near—one of whom she herself was a part, yet another, and who knew all her thoughts and the way of them before they arose in her. And to see her face as in the days of her prime, and her eyes so clear and wise, and to feel once more that which is different from the love of all, that which is still most sweet where all is sweet, the love of one—was like a crown to her in her happiness. The little Pilgrim could not think for joy, nor say a word, but held this dear mother's hands and looked in her face, and her heart soared away to the Father in thanks and joy. They sat down by the roadside under the shade of the trees, while the river ran softly by, and everything was hushed out of sym-

pathy and kindness, and questioned each other of all that had been and was to be. And the little Pilgrim told all the little news of home, and of the brothers and sisters and the children that had been born, and of those whose faces were turned towards this better country; and the mother smiled and listened and would have heard all over and over, although many things she already knew. "But why should I tell you, for did not you watch over us and see all we did, and were not you near us always?" the little Pilgrim said.

"How could that be?" said the mother; "for we are not like our Lord, to be everywhere. We come and go where we are sent. But sometimes we knew and sometimes saw, and always loved. And whenever our hearts were sick for news it was but to go to Him, and He told us everything. And now, my little one, you are as we are, and have seen the Lord. And this has been given us, to teach our child once more, and show you the heavenly language, that you may understand all, both the little and the great."

Then the Pilgrim lifted her head from her mother's bosom, and looked in her face with eyes full of longing. "You said 'we,'" she said.

The mother did nothing but smile; then lifted her eyes and looked along the beautiful path of the river to where some one was coming to join them; and the little Pilgrim cried out again, in wonder and joy; and presently found herself seated between them, her father and her mother, the two who had loved her most in the other days. They looked more beautiful than the angels and all the great persons whom she had seen; for still they were hers and she was theirs more than all the angels and all the blessed could be. And thus she learned that though the new may take the place of the old, and many things may blossom out of it like flowers, yet that the old is never done away. And then they sat together,

telling of everything that had befallen, and all the little tender things that were of no import, and all the great changes and noble ways, and the wonders of heaven above and the earth beneath, for all were open to them, both great and small; and when they had satisfied their souls with these, her father and mother began to teach her the other language, smiling often at her faltering tongue, and telling her the same thing over and over till she learnt it; and her father called her his little foolish one, as he had done in the old days; and at last, when they had kissed her and blessed her, and told her how to come home to them when she was weary, they gave her, as the Father had permitted them, with joy and blessing, her new name.

The little Pilgrim was tired with happiness and all the wonder and pleasure, and as she sat there in the silence, leaning upon those who were so dear to her, the soft air grew sweeter and sweeter about her, and the light faded softly into a dimness of tender indulgence and privilege for her, because she was still little and weak. And whether that heavenly suspense of all her faculties was sleep or not she knew not, but it was such as in all her life she had never known. When she came back to herself, it was by the sound of many voices calling her, and many people hastening past and beckoning to her to join them.

"Come, come," they said, "little sister: there has been great trouble in the other life, and many have arrived suddenly and are afraid. Come, come, and help them—come and help them!"

And she sprang up from her soft seat, and found that she was no longer by the river-side, or within sight of the great city, or in the arms of those she loved, but stood on one of the flowery paths of her own border land, and saw her fellows hastening towards

the gates where there seemed a great crowd. And she was no longer weary, but full of life and strength, and it seemed to her that she could take them up in her arms, those trembling strangers, and carry them straight to the Father, so strong was she, and light, and full of force. And above all the gladness she had felt, and all her pleasure in what she had seen, and more happy even than the meeting with those she loved most, was her happiness now, as she went along as light as the breeze to receive the strangers. She was so eager that she began to sing a song of welcome as she hastened on. "Oh, welcome, welcome!" she cried; and as she sang she knew it was one of the heavenly melodies which she had heard in the great city: and she hastened on, her feet flying over the flowery ways, thinking how the great worlds were all watching, and the angels looking on, and the whole universe waiting till it should be proved to them that the dear Lord, the Brother of us all, had chosen the perfect way, and that over all evil and the sorrow He was the Conqueror alone.

And the little Pilgrim's voice, though it was so small, echoed away through the great firmament to where the other worlds were watching to see what should come, and cheered the anxious faces of some great lords and princes far more great than she, who were of a nobler race than man; for it was said among the stars that when such a little sound could reach so far, it was a token that the Lord had chosen aright, and that His method must be the best. And it breathed over the earth like some one saying Courage! to those whose hearts were failing; and it dropped down, down, into the great confusions and traffic of the Land of Darkness, and startled many, like the cry of a child calling and calling, and never ceasing, "Come! and come! and come!"

THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LAND LAWS.

THERE are some laws and institutions which can be explained systematically, and others which can only be explained historically. Some are the work of designers who had in their minds a definite plan, so that by knowing this plan we can understand the frame and composition of the structure which they produce. Others are not the work of any one designing mind, or of several minds acting in concert, but of the combined effects of design and accident working at different times, in different ways, and for different purposes. There is no single key to their structure, and we can understand them in their present shape only by tracing out piecemeal how every part of them has come to what it is. The body of English laws and customs which we call the law of real property belongs to this latter class. It has no unity of design, and such unity of form as it has is deceptive. It is the result of an extremely curious and complicated series of historical accidents. This fact has been ignored until of late years. Enormous ingenuity has been expended by many generations of learned men on the attempt to represent our land laws as a homogeneous and rational system, with the result of introducing worse confusion at every step. The ground has become one on which even many lawyers are afraid to venture far, and to all but lawyers and historians it is a pathless jungle. It appears to me that in such a case the only promising way of getting clear ideas of one's own, and the only chance of imparting them to other people, is to regard the so-called system as a body of historical facts which have to be accounted for by showing how they came there, and to renounce the enter-

prise of accounting for them in any other way.

One of the commonest epithets we hear applied to the land laws of England is *feudal*. Apparently some people think our existing real property law is a sort of complete code of feudalism. If it were, it would be far simpler than it is, and in a certain way far more rational. I suspect, however, that this unhappy word *feudal* is more commonly used as a vague term of dislike by people who attach no distinct meaning to it. Long ago I read in the address of a candidate for Parliament something about "the feudal luxuries of primogeniture and entail." Now primogeniture is in one sense older than the feudal system, and in another sense younger, and the system of family settlement, called entail in modern popular language, is much younger. The truth is that feudalism, like many other things, has left a pretty deep mark on our land laws. But the law as it exists is not a feudal law; it is only a law which has passed through a feudal stage. It was in that stage when its technical language became fixed, and hence feudalism has a predominance in the form and the terms of the law which is out of proportion to its share in the real substance. Our land system was most nearly feudal about the beginning of the thirteenth century, or say seven hundred years ago. But even then the feudal scheme was not an account of what things really were, but a theory framed by lawyers of what they ought to be. And subsequent legislation has pared away one piece of feudal doctrine after another, until there is really very little of it left save in name. Customs and usages which have nothing to do with the feudal system,

and are really far more ancient, have held their own in spite of all discouragement, and on the other hand the commerce and industry of modern times have called for new forms of dealing with land. Yet the feudal theory disguised its failure in substance by clinging tightly to the form, and disguised it with wonderful success. Ancient rights and customs were, and still are, justified in courts of law by the strangest fictions, and at this day the most ordinary conveyance or lease contains words which have lost their real meaning for centuries.

This English land law, then, is a very complex thing. It is useless to pretend that the knowledge of it is easy or simple; but it may partly simplify matters if we look on it as a strand woven of three distinct threads. One of these is the feudal system of tenures. Another is the ancient customary law which was older than feudalism, and has to some extent survived it. The third is what I shall call the commercial element; I mean the modern way of treating land as a kind of merchandise, a matter of trading, bargain, and profit like anything else. For a long time the commercial element has tended to prevail, but it prevails slowly; and all three may be found side by side in the law as it now stands. Let me try to show the contrast by an example. I will invite the reader to suppose himself out walking with me on a Kent or Surrey common. And let us suppose that the owner of some great mansion-house admits us (being, as I hope we are, decent people who respect a gentleman's hospitality, and love nature, too well to leave old newspapers and bottles about his park, and cut our names on his trees and benches, and such like signs of gratitude) to walk through his grounds and enjoy from some choice commanding spot the view over them and far beyond. And then we may see, perhaps, over against us an open hill bright with gorse and heather, and

fringed with woods. That is what lawyers call the waste of the manor, and the people (who know better) call common land. On this land various persons have rights of putting beasts to graze, cutting turf and underwood, and so forth. And lower down there are fields which from harvest time, or Old Lammas-day, to Lady-day have been open for pasture—Lammas lands they are called—and which after Lady-day were inclosed again, so to remain until August comes round and they are common once more. Well, these rights of common and customs of common pasture are the oldest part of our land system. The law-books will tell us that they have something to do with a grant from the lord of the manor; but as we are not now in a law court, we may say plainly that they existed centuries before manors or lords of a manor were thought of. Harvest time after harvest time those fields have been laid open for pasture a thousand years or more.

Now let us turn round and look at the park itself and the manor-house, and the bit of home farm which lies just under us beyond the inclosure of the park. Here we get the feudal element. The lord of this domain is himself a tenant in the eye of the law. His lands are held of the Crown, or it may be of some other lord who himself holds of the Crown. I need hardly say that a lord in this sense has nothing to do with the peerage. The lord of a manor may be and constantly is a commoner. Indeed lords of manors, though more recent than many existing institutions and usages, are older than the peerage and the House of Lords.¹ The lord's predecessors in title were bound in old times to render fixed military services as the condition of enjoying their

¹ Unless, with Mr. Freeman, we allow the House of Lords to represent the Witan; and even in that case the personal relation of lord and man, which is among the oldest of Teutonic institutions, had begun to assume a territorial character at an earlier time than we can at present fix.

ands. Other dues were payable on various occasions, and perhaps some weapon of war or part of warlike equipment had to be rendered to the Crown at one of the chief annual feast-days. At the present day the military tenures exist no more. They became so burdensome that they were abolished under the Commonwealth, and one of the first Acts of the Restoration was to confirm the abolition. Often the military services were commuted for money rents in ancient times. These rents, reduced to a merely nominal amount by changes in the standard of the coinage and the value of the precious metals, are in many cases to be found existing at this day under the name of quit-rents. Our lord of the manor is thus freed from the old burdens of his feudal tenure; but when these burdens were real, he had likewise honours and privileges which have now become a mere shadow. He was a kind of little prince in his domain, holding his own courts, and doing judgment therein. And so he still is in legal theory, but his jurisdiction has ceased to be of any practical importance. The county court, the petty sessions, and the modern machinery of local government, have superseded the manorial courts. The courts are still held, but they serve only to record the titles of the copyhold tenants of the manor, and to collect the lord's dues. In the court rolls of manors we have one of our most curious links with antiquity. The form goes on unchanged while the substance has long passed away. The lord of a manor is as it were the lord of an enchanted castle, where the ghosts of a departed world may be called up by the antiquary who knows the spell.

But in yet another way the lord of our manor-house has been cut short. We say the place belongs to him, and call him its owner. But he is not really the owner. He has no control over the estate after his own life. It is entailed, as we say. Another relic of feudalism, the reader may exclaim.

We are sorry to contradict the reader, but that is just what it is not. The plan of the modern family settlement, which has produced the modern "limited owner," and is the cause of all the demand—a just demand in my opinion—for what is called free land, or free trade in land, is about two centuries and a quarter old. It was invented by two ingenious lawyers in the latter part of the Commonwealth time, as a matter of private enterprise, and in the interest of their clients.

Then there is the bit of home farm which we had almost forgotten. It is kept in hand and managed by the lord himself or his agent. This is now an exceptional way of using land; sometimes it is the owner's fancy, sometimes the necessity of a bad season. During a great part of the Middle Ages, however, it was the rule; so that here we have another little piece of antiquity. Now look farther out over the level stretch of arable fields and pastures between our post of observation and the waste hill-side. These are the holdings of tenant-farmers who represent the commercial element of modern land-holding. Their tenure is so little feudal that the feudal system could barely find room for it. English law regards a leaseholder's interest as *personal* and not *real* estate; in other words, allows it to be dealt with in a far more simple and rational manner than other interests in land. Nevertheless there is in the relations of the farmer to his landlord a conflict between the commercial and the feudal elements of the law. The tenant is hampered on the one hand by dealing with a landlord who is not full owner, and on the other hand he still feels the pressure of laws made in a time when the interest of tenants was not represented among legislators or adequately present to the minds of judges.

So far our imaginary view of an English landed estate. Now let us trace in outline the fashion in which the several elements of the law that governs it have grown up and been

moulded in course of time. First, as to the part which is founded on customs older than feudalism. Before the Norman Conquest, the tenure¹ of land in England was, as I believe, almost entirely governed by local custom. Some authorities tell us there was greater freedom of ownership and alienation before the Conquest than after, and in particular that people could dispose of their lands by will. I must with all respect differ from them. I think they have mistaken exceptional privileges granted to eminent persons for the common type of ownership. There is no doubt that the English kings, with the needful consent of their Witan, made large grants of public land, or rather of the revenues and lordship of public lands, to religious houses and also to individuals. And the grants to individuals conferred powers of alienation which sometimes were limited, but often to all appearance as unlimited as those of a modern tenant in fee simple. We know likewise that the holders of land under such gifts exercised some power (though not always an absolute power) of disposing of them by will. But this tells us nothing about the smaller folk who owned or occupied land without a special grant from the king. If we may infer anything, I think it is that the rights conferred by these particular grants were abnormal. In any case the grants to religious houses and great men do not account for the bulk of occupying owners. Those owners, even when they had been reduced to a sort of feudal dependence on the greater lords (a process which had been carried a long way before the Conquest), went on holding, tilling and inheriting their lands according to the old customs of the country. And

¹ *Tenure* is not a strictly proper term, because it implies the feudal doctrine that land must be held of somebody, and the owner is at most a tenant on favourable terms. But I know of no other word that will do to take its place. Certainly not ownership, for before the Conquest there were plenty of occupiers who were not owners.

there is no reason to believe that the Conquest made very much difference to them. The great men who resisted had their lands confiscated: the lesser men were in the main let alone, and merely paid their dues and services to a new lord.²

Do we know anything, then, of the customs of English land tenure before the feudal period? Something we know by documents of the age of the Conquest or thereabouts. But we may know a good deal more by traditions which, though decaying, are still alive. If I were asked what I thought were the ancient customs of a particular county (for there were certainly local differences), I should be disposed to answer: Show me the existing copyhold customs of one or two manors in the county where the court rolls have been fairly well kept, and I will give you a pretty shrewd guess at what was the real property law of that county about the beginning of the eleventh century. Our modern copyholds are in fact ancient holdings in which the earlier English customs have remained unaffected, or have been only in part affected, by the feudal doctrines. They escaped by being too small for the lawyers to take notice of in the active period of feudalism. The king's courts dealt with the title to freehold estates, and soon reduced the law, with a few exceptions, to a uniform pattern. Copyholds were left to the local courts, and the local customs were maintained until, when the king's courts interfered at all, they could not help recognizing them. And so it happens that we find preserved in copyholds divers ancient forms of inheritance now very difficult to explain; not only equal division among sons or daughters on the holder's death (which in Kent survives in freeholds under the name of *gavelkind*),

² It is impossible to enter here upon the reasons for the view I take of the relation of book-land to the general system of landholding before the Conquest. I have given a sketch of them in the *Law Magazine and Review* for February, 1882.

the fields some among them who knew the other tongue but a little, and who came and crowded round the little Pilgrim and asked her many questions both about the things she had been seeing and about the old time. And she perceived that the village folk were a simple folk, not learned and wise like those she had left. And that though they lived within sight of the great city, and showed every stranger the beautiful view of it, and the glory of its towers, yet few among them had travelled there; for they were so content with their fields and their river, and the shade of their trees, and the birds singing, and their simple life, that they wanted no change; though it pleased them to receive the little Pilgrim, and they brought her in to their villages rejoicing, and called every one to see her. And they told her that they had all been poor and laboured hard in the old time, and had never rested; so that now it was the Father's good pleasure that they should enjoy great peace and consolation among the fresh-breathing fields and on the riverside, so that there were many who even now had little occupation except to think of the Father's goodness, and to rest. And they told her how the Lord Himself would come among them, and sit down under a tree, and tell them one of His parables, and make them all more happy than words could say; and how sometimes He would send one out of the beautiful city, with a poem or tale to say to them, and bands of lovely music, more lovely than anything beside, except the sound of the Lord's own voice. "And what is more wonderful, the angels themselves come often and listen to us," they said, "when we begin to talk and remind each other of the old time, and how we suffered heat and cold, and were bowed down with labour, and bending over the soil, and how sometimes the harvest would fail us, and sometimes we had not bread, and sometimes would hush the children to sleep because there was nothing to give them; and how we grew old and weary, and still

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and have made lawyers rub up much curious learning which had almost been forgotten—I mean rights of common. These have gone through curious changes of fortune. In their early days they were merely sources of profit to those who enjoyed them, and the history of their treatment by Parliament and the judges is the history of a contest between tenants and lords in which the lords long kept the upper hand. For one thing, the lords represented the ruling classes of society, and the laws were framed and administered, I do not say with any conscious injustice, but still from the point of view of those classes, and without adequate consideration of others. For another thing, rights of common did not fit into the feudal theory of law. That theory recognises no right in land which cannot be derived from some real or supposed original grant, either by the Crown as lord paramount or by a defined and particular owner. The courts tried to do substantial justice; the honesty of their endeavour is shown by the ingenious and almost desperate devices which were employed to get it done; but still they were bound in the pedantry of their theories, and when a theory, backed by the power of the State, comes into conflict with facts which do not suit it, the facts are apt to go to the wall. A great many ancient rights of common or of a like nature were disallowed, or enjoyed without legal sanction, though they were in truth quite as well established by usage as those which the judges did see their way to recognise. It is hard for the natural mind to perceive why the right to take peat from a bog, or cut fern or underwood in a forest, cannot be claimed in the same way as the right to play games on a village green, but only in a much more troublesome and artificial manner: but the decisions of the pedantic period of English jurisprudence have so settled it. That period may be said to have culminated in the last quarter of the sixteenth and first quarter of the seventeenth

centuries. English lawyers then firmly believed that the wonderfully artificial system they administered was the perfection of reason; and when they spoke of any consequence or doctrine as not convenient, they meant not so much that it would do any practical harm as that it was out of keeping with their assumed principles, or that it was, as a Roman lawyer would have said, inelegant. In this way they did, with the best of intentions and with a personal uprightness which at that time was almost singular in Europe, much mischief which can now hardly be undone.

A still more dangerous enemy of rights of common was the process of systematic inclosure of land that went on for about three centuries, and has been checked only in our own time. This was the work of economic and social causes which I cannot discuss now;¹ the process, however, was general and rapid. No doubt many illegal encroachments were made. We may guess at their extent by those which have been restrained since the change of public feeling in our own time. But inclosure was also promoted by the deliberate policy of Parliament, a policy thoroughly benevolent according to its light. It was thought a public virtue to bring as much land as possible under cultivation, and to the great inclosures of the sixteenth and seventeenth century made by landowners for their own profit, and often illegally, there succeeded the systematic legal inclosures of the eighteenth and the present century. Some injustice was done in these, not because the law failed to provide for compensation to all existing interests, but because those interests were determined by the too narrow standard of the legal theory previously established. Commoners

¹ This part of the subject has been dealt with by Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Thorold Rogers, and was worked out some twelve years ago in an excellent series of papers contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. Seebohm, but, unhappily, not republished.

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she said to herself: and her heart swelled with pleasure to think that it was those who had been so old, and so weary and poor, who had this rest to console them for all their sorrows.

And as she went along, not only did she pass through many other villages, but met many on the way who were travelling towards the great city, and would greet her sweetly as they passed, and sometimes stop to say a pleasant word, so that the little Pilgrim was never lonely wherever she went. But most of them began to speak to her in the other language, which was as beautiful and sweet as music, but which she could not understand: and they were surprised to find her ignorant of it, not knowing that she was but a new-comer into these lands. And there were many things that could not be told but in that language, for the earthly tongue had no words to express them. The little Pilgrim was a little sad not to understand what was said to her, but cheered herself with the thought that it should be taught to her by one whom she loved best. The way by the riverside was very cheerful and bright, with many people coming and going, and many villages, some of them with a bridge across the stream, some withdrawn among the fields, but all of them bright and full of life, and with sounds of music, and voices, and footsteps: and the little Pilgrim felt no weariness, and moved along as lightly as a child, taking great pleasure in everything she saw, and answering all the friendly greetings with all her heart, yet glad to think that she was approaching ever nearer to the country where it was ordained that she should dwell for a time and succour the strangers, and receive those who were newly arrived. And she consoled herself with the thought that there was no need of any language but that which she knew. As this went through her mind making her glad she suddenly became aware of one who was walking by her side, a lady who was covered with a veil

white and shining like that which Ama had worn in the beautiful city. It hung about this stranger's head so that it was not easy to see her face, but the sound of her voice was very sweet in the pilgrim's ear, yet startled her like the sound of something which she knew well, but could not remember. And as there were few who were going that way, she was glad and said, "Let us walk together, if that pleases you." And the stranger said, "It is for that I have come," which was a reply which made the little Pilgrim wonder more and more, though she was very glad and joyful to have this companion upon her way. And then the lady began to ask her many questions, not about the city, or the great things she had seen, but about herself, and what the dear Lord had given her to do.

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an engine for effecting the very opposite ends to those which were sought by its framers. Almost all the complication and the whole of the secrecy of modern conveyancing hangs upon the Statute of Uses. The full development came about a century later, when the modern form of "strict settlement" was invented, as it is said, by Sir Orlando Bridgman and Sir Geoffrey Palmer.¹ It was the device of practising conveyancers to meet the wishes and serve the interests of their landowning clients; there was no public discussion of it at the time; and considerations of the public welfare, we may safely say, had nothing to do with it. The technical difficulties overcome by this invention, and the manner of overcoming them, were such that I must again be excused from attempting any explanation. After the Restoration lawsuits began to arise upon these new fashioned settlements. The courts found themselves confronted by a new difficulty. There seemed to be nothing to prevent people from tying up land indefinitely. On the other hand the judges, still preserving something of the mediæval tradition of their order, were determined that this should not be done. To meet the threatened mischief they laid down a new rule, which is still in force. It is called the rule against perpetuities, and forbids property to be restrained from alienation for a longer time than the end of twenty-one years after the death of some person who is living at the date of the will or settlement. At the end of that time there must be some one capable of making an absolute disposition. The so-called entailed estates of our own time are kept in a course of strict settlement only by making

a fresh settlement in each generation. Once more I abstain from any fuller description of the legal mechanism. An account sufficient for all ordinary purposes may be found not only in legal text-books, but in such easily accessible works as Mr. Brodrick's and the late Mr. Kay's. The effect is that in almost every case the apparent possessor for the time being has only a life interest.

This system, improved and simplified in form to some extent by the ingenuity of conveyancers and by technical amendments of the law itself, has now gone on for something more than two centuries; and I believe it is the most stringent form of limited ownership (except the inviolable entails which existed in Scotland until lately) that has ever prevailed so largely in any civilised country. The Restoration marks in two other points the substantial completion of our land laws in their modern form. The old military tenures were abolished and the land-tax was imposed by way of compensation to the Crown for the dues which it thereby lost; and as a consequence of this the power of disposing of land by will, which had been partially allowed in Henry VIII's reign, became unlimited.

So much for the feudal doctrines and their modern transformation. We now come to the law of landlord and tenant, which brought in the commercial element. Leases are of comparatively recent introduction in England. In a general way we may say that they grew as feudalism declined. They seem to have been first used by religious corporations as the most convenient way of managing their estates.² They were known as early as the thirteenth century, and increased in the latter part of the fourteenth, when the depopulation wrought by the Black Death, and the consequent dearness of labour, made it unprofitable for owners to farm their own land. They received

¹ The earliest distinct authority for this appears to be a statement made by Lord Hardwicke in the course of his judgment in a celebrated case (A.D. 1750), which no doubt correctly represents the professional tradition existing in his time.

² In the case of a will, the date not of its execution but of its taking effect, i.e. of the testator's death.

³ A kind of lease of ecclesiastical lands, though not for years but for lives, was in use before the Conquest.

another extension in the period of great inclosures in the sixteenth century, as is shown by the statutes of that time. We have seen that the law of ownership of land, as apart from occupation, is a law of custom and customary tenure (for feudalism itself must be classed with customary bodies of law), repeatedly modified by legislation. The law of landlord and tenant is a law of contract supplemented partly by legislation and partly by custom. One very curious and ancient customary institution still clings to it, I mean the law of distress. In the early days of our forefathers, when cattle were the only movable property of any value, and the action of such courts of justice as there were was exceedingly slow and intricate, and moreover they had no means of compelling people to come before them, the only practical remedy when a man had wronged you was to drive off some of his cattle and keep them till he would do you right, or submit to have the matter decided by the court. That is the original form of distress. Under more or less regulation it was in use in England before the Conquest, and long afterwards it was the only process by which even the King's courts could do justice against unwilling parties. Landlords would naturally find this the readiest way of putting pressure on a tenant in arrear with his rent; and where the farming stock had been supplied by the landlord, as was not uncommonly the case in the Middle Ages, it would be no more than just. The process has disappeared from every other branch of the law, but in this it has not only remained, but has been made much stronger in the landlord's favour by a series of Acts of Parliament. A distress at common law was a risky thing; for, as with all ancient customary proceedings, its conditions were highly formal, and if the landlord omitted any one of them he put himself in the wrong. Neither could he sell the property distrained upon. The power to do this was first given in 1689, and the proceedings have been

regulated by various other statutes. One peculiarity about distress, and one which has worked much injustice, was that the landlord could take anything found on the holding, whether the property of his tenant or not. This has been partly remedied only within recent times. And in other respects the law of landlord and tenant, both as to the part enacted by legislation and the part contained in rules of the common law, bears strong marks of having been made by legislators and judges whose position and way of life biased them in favour of the landlord's interest. Contract is left free, but in the absence of contract most things are presumed in favour of the landlord. Trading and commercial tenants obtained a certain amount of consideration at a fairly early stage; their right to remove their fixtures goes back to the early sixteenth century, and was well established in the eighteenth. Agricultural tenants have obtained similar rights only in the latter half of the present century. And there is between agricultural and other leasehold tenancies a great difference in fact, though not much in law. The relations between the owners and occupiers of houses used for residence or business is purely one of contract. That between country landlords and farmers is still in part customary. We should think rather ill of a great English landlord who did not abate something of his rent-roll in bad times; whereas no owner of town property does, or is expected to do, anything of the kind. Such an owner sells the occupation of the land a factory is built upon just as the manufacturer who rents it sells the goods he produces, that is for the best price he can get. The landlord of a farm nominally does the same, but he really takes in bad seasons only what a sort of customary equity leads him to think that the farmer can fairly pay. I do not say that this is contrary even at first sight to his real interest, or that motives of interest have nothing to do with it. But it is not done as a matter of pure calculation;

it is not like the commercial creditor's action in giving easy terms to a doubtful debtor, lest in trying for all he should lose all. Again, I am far from saying that the owners of building estates in our great cities have no moral or social duties towards their tenants. But those duties are of a different kind, and arise from wholly different circumstances.

Thus we have gone, in a rapid and general way, through the history of our land laws in their different elements. A very few words about their future may be added. Between the Restoration and the Reform Act of 1832 the law of real property remained substantially unchanged. Since that time it has undergone repeated amendments of detail, and it is difficult to believe that we are anywhere near the end of the process. From a purely formal and artistic point of view the present complication is absurd and barely tolerable. On other grounds, political, economical, and social, substantial reforms are demanded with increasing force. The question is not so much whether there shall be considerable change as by what policy the change is to be guided. Shall we adopt, as the United States and our own colonies have in the main adopted, the commercial principle of simply removing obstacles to free dealing and transfer, and letting economic results work themselves out? Or shall we make some approach to the socialist ideal of administering the land, as a thing of specially

national interest, on wholly different principles from other property? This is too large a question to be discussed at the end of an article, and moreover is one for economists rather than for lawyers. Our actual system and its history furnish topics of argument on both sides. The advocates of the socialist theory may claim to represent the original purpose of feudalism, and to revive the mediæval ideal of the State in a form adapted to modern life. The extreme form of socialist doctrine which would altogether substitute the State for private owners will hardly find serious champions in this country; but there are more moderate proposals of similar tendency which may come within the range of practical discussion. Recent legislation, on the other hand, has been distinctly commercial in its tendency. For my own part, I think the commercial policy deserves at least a fair trial (which it has not yet had) before we embark on experiments in State regulation of which nobody has yet produced any coherent plan, much less worked out the consequences. The ideal of the commercial policy is every man his own landlord. The ideal of the socialist policy is the State every man's landlord. For Englishmen, with English habits of independent activity, and English traditions of the success of unfettered enterprise, the choice between these does not seem to admit of much doubt.

F. POLLOCK.

THE HADES OF VIRGIL.

THERE are three great poems, belonging to three widely separated ages, in each of which a great poet has ventured to depict the experience of a living man who has passed into the invisible world, and returning thence to earth, has described what he there has seen. These are, I need hardly say, the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, commonly called the *nekúia*, the sixth book of the *Æneid*, and the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. Though the origination of the idea belongs to the *Odyssey*, the execution of it by the two later poets is enlarged in compass and deepened in meaning. Indeed, the greatness of the poems would seem to be on an ascending series. Virgil took the suggestion from Homer, and greatly improved on it; and students of Dante would say that he in his turn rises as much above the work of Virgil, as Virgil rises above Homer.

Apart altogether from the natural powers of the three poets, this must needs have happened, as the result of the broadening and deepening experience of the world. Men, as time went on, got deeper insight into the meaning of this life and of the next; and saw more clearly how the latter depends upon the former. Though the last of the three poems is regarded as by far the truest picture of the beliefs of mediæval Christendom which has come down to us, yet the idea on which all three poems are founded,—that of a man still in the flesh visiting the abodes of the dead—belongs to Paganism rather than to Christianity. This is so, if we are to estimate what Christianity is by the standard of the New Testament. By the time that Christianity had reached the fourteenth century, it had received many accretions from alien sources, and one of these accretions seems to be the conception of an inhabitant of this world entering the other, and bringing back

to his fellow men tidings of what he there had seen. If we look either at the Old Testament or the New, we cannot but be struck by the strange reserve, the awful silence they keep, regarding the unseen state. Once, in the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, the veil is for a moment lifted, when Hades or Sheol from beneath is moved to meet the fallen king of Babylon at his coming. In the New Testament, although the existence of an immortal state is brought out of the dimness in which it is shrouded in the Old, and asserted with the greatest distinctness—yet it is nowhere attempted to be portrayed—to be reduced to shape and filled with colour. The Book of the Revelation, which alone seems to venture within the veil, describes not a living man who has passed thither, but the visions seen by an exile in an earthly island, visions which refer mainly to the judgments of God, which are to come upon the earth, and to the final judgment. There is no reference to the condition of individuals—the fate of not one single man is spoken of. In the one instance in the New Testament, in which a living man, whether in the body or out of the body, has passed within the veil, he brought back no tidings. The words he heard were such as it was not lawful for man to utter. This, then, may be said, that in Holy Scripture, even when the invisible world, whether believed in implicitly as by the Jew, or explicitly as by the Christian, is adumbrated in imagery, nothing is revealed as to the fate of individuals in that other world. To do this is characteristic not of the prophet, or of the Christian apostle, but of the Greek and Roman poet.

To these last, therefore, we now turn. If we wished to know how wide the interval of thought which divides the age of Homer from that of Virgil—what advance the moral feel-

ing of the world had made in the interval, we could not do better than compare the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* with the sixth book of the *Æneid*. The Roman poet has taken not a few hints from the Greek. There is some resemblance in the incidents, some similarity, even sameness, in the characters that occur in both poems. But the resemblances are on the surface, the differences are deep and fundamental.

In Homer the belief that the dead are in some way still alive, appears in a bare and primitive form—an unquestioning instinct, never yet challenged, such as is found in the early history of almost all peoples. The place of their abode is cold, unsubstantial, forlorn, "a land shrouded in mist and cloud, where never does the sun look down on them with his rays, but where deadly night is outspread over miserable mortals." The inhabitants are shadowy, strengthless, *νεκρῶν ἀμείνηνα κάπηνα*, living on in an existence without hope, without aim, only pining with longing regret for the loss of their earthly life. When Ulysses, wishing to comfort Achilles, tells him

"Now thou art a great prince here among the dead,"

Achilles replies :

"Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, great Odysseus. Rather would I live upon the soil, the hireling of some landless man, with poor livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that are no more."—*Od.* xi. 490.

It is a pale withered existence they live there in Homer's *νεκρία*, as unequal to this earthly life as are the withered leaves of winter to the green ones on summer trees.

Yet in that forlorn picture are some wonderful touches of pathos. Perhaps there is nothing so pathetically human and personal in Virgil's narrative as the answer which Anticleia, mother of Ulysses, gives to her son, when he asks her how she came by her death.

The most marked difference, however, between the Greek and the Roman ideas, as we have them in these two poems, is this. Homer has

little or no conception of the future life as one of moral retribution. Even with regard to this life, Homer lived in the age of unconscious morality, before the decided entering in of the moral law, as the rule of action. It could not then be that the future life should be to him one in which morality was prolonged, and more amply fulfilled.

On the other hand, it is the very essence of Virgil's conception of that life to regard it as the moral fulfilment of what has been here begun. Virgil's future life is distinctively and emphatically moral. Those who enter into that world pass from a state in which the moral laws have but feeble and partial sway into one, in which all the moral anticipations men have here are abundantly verified. There are many other differences between Homer's and Virgil's conception, but this is the most cardinal.

Whence had Virgil derived this, his conception of the moral character of the future life? In some measure, no doubt, from his own pure and meditative heart. But still more from the experience which his own country and the world had passed through.

From the earliest times the Latins had believed in some sort of immortality, in an instinctive sort of way. This belief had gone through several stages, each of which left some trace of itself in the latest form of the creed. The earliest Roman thought made the shades or manes kindly and benignant beings. But, through contact with the sombre-minded Etruscans, it became overshadowed by a darker conception. The shades become mischievous beings, even hostile to the living. From the Etruscans the Romans derived their Charon, who was a Tuscan demigod.

When Rome met Greece, there entered a whole flood of legends with regard to the state of the dead. The pictures of Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, seized on the Roman imagination. And what Greek poetry and legend had prepared the Roman mind to receive, that Platonic philosophy came in to confirm. Whether

it was mainly from Greek legends and poetry, or from other sources besides, that the Romans derived the moral view of the future life, it must have been greatly strengthened, when Plato came with his reasoning to confirm what instinct and tradition long had taught. Many of the educated would be glad to receive his proofs of immortality, though they were not proofs; but a beautiful hope rather than solid argument. And then when he tries to figure to himself the state of the dead, he does not even pretend to give proofs, but takes refuge in myths. These are to him the best possible adumbrations of his own belief. In that remarkable one at the close of the "Republic," in which Er, the son of Armenius, describes what he saw in the other world, we have, I think, not obscurely the hint of a great part of the sixth book of the *Aeneid*. You have there the judgment set, and the souls passing before it, into two fixed conditions. You have also the return of the souls to earth, and their choice of their second lives. In Plato's description, the terrors, it must be felt, far outweigh the hopes; each offence done on earth is atoned for by a penalty paid ten times over. Few could read that picture without a shudder, without some shrinking of conscience.

Whether it was the result of the imagery of Plato or of others, this view of things must have sunk deep into the Roman mind towards the close of the Republic. For it was to free men's souls from these terrors that Lucretius arose to expound his counter-philosophy. It was a clever stroke thus to turn the tables on the old belief of immortality. What had originally been a consolatory doctrine to which men turned for refuge, had turned to a terror and a despair. Lucretius preaches his doctrine of annihilation as the real consolation. And this new doctrine was welcomed by the educated. The voluptuous, the worldly, the light-minded aristocrats in the last year of the Roman Republic, readily adopted it. Cæsar openly professed it

in his speech in the Senate, on the Catiline conspirators. It succeeded for a season, because it promised calm and rest from the troubles of that distracted time. Did it really fulfil its promise? Did it really minister calm to minds disquieted? The under-tone of the great Lucretian poem is the best answer. In no poetry is there so little of that serenity of mind he is ever recommending as in his own. Physician, heal thyself. If his remedy had failed in his own case, great spirit that he was, would it succeed in that of common men? It was but a delusion to suppose that he could remove the fear of death by taking away the hope of immortality. It was but poor gain to replace the terrors of Hades by the dread of annihilation.

Cicero must have heard enough of the Epicurean doctrine, both from the poem of Lucretius, and from his contemporaries who took it as their creed. And many a noble protest his works contain against it, and in favour of immortality. To men like him who had seen the wreck of the Republic, the proscriptions, and all the misery of that unhappy time, small comfort it would have been to preach the doctrine of annihilation.

Though Cicero was not without worldliness and ambition—elements which are quite alien to Virgil's nature—yet in what is best and purest in him, he is more in sympathy with Virgil than was any other eminent man of that time. We may well suppose that it was to this spirit, whatever there may have been of it in his countrymen, that Virgil addressed the sixth book of the *Aeneid*—to those of the educated to whom Platonic thought and sentiment was more congenial than either the Epicurean or the Stoic system. He was also sure to be listened to by the great majority of men who follow the instincts of humanity and the traditions of the race, rather than the dictates of any philosophy.

Whence did Virgil derive the materials for his description of the nether world? Homer, living in a simple age

which had not yet reflected deeply on the mystery of life and death, took the beliefs that were current in his time and wove them into his *vekuia*. Dante, living at the climax of mediæval Christianity, had the Church traditions of a thousand years, and the Church doctrines which by his time had been rigorously systematised, as his materials to work upon. Virgil, belonging to an age when the old ethnic religions had been broken up, and only fragments of them came floating down to him, standing at the confluence of many faiths and systems, had a mass of incongruous elements to reduce to harmony. As the late Professor Conington has well shown, it was from (1) the remembrance of the legends heard in childhood; (2) the philosophic studies of his youth, especially the Platonic philosophy; (3) the mature reflections of his manhood, that Virgil drew his solemn picture of the under-world.

If in combining into one whole elements so diverse, and brought from such various sources, Virgil does not always succeed in moulding them into entire harmony; if there are some confusions unexplained, some inconsistencies that are irreconcilable, we shall leave these to the commentators and critics who have abundantly enlarged on them. The thing we would note is that they do not interfere with the spirit of the whole work.

Let us now look at Virgil's picture of what Æneas and the Sibyl saw a little more closely. Those who know these details in the original poem will, I hope, bear with me, if I dwell on them a little while for the sake of those of my readers who may be less acquainted with them. What may be the meaning of the Sibyl and of the golden bough, or whether they have any hidden meaning, or are only parts of some picturesque legend which Virgil used without inquiring into its meaning, all this I cannot now stay to consider.

As soon as the Sibyl and Æneas have plunged through the mouth of the cave that opens down to the lower

world, they pass into a dim twilight region, and behold before the gate of Hell phantoms of all things that make miserable man's life on earth, and, together with these, ghastly shapes, "Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire," lingering about the porch of Orcus. Then they come to Acheron and its grim ferryman. As to the infernal rivers, there is much confusion; all of them Virgil names without attempting accurately to localise them.

Most touching is the picture of the ghosts of the unburied, as they troop down to the edge of the river, which they are not allowed to cross.

"Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."

"There they stood, entreating to be the first to pass over, and ever stretched forth their hands with longing desire for the farther shore." Well might Æneas stay his steps at the sight, "musing deeply, and pitying at his heart a lot so unkind."

It is only when Charon has ferried them to the farther side, and placed them on the bank of the "irremeabilis unda," that they have fairly set foot within the world of spirits.

I. Here they enter on the first of the three regions into which Virgil's Hades is divided,—what may be called the Intermediate State. The dwellers there are neither among the saved nor the lost, but in a kind of neutral condition, much like that in which Homer imagined all the shades to be. They are not punished, but they are not happy. First among these Virgil has placed infants who have died before they have done anything good or bad, and these are described in lines of painful pathos. Then come those who have been done to death by unjust sentences, whose case Minos is yet to judge. Then those sons of sorrow who, though guiltless, destroyed their own life from very weariness of the sun. Observe here at once Virgil's tenderness, yet righteousness, in the way he regards these:—

"Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores,"

"O how gladly would they now, in the air above, bear to the end the load of poverty and the extremest toils!" But "*Fas obstat*"—"Fate bars the way," the law of Heaven forbids. Here, too, are the fields of mourning, tenanted by those hapless ones, of whom it may be said that "Love had been a felon to them." These are Phædra, Procris, Eriphyle, and others, whom Homer mentions in his *κεκρία*. Here, Æneas meets the shade of Dido. When he addressed her, she spoke no word, but confronted him with sullen silence. One scowling look she turned on him, then stood with averted head and eyes on the ground. At length she fled away into the shadow of a wood, where Sychæus, her former husband, sympathises with her sorrow, and answers love for love. Still in that intermediate region, but on its utmost confines, apart by themselves, are the heroes who had died in battle. There, his comrades who had fallen in defence of Troy, come crowding round Æneas, and ask with wonder what had brought him thither. There, too, are the Greek warriors, who shrink away, scared by the gleam of his armour through the gloom. There he meets Deiphobus, and learns from his own lips how he came by his fate on the night of Troy, by Helen betrayed to her former lord.

"*I decus, I, nostrum, melioribus utere fatis.*"

"Go, our glory—go! Be thine a happier fate than ours!" is the beautiful farewell with which Deiphobus follows him.

These, then, are the dwellers in the Intermediate State. Why, we may ask, has Virgil conceived a threefold condition of the dead? Was it some tradition he had followed, or was it the prompting of his own compassionate nature? Other believers in a future life had made only two conditions, that of the blessed and the condemned. It was thus that the Stoics rigorously divided mankind. Thus, too, Plato, in all his adaptations of the early myths. Virgil was as firm a believer as these in the

everlasting difference between the good will and the evil. But it was in keeping with his humane and tender heart to believe that there are many, who leave this life in an indeterminate moral condition, who cannot be said firmly to have chosen the good, yet who cannot, as far as we can judge, be stamped as evil-doers. The fate of these he would fain leave unfixed; at any rate he would not take on himself to determine it. In doing this, it cannot be said that he judged capriciously or on fantastic grounds—rather that he was true to a feeling which, if it has no warrant from revelation, has yet its root deep in human nature. There needs no other proof of this than the strong hold which the doctrine of purgatory has had on a large portion of Christendom. What may have been the origin of this doctrine of the middle age Church, or what grounds in revelation it may advance for itself, it is not my part to discuss. This only let me note, that it is strange to find one of the earliest hints of it in the work of this præ-Christian pagan poet.

II. Leaving the first region, they reach a spot at which two roads part, the right-hand road leading to Elysium, the left hand to Tartarus. Æneas looks back, sees a huge iron tower girt with triple wall, surrounded by a river of torrent fire, hears groanings, sounding scourges, clanking iron, dragging chains. He only hears the sounds—does not see the tortures. The Sibyl explains that there is the guilty threshold which no innocent foot may tread, and then describes it. That is where all the great criminals and evil-doers of earth meet their just doom. The rebel Titans, who in old time rose against the gods, and the commoner felons of more recent days. Note that among these last Virgil names no individual, neither any great historic personage, nor any offender he may himself have known. Indeed in this, as in his whole description of Tartarus, there is in the poet an evident shrinking from the distressful theme. Æneas

is not put to the pain of looking on the tortures with his eyes; he only learns them by hearing the distant sounds of torment, and by the Sibyl's narrative.

But also observe, he makes the guilty confess to Rhadamanthus their sins. Those deeds which they had concealed all their life long they are forced to avow now.

Then the judge :—

“Castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque
fateri,
Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus
inani,
Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.”

“Avenger at once, and judge of skulking guilt, he compels men to confess, what crimes so ever in upper air, blindly rejoicing in the cheat, they kept secret till the hour of death, to make late atonement for them then.” Here we see that Virgil had some glimpse of the moral necessity of a day which “shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness.” But nothing either that Æneas hears or the Sibyl tells can equal in horror the tortures which Plato speaks of, when Ardiæus and others are said to be “bound hand and foot and head, and thrown down and flayed with scourges, and dragged out by the way side, and carded, like wool, upon thorn-bushes,” and then flung into Tartarus. (Plat. *Rep.* x. p. 616.)

III. It was a theme more congenial to Virgil to describe what Æneas saw, when, having passed Pluto's palace, and there deposited the golden bough, he looked upon the fields of Elysium.

A lawny garden-like region, lapt in sunshine clearer than ever shone on earth. As Virgil describes it he surpasses even himself in the grace and sweetness of his well-remembered words. These the great modern poet has beautifully imitated :—

“All that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the
brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.”

Virgil lingers over this region with delight, and describes the happy spirits, following each the pursuits he had loved on earth, only in undisturbed repose. They who dwell there are, partly old world mythic kings, Dardanus and his race, partly those who in historic times had benefited their people by their lives. Warriors who had died in battle for their Fatherland, priests who had lived holy lives, poets whose hearts were clean, and their songs worthy of Phæbus' ear—all who by cunning inventions gave a grace to life, and whose worthy deeds made their fellows remember them with love. Musæus, chief among the poets, leads Æneas and the Sibyl to the top of a ridge and shows them, in a deep green dell beneath, the shade of Anchises. With the meeting of the father and the son the object of the journey to the under-world was attained. Anchises had but to foretell to Æneas his own fortunes and those of his race, and all would be ended. Had Virgil kept consistently to his original conception he would have stopped there. The outline of that unseen world had been filled in; his idea had been completed.

Up to this point Virgil had followed the legends. Now he makes a new start, not from a legendary but from a philosophical basis. Before unrolling the long glories of Rome and her heroes, Anchises propounds that cosmogony, and that account of the origin of man, which Pythagoras originated, and Plato and other philosophers adopted. He teaches Æneas the doctrine of an Anima Mundi, that there is one living spirit, one breath of life interfused through all things, the heavens, the earth, sun, moon, and stars, that all life is an emanation from this all-pervading life, the lives of beasts, birds, and man are but particles derived from it.

As a modern poet has expressed it :

“—what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them
sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each and God of All?”

As for man the divine particle within contracts a deep taint from its contact with clay, becomes blind to heavenly light, and in many ways contaminated. Hence it must needs after death be schooled by punishment, and suffer severe penance, till it is cleansed from its taint. Three different modes of penance there are; some are hung up to be searched by piercing winds, some plunged in the flood to have their wickedness washed away, in others it is burnt out by fire.

"Quisque suos patimur Manes."

We are each chastised in our own spirits, or we suffer each his own ghostly penance. Then follow four lines which all scholars will remember, as among the hardest to interpret in the whole *Æneid*. But we may adopt the late Professor Conington's as the best explanation of them—that after the period of purgation is undergone, all the spirits are sent back for a time to Elysium. The greater number are then made to drink the water of Lethe and sent up to earth, there to live a second life. A few select ones, of whom Anchises was one, are allowed to remain permanently in Elysium.

Commentators have been busy in pointing out the inconsistencies, which are not few, in the sixth *Æneid*. I have not paused to notice these, for they are all of small import, and do not affect the moral import of the book. But this Pythagorean doctrine of Anchises cannot be passed by. It is wholly inconsistent with all Virgil's previous teaching. As the late Mr. Conington points out:—"The neutral regions, Tartarus, and Elysium, all dissolve before it. These exist on the assumption that departed spirits remain there in a fixed state, each preserving his own individuality. The later doctrine takes all spirits alike as soon as they die, puts them through a thousand years' purgation, and sends most of them back to earth to reanimate other frames. Good and bad lives are not spoken of, only the necessary stain which the ethereal spirit contracts from its imprisonment in

clay." All this is true, and there is no accounting for it; except by supposing that, had Virgil lived to finish his poem, he would more skilfully have adjusted these manifest discordances.

Meanwhile taking it as it stands, we may remark first the surprise of Æneas when he hears that any spirits which had once reached Elysium are to be sent back to earth.

"O Pater! anne aliquas ad cælum hinc ire
putandum est
Sublimes animas, iterumque ad tarda reverti
Corpora? quæ lucis miseris tam dira
cupido?"

"O my Father! are we to think that any souls fly hence aloft to the upper air, and return to the cumbrous body? Can their longing for light be so mad as this?"

Contrast these words of Æneas with those of Achilles which I have already alluded to. The latter regarded the life in the nether world as a poor miserable existence, the mere shadow of the substantial life here. To Æneas that life in Elysium is the fuller life, the more real, the substance of which the best on earth is but the shadow.

In these two passages you have, condensed into a few words the wholly different, I might say opposed, mental attitudes in which the two poets stood towards the world beyond the grave.

But there is another point in this Pythagorean passage worthy of regard. It is this:—Nowhere, perhaps, in the classic poets is the truth so strongly insisted on, that there is in the human soul a defilement, or deep stain of evil, and that in the nature of things it cannot be passed by, but must needs somehow be purged away. It matters little that Virgil makes the mistake—made by so many before him—of tracing the source of this defilement to the fleshly body—to contact with matter. Though he erred as to the cause of the defilement, this no way invalidates his testimony to the fact. Neither is it of any account that he assigns the cleansing process to material agents—wind, water, fire. These may well have been

to him, what they have been to many others, only striking figures, taken from visible things, for unseen moral processes.

In this deep feeling, first, of the reality of moral defilement, secondly, of the necessity of its being somehow done away, we see the recognition by this præ-Christian poet of the fundamental truths which Christianity postulates, and to which it supplies the remedy.

Farther, we have to put together this view of the need of cleansing taken from the latter portion of the sixth *Æneid* with the tradition of a neutral state mentioned in the earlier, and you have the germs of what in aftertimes became the doctrine of purgatory. I do not say that, as an historical fact, the Catholic Church took the hint of this doctrine from the Roman poet. But it is, to say the least, noteworthy that the poet should have hit upon so striking an anticipation of it.

On turning to the chapter in the third volume of Mr. Gladstone's *Homeric Studies*, in which he contrasts Homer and Virgil, it was with some surprise that I observed the vehemence with which Virgil is there assailed. On reading these pages one can almost imagine that Virgil was not a Roman poet, dead nearly two thousand years since, but a troublesome Conservative member on the opposition benches. Mr. Gladstone says that "The *Inferno* of Virgil is, upon the whole, a stage procession of stately and gorgeous figures; but it has no consistent and veracious relation to any idea of the future or unseen state actually operative among men. Virgil contrives to convince the reader that he is a very great artist. Homer lets all such matters take care of themselves." As to Virgil's general earnestness of tone, let me quote, as against Mr. Gladstone's charge, the estimate formed of Virgil by one whose opinion Mr. Gladstone would, I believe, respect more than that of most men now living. Cardinal Newman speaks of Virgil's

"single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, giving utterance, as of the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

Because the sixth book of the *Æneid* in Virgil bodies forth his thoughts in splendid imagery, is this proof that there is no genuine conviction underlying it? The whole book is inspired and filled from end to end with the deep belief that the future state is a great reality, and that men's condition there is determined by their doings here. If to body forth this conviction Virgil employed all the resources of tradition, all the guesses of philosophy, and all the colours of imagination, does this make his belief and his purpose the least less genuine and earnest? No one, comparing impartially Homer's *Inferno* with Virgil's, but must see, one would think, how much more deeply moral the conception in the latter poet has become. To say this is not to disparage Homer. He lived before the age of conscious morality, before the "coming in of the law," as St. Paul speaks—or at least in "that twilight region, where unconscious is only verging towards conscious morality. By Virgil's time the law of conscience had become part of the thoughts of men, and philosophy had discussed, to affirm or to deny, its authority. Virgil would not have been true to himself or to his age, if he had not made moral notions the key to interpret the unseen world. That he has draped these notions in splendid imagery is only to say that he is a poet. That the images no way hide or hinder the human feeling—the real pathos—that fills them, is proved by the hold which the sixth, more than any other book of the *Æneid*, has laid on the imagination of mankind.

The three great *Infernos* belong to the past, and the past has bequeathed to us no poems of deeper interest. But the enterprise they essayed is not likely to be repeated by modern poets. In saying this I do not forget that

beautiful modern poem, *The Epic of Hades*, but this seems to be rather a reproduction of the old classic thought and manner, than an original modern creation. I can only recall two attempts to penetrate behind the veil in modern poetry and romance, and both of these are on a much more limited scale than the old poems.¹ They do not attempt to map out the geography of the invisible world, or to drape it with imagery. Each of them offers only a partial glimpse, and that, from one point of view, behind the curtain.

The first is where Scott in *Red-gauntlet* ventures on unearthly ground. Into this region the dream of Wandering Willie gives a brief glimpse, which is coloured by the stern vindictiveness of covenanting times. Yet what a glimpse it is of the set of ghastly revellers, seated around that table in the nether world! "There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalryell with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlshall with Cameron's blude on his hand, and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Maister Cargill's limbs till the blude sprang. There, too, was the Bluidy Advocate Mackenye, who, for his worldly wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks, streaming down over his laced buff coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance, while the rest hallooed, and sung, and laughed that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time, and their laughter passed into such wild sounds, as made my gude sire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes."

In that scene Scott seems to have outdone himself, and to have blended

¹ I purposely omit any mention of the remarkable papers, entitled "The Little Pilgrim," now appearing in this magazine.

something of the spirit of Dante with the power of Shakespeare.

There is a unique poem of our own day, which has ventured to pass into the unseen world. I mean Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*. The poem, which is extremely simple and realistic, is an attempt to portray the experience of a single soul, in the brief interval between the hour of dissolution and its appearing before the Judge. There is no picture for the eye to rest on, no colour, no form. It is all inward,—sound and feeling,—the experience of the single disembodied soul, as it passes through the voices of the angelic hierarchies upward into the immediate Presence.

The sight of Him is granted for one moment ere the soul undergoes the final cleansing. The love of Him, and the shame for having wronged Him, which that sight enkindles, are to be the very essence of the purifying process. The vision which the poem gives is one more of awe than of love. But the passage which describes what will be the soul's feeling in the immediate Presence far surpasses in inwardness and soul-like intensity anything in Virgil, and equals the best of Dante.

It will be observed how much more cautiously these two moderns have ventured into the unseen; both of them only a glimpse in a dream,—one of them the individual experience of the new feelings that shall come when, the flesh being put off, the spirit is face to face with eternal reality. It does not seem likely that in future any such large enterprises as those of Homer, Virgil, or Dante will be renewed. The conviction has so come home to men, that our present faculties are wholly inadequate even to adumbrate the unseen state,—that it has not entered—that it cannot enter—into the hearts of men, while on earth, to conceive the things that are there. But this does not hinder the firm faith and the sure hope of the Christian, though it be not given to man to form a conception of what shall be hereafter.

J. C. SHAIRP.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH MR. CALIPER RECOMPENSES HIMSELF FOR SOME OF THE TRIALS INCIDENT TO HIS CAREER: AND AUNT MARIA'S INTELLIGENCE IS OBSCURED BY TOO MUCH ENLIGHTENMENT.

"WHERE the deuce can that fellow Caliper be?" exclaimed Major Clanroy, impatiently. "I sent him word for three sharp, and here it is a quarter past. Can't do anything without him, you know. Deuce take the fellow."

"I didn't at all like Caliper's manner when I saw him last," Mrs. Clanroy observed, shaking out the folds of her ample black skirt with her fat white hand. "He has been making money of late, and it has made him conceited."

"Nonsense, Gertrude!" her husband retorted testily. "Caliper will always have manners enough to know his own interests, won't he?"

"You will never persuade me," remarked Miss Vivian, tapping with her long finger nails on the table, "that Caliper is a man to be depended on. And this proves it."

"Poor Maria! she has no confidence in any one," Gertrude murmured gently; and the eyes of the two sisters met for a moment with an expression that was, perhaps, sisterly, but was certainly not affectionate.

For these three high-born personages had not altered essentially during the seven years or so that had passed over them since we last saw them together. Here they sat, in the same large, unfriendly room, with its expensive and unbeautiful furniture; and Maria was bonier, Gertrude stouter, the major redder, and all three of them greyer and more infirm than before; but their attitude toward one another and the world was very little changed. The

major's gout had developed to an inconvenient degree, to the diminishing of his patience, and the increase of his expletives; Miss Vivian was certainly not less positive or cross-grained than before; and the expansion of Gertrude's contours seemed to have afforded room for the growth of her slyness and demure maliciousness. Here, at all events, they sat, for better or worse; and the object for which they had met happened to be nearly allied to that which had called them together on the previous occasion. The question of Madeleine's inheritance had again come to the surface, and under unexpected and stirring conditions.

A short silence followed the sentences above quoted. Then the major said—

"Shouldn't wonder if Caliper had found out the whole thing was a humbug."

"The claimant, at any rate, must be an impostor," rejoined Gertrude.

"You believed in him when this ridiculous affair first came up," said her sister.

"Luckily Madeleine's birthday is next month," observed Gertrude, folding her hands over her abundant waist, and gazing at Maria's capstrings with amiable superciliousness; "and that safely over, there will be an end to all claims, legitimate or otherwise."

"End of a fiddle-stick," growled the major. "The man has declared himself, and the thing will have to be settled one way or the other before Madey can touch a penny—if it takes ten years. And he's likely enough to be in the right too; may be the best thing the girl could do would be to split the difference, and marry him."

"Marry a vulgar adventurer—a creature who goes about in a blanket and leggings, and is no better than an

Indian! How can you talk so, Arthur dear? I trust the poor child won't think of marrying any one at present."

"You'd like her to die an old maid, perhaps, and bequeath her property to you," Aunt Maria suggested. "You will never persuade me that that hasn't been your aim all along. You thought if a claim was made, and the matter left in doubt, you would get the benefit of the executorship. But now——"

"What the devil do you mean, Maria?" broke in the major. "Benefit by the executorship, indeed? Do you mean to say——"

"Don't be hard upon her, Arthur," sweetly interposed his wife. "We must never take Maria seriously; she is hardly responsible. And I am sure she cannot suppose I wish dear Madeleine to be an old maid. Madeleine has examples to warn her against that. And an old maid would generally have been something else if she could have had her wish; but Madeleine is a girl whom any man might care for. It is such a misfortune to be crabbed and homely."

"It's lucky for both of you that you don't live together," observed the major; "you'd scratch each other to death in a week."

Hereupon ensued another pause.

"If Madeleine follows my advice," Maria finally said, "she will marry Bryan Sinclair. I have seen a good deal of him lately, and he seems to me a very clever and able man. She will need a strong hand to take care of her when I am gone."

"Sinclair can take care of himself well enough, I've no doubt," said the major, with a laugh; "but the less he has to do with any young girl that's got money the better for her, I take it. However, if this affair goes against her, and he makes her an offer, then we'll consider it. Confound that fellow Caliper, he ought to be shot!"

"If Mr. Caliper had known his business, he would have given us information of this conspiracy long ago," ob-

served Miss Vivian. "It's no thanks to him that we discovered it before it was quite too late. You may blame Bryan Sinclair, major, but it was he that first told me about it."

"How came he to know of it?"

"He is the sort of person, I fancy, to know a good deal of other people's business," said Gertrude. "But it has been poor Maria's fate to make mistakes about men from her youth up."

"I never made but one mistake about you," retorted the old lady, turning white with suppressed ire. "You were a liar, then, and you have been one ever since."

"Hoity toity! that's plain language!" exclaimed the major, elevating his eyebrows.

"Would you mind telling me what mistake you refer to?" Gertrude inquired, her ordinary mellifluous tones betraying, in spite of herself, a tremor of malignity.

"You know very well what I mean," Maria replied.

"Shall I make a guess?" asked the other tauntingly.

The two sisters glared at each other for a moment. Then Maria said, in a harsh, breathless voice—

"I sha'n't prevent you."

"You wish Major Clanroy to hear?"

Gertrude paused. In fact, she by no means desired to give up her proprietorship of Maria's miserable secret. It had been a most useful possession to her, enabling her to exercise over her sister a power altogether out of proportion with her own intrinsic strength. If Maria were now to repudiate this black mail, Gertrude would not only lose her advantage, but she would herself be, to an inconvenient extent, at Maria's mercy. For the latter had become acquainted with many facts of Gertrude's conduct and circumstances which it would be most inexpedient for the major to know, but which Maria would be extremely apt to tell him, once this check upon her sinister communicativeness was removed. Reflecting upon this, and perceiving that Maria

had been brought to a dangerous pitch of exasperation, Gertrude paused, and began to cast about in her mind how she might most adroitly escape from the discomfiture which menaced her.

"You may say what you like," resumed Maria, bitterly and excitedly. "I will not be threatened and bullied by you any longer. I would rather be what I have been than what you are. There can be no worse shame for me than to have submitted to a woman like you. Come, Arthur Clanroy, your wife has something to tell you that will amuse you. It will make you love her even more than you do now, if that's possible. And when she has had her say, I will have mine!"

"What the mischief is the matter now?" cried the major, putting down his newspaper and drawing his eyebrows together. "'Pon my soul, you wo women——"

"I'm sure I have no idea what Maria means," Gertrude protested, manifestly disconcerted. "I have nothing to tell—nothing at all. Maria calls me very hard names, and seems to think I wish to do her some injury; but I can assure her she is mistaken. I wish nothing more than to live in peace and kindness with everybody——"

"That won't do, Gertrude!" interrupted her sister, sitting erect in her chair, her haggard face working with angry contempt. "You want to keep your hold over me, by keeping silence until my blood is cool again; but it won't do. If you don't tell Arthur, I will! He shall know the truth, once for all, and make what use he chooses of it. And when he knows your treachery to me, perhaps he'll be prepared to believe that you may have been treacherous to him as well. Listen to me, Arthur," she continued, breathing hard, and pressing her lips together between her sentences; "I will tell you the secret that this woman has been threatening to betray ever since you married her. There was a time when I would sooner

have died than have you suspect it; but I don't care now! You may think that I have lost all my pride—perhaps I have; but I am too proud still to live any longer in fear of that woman. You know very well, Arthur Clanroy, that when you first knew me and her, it was not her that you intended to marry!"

At this point, the major, who had been eying Maria and his wife alternately, with a peculiar quizzical expression, was delivered of a laugh, which caused Maria to stop short, and her elderly blood to flush her sallow cheeks. Gertrude, meanwhile, was privately making appealing signs to her husband, which, however, he disregarded.

"Bless my soul, Maria!" he exclaimed, partly recovering his gravity at length, "is that what you're driving at? You might have spared yourself a great deal of trouble. No, no, Gertrude, you needn't make faces—I might have known the sort of mischief you would make. My good creature," he continued, again addressing himself to his sister-in-law, "there's no need for all this mystery and agitation. It's no secret to me that you did me the honour to have a preference for me once upon a time. Good God! I've known it for years and years!"

"You knew it? How?" stuttered Maria.

"And I supposed you knew I knew it—when I thought about it at all, which I haven't done since I can remember. It was Gertrude told me—not long after I married her, I fancy. And so she's been holding that over your head all this time, has she? Well, all I've got to say is, it's just what I should have expected of her; and if you choose to take a cat-o'-nine-tails to her for it, I sha'n't interfere; it would serve her right! And egad, Maria, if I was where I was five-and-twenty years ago, I'd choose you instead of her—that is, if I didn't make up my mind to die a bachelor!"

The effect of this announcement

upon Maria was much more profound than she herself could realise, just at that moment. It sounded in her amazed ears like a fanciful story, told of somebody else. To believe it would be, in a manner, to disbelieve the better part of her past life. The thought that she had allowed Gertrude to tyrannise over her by dint of a wholly imaginary terror, was even more intolerable than the reflection that the major had always been familiar with the fact that she had of all others sought to hide from him; or than the spectacle of his jocose indifference, half contemptuous and half compassionate. The comfort and substance of her existence had been stolen from her by a vulgar deception—a trick that she might have seen through from the first. The predicament was too tragic for anger; and most tragical because most absurd. For the present, Maria could only feel crushed—all her vital energy gone from her. She had not strength even to get up and leave the room; scarcely to draw her breath. Her jaw fell, and her eyes were fixed in a dull stare at vacancy. Could such a thing be? What would happen next? This secret of hers had been to her the essential reality of the world. But now that reality was proved a delusion, what would become of all the lesser realities? Would the solid earth vanish like a bubble?

What did happen next, not inopportunately perhaps, was the entrance of Mr. Caliper. The lawyer briefly and somewhat unconcernedly apologised for his delay, having, as he observed, only just taken leave of a client. The low and broad summit of Mr. Caliper's head was now of a brilliant baldness, and what hair remained to him was of a grey hue; in other respects he appeared much the same as seven years before. He put his hat on the table, and sat down without waiting for an invitation to do so. Upon the whole, a more independent Mr. Caliper than the former one. But, of the three persons in the

room, only the major was, for the time being, in a state of mind composed enough to take notice of Mr. Caliper's behaviour.

"And now, what can I do for you?" the lawyer inquired, resting his hands upon the knees, with the tips of his fingers meeting, and serenely raising his eyebrows.

"To begin with, let's hear what you have to say about this confounded young impostor from America!" returned Major Clanroy, curling his white moustache, and speaking with abruptness.

Mr. Caliper leaned forward with eyebrows pointed interrogatively.

"The terms of your description scarcely enable me to identify——" he said, with a polished inflection and a smiling pause.

"Hang it! where are your wits, man?" broke out the irascible major. "Have you never heard of the fellow who calls himself John Vivian, and I don't know what else?"

"Ah! you refer to the heir—to the claimant, I should perhaps say, the matter being still *sub judice*—to the estates and title of Lord Castlemere. Yes, I have heard of that gentleman—certainly, yes. His claim is likely to come to trial very shortly; if, that is to say, the parties at present in possession should decide to contest."

"'If' indeed!" the Major called out. "Am I likely to sit still and see my ward robbed of forty thousand a year? What's got into you, Caliper?"

"I express no opinion either way," replied the legal gentleman, unmoved. "But I must say that I casually met Lord—the claimant some months ago, and learnt some of the particulars of his case, and the grounds upon which he founds it appeared to me weighty—very weighty, Major Clanroy. But of course you would be perfectly justified in opposing, even if failure were a foregone conclusion. Possibly, however—I merely hazard the conjecture—possibly something in the nature of a compromise might prudently be entertained. The rival

claimants are, if I may say so, of opposite sexes."

"Well, but hang it! Caliper," said the Major, changing his tone, "you don't thing it's really so serious—eh? Do you hear this, Maria? Caliper says he thinks this fellow may establish his claim after all! Gad! so you saw him, did you? Has he got his papers with him?"

"I have reason to believe he is provided for all contingencies."

"Since you have made his acquaintance it might be very useful if you were to find out all you can about his case, not letting him know that you were acting in our interest," said Mrs. Clanroy timidly, after a glance at her sister. "He might make some statements, you know, which could be used against him afterwards."

"Caliper shall do nothing of the kind, if I know it!" put in the lady's husband grimly. "The best help you can give us, Gertrude, is to hold your tongue. Let's have your opinion, Maria."

Miss Vivian looked up, passed her tremulous fingers vaguely across her forehead, and said nothing. Her mind was still elsewhere.

"The claimant is a fine-looking young man, and of excellent address," observed Mr. Caliper, speaking meditatively, with his eyes directed towards the cornice. "In fact as handsome and charming a gentleman as I have ever encountered. Were Miss Madeleine Vivian to see him—were a meeting to be arranged between them—I venture to imagine it might be attended with the best results. Otherwise I may state frankly that I should apprehend grave detriment to the young lady's interests."

"It strikes me, Caliper, that for a solicitor your tone is rather queer. You don't mean to say, I suppose, that you would refuse to make a fight of it?"

"On the contrary, I shall enter upon the conduct of the case with the greatest confidence of success. When the facts are known there will scarcely be two opinions as to the result."

"Then confound me if I can understand you, Caliper! You as good as said a moment ago that we hadn't the ghost of a chance, and now you contradict yourself flat!"

"Pardon me—I fail to detect my contradiction."

"What the deuce do you mean, then? Come sir, don't play off any of your legal quibbles on me! I'm not in a humour for it!"

"I can only repeat, Major Clanroy, that I fail to detect any inconsistency in my statements. I am, as I always have been, devoted to the Castlemere interests; I have said that I am confident of their success, and I shall, to the best of my poor ability, if occasion unhappily arises, support those interests before the proper tribunal. Can I be more explicit?"

"But if you are so certain that we shall win, what's the meaning of all your talk about compromise?"

"Ah! that was only in the interest of Miss Madeleine Vivian."

"Well then—her interests are yours, aren't they?"

"Sentimentally, I admit; but in the legal sense, no."

"Look here, Caliper, either you or I are daft! You are retained in the Castlemere interests—that is understood so far?"

"Precisely."

"And Madeleine is the representative of Castlemere—the heiress of the estates. And yet you say that you are not acting in her legal interests. Explain that!"

"Ah, now I think I see your mistake," said Mr. Caliper, nodding his head with a bland smile; "or, to put it in another way, the point of our misunderstanding. I am engaged in the Castlemere interest; you assume Miss Madeleine to be the representative of that interest; while I, on the contrary, am compelled to recognise as the only true representative——" Here the lawyer paused, rose from his chair, and took up his hat.

"Who—in the devil's name?" cried the major.

"My client, John Vivian, fourteenth Baron Castlemere," replied Mr. Caliper, bringing out his dramatic climax in the neatest and quietest manner imaginable.

The Major's face became dark red, but after a few moments, by a severe effort, he managed to control himself. The lawyer had made a fool of him, but he determined to give him as little opportunity as possible to increase his triumph.

"I think, Caliper," he said, with a rather ghastly smile, "that we needn't detain you any longer this morning. Present my acknowledgments to his lordship for the suggestion he has conveyed to us through you; I'll think them over. Were you ever kicked down stairs?"

The manner in which the major made this inquiry had something in it which tended to promote the promptness of Mr. Caliper's withdrawal; nevertheless, on reaching the door, he found time to make a polite bow in the direction of Mrs. Clanroy. After the door had closed behind him the Major thrust his hands in his pockets, took his stand upon the hearthrug, and whistled some bars of *Bonnie Dundee*. Despite this apparent cheerfulness, however, the aspect of his brow was such as to admonish his wife of the inexpediency of accosting him. But at length she could endure no longer, and burst forth—

"Aren't you going to do anything to that wretch?" she exclaimed with a sort of shrill passionateness. "Are you going to let him insult and cheat us like that? Is he to——"

"Gertrude, I told you to hold your tongue once, and I tell you now, once more," interrupted the Major, stern as a judge at a court-martial; "that's enough." He then turned to Miss Vivian. "You have brains, Maria," he said; "can't you advise me?"

The interrogative tone seemed partly to arouse the lady, and she looked up with an air of attempting to gather her faculties together.

"What is the matter," she asked.

"About Caliper, you know," said the Major.

Miss Vivian gazed about vaguely for a moment, smiled in a mechanical manner, and shook her head.

"I suppose he will be here soon," was all she said.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MAIN OBJECTION TO ANY HUMAN SUBSTITUTE FOR PROVIDENCE IS, THAT IT IS APT TO BE ONE THING FOR ONE MAN, AND ANOTHER FOR ANOTHER.

ONE grey day, in the autumn of the year, Madeleine Vivian issued from the door of the city mansion, with the interior of which the reader has already made acquaintance, and set her face in a southerly direction. She was dressed in a close-fitting garment of sombre hue, matching the complexion of the weather; only that, beneath her chin, appeared a glimpse of a crimson bow, the rest of which was concealed beneath her dress. She walked along at an even pace, as one who has a definite object in view, and paid no more attention to her environment than was sufficient to enable her to choose her course and to avoid collision with other people. Passing into Regent Street, she traversed the length of that thoroughfare, without pausing to look into the shop-windows; and arriving at Piccadilly, she crossed over into the Haymarket. In front of the Haymarket Theatre placards were set forth, announcing the performance for that evening; and at these Madeleine glanced as she went by. Proceeding onwards, she entered Parliament Street, and presently came to an open space within view of the river. A grey Gothic edifice, fronted with two lofty towers, upreared itself before her; she entered it by a small door at the side, and found herself in the cool and shadowy hush of the lofty and serene interior.

Perhaps out of sympathy with the silent upward rush of the mighty arches, and the grey repose of the

marble monuments, Madeleine's bearing lost its preoccupation and hurry, and she moved slowly and saunteringly along the vistaed aisle, lifting her eyes forward and aloft, and observing with conscious pleasure the illuminated splendour of the painted windows. Amidst the sublime encompassment of these aged walls, her spirit felt relieved and secure—more so than beneath the open infinitude of heaven. So long as she might remain here, no harm could come to her. There was comfort in the faint echo of her footsteps, reminding her that she was protected by the venerable sanctity of the last great religion of the world. The records of the dead were all around here, and in their company was peace. The breadth of accomplished centuries lay between her and the noisy conflict of the uncertain present; time had pursued her to the Abbey's threshold, but had not overpassed it. She breathed in freedom, and the tension of her thoughts relaxed. Compared with the antiquity of these steadfast pillars, her life was but as an hour in a great day; soon it would be past, and soon forgotten. Let her fancy it already over, and herself a ghost, musing serenely over the fever of dead anxieties. For the comedy of existence is profounder than its tragedy.

There were more than a few persons in the Abbey, although, owing to its extent, it had the appearance of being practically empty. But by and by, as Madeleine paced meditatively onward, she perceived that she had entered a region which was secluded even amidst the omnipresent seclusion; its sole occupant being a quaint marble figure seated upon a pedestal against the wall. She stood with her eyes fixed upon this worthy, captivated by the vacant solemnity of his expression, but careless to search out his name; and had remained thus gazing for a minute or so, before becoming aware that she was not so much alone as she had imagined. From a nook behind the base of one of the columns uprose

a tall young man whom Madeleine immediately knew that she had seen before, though, in the startled survey of the first moment, she could not remember where. His features were handsome and winning, but there was a remarkable penetration in his regard, not deliberate, but his glance met hers in such a way that she had a feeling of being looked into more deeply than she wished; and this made her mentally shrink before him. He wore a kind of cloak-like garment on his shoulders, and held in his hand a broad-brimmed felt hat. His forehead was white, but the lower part of his face was tanned by the sun. After the first look, he smiled slightly and said—

"I was wondering when I should see you again."

"I remember you now," she returned. "You are the Troubadour."

The other was silent for a little, eying her attentively, but not in a manner that could offend her. "It's pleasant to see your face," he said at length. "This is a fit place for you to be in. I almost knew you would be here."

"I have been here only two or three times in my life," replied Madeleine. "My coming is an accident—at least—. Have you been in London ever since?"

"I was away for a long time. I have had changes."

"And I, too."

"Were they happy ones?"

"No. I don't know, though. Perhaps they are happy. Are yours?" she added, with a smile; "or would you prefer to be a Troubadour still?"

"I have more power than I used to have. But the world seems to have so little in it, that what one person gains, some other loses. I should like every one to have as much as I have."

"It does not follow that you should give up what is yours to others."

"No; I have a better right to it than they. Only I don't see how anything can really be mine, except what

is in myself. All other things have belonged to other people before I was born, and will go to others after I am dead. Most of the trouble in the world seems to come from quarrels about such things, which belong to nobody. Iago says, you know, that he who steals his good name is the only real thief. It's a puzzle. What ought I to do?"

"Why do you ask me that?" demanded Madeleine, with an impulse of surprise that was not unpleasant. Indeed, it was scarcely surprise at all. Her meetings with this young man had been in each instance so unconventional and romantic, that she had begun insensibly to feel as if they stood in an exceptional relation as regarded each other. They could talk together in terms and on subjects not otherwise available. In her imagination he figured as a sort of abstract or ideal being; eminently handsome; strange and gentle of address; mysterious in origin and circumstances, with a mystery which she instinctively wished should remain unsolved; and able, perhaps, to afford her a sympathy and comprehension which were the more worth having because they were given on, so to say, immaterial and impersonal grounds. They met as spirits might meet, regarding things in their essence, and apart from accidental or particular conditions. Such a relation, to a worldly adviser, would appear full of danger and impropriety; and it was partly owing to her recognition of this that Madeleine had hitherto refrained from speaking of her unconventional acquaintance to any one, even to Bryan. She was inwardly conscious of a purity and value in this relation which would be profaned by communicating its existence to any third person whatever.

When, therefore, her companion appealed to her for counsel, she felt a thrill of surprised pleasure. It was a sign that he regarded her in the same light that she did him—that her reading of the situation had not been at fault. And though she replied with

"Why do you ask me that?" she foreboded the nature of his answer even while she spoke the words.

He began, however, in a manner which seemed somewhat foreign to the point.

"I never was taught any religion," he said. "To be out of doors was the only religion I knew; beautiful days, and storms, and darkness, used to give me the feeling that means God. But when I saw that picture of your face in the gold locket, it seemed all I wanted to make me a man. I thought of it all my life afterwards, and whenever I did anything false or unkind, it made me ashamed. At last, when I met you, you were even more than I had looked for. If you are not my religion, I don't know what else can be. I wish to do nothing that you would think badly of, and I don't care who else thinks badly of it. When I am in doubt or trouble, you will come, like an angel, and show me what to do; or the thought of you will tell me, if you are not there."

This speech—which has been written down rather as it remained in Madeleine's memory than literally as it was uttered—had nothing of personal passion in it. The tone was even less that of a lover than the phraseology. It was the tone of grave and spontaneous homage, in which no bodily, but only a spiritual, emotion had place. Yet to Madeleine it did not seem profane. A lovely woman does not put such fixed limits to the influence of her loveliness as not to admit the possibility of their indefinite enlargement. Why might she not be to some man as his religion? She might thereby help him, without detriment, surely, to her own soul. The world is full of symbols; why might she not be to this man the symbol of whatsoever he considered good? She must always be, indeed, far less good than he esteemed her; but in so far as she could lead him in lofty paths, she would tend to become what he believed her to be. To her mind, at the present juncture, one main charm of

the idea lay in its freedom from the conditions of ordinary affection as between man and woman. Her human love lay elsewhere, and was absorbing enough—ambiguous enough, too, in its possible issues and contingencies; but this was something on another level, and of different significance. It was purely ideal and symbolical, and therefore void of peril and offence. Of all the *rôles* she had ever imagined for herself, this seemed the worthiest and most exhilarating.

"If I advise you," she said, "you must take what I say only as something that you might have read perhaps, and that could be meant for you only in so far as it was true. And of course you must be the judge whether it is true or not. As to what you asked me, I think you ought to keep what is yours, if it came to you not less honestly than worldly possessions in general come to people. It may not be yours in the sense that your thoughts and feelings are; but it is more yours than mine, for instance; and it is your duty to take care of it, and to use it—not selfishly or hurtfully—but in the way that seems to you best and wisest. If you have money and power, you should make them felt for some good purpose; you should not throw them away for others, who might be less honest than you, to pick up."

"But if I knew some other person, who deserved it as much as I, ought I not to give it up?" inquired he, raising his eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, to her face.

"No; there is something sacred in luck," Madeleine replied with a sigh. "It comes and goes without our help, and we know not for what purpose, like the gods of old time. You must not interfere with its whims, though sometimes it curses when it seems to bless, and sometimes its blessings are a curse. I suppose we shall understand it afterwards. It is your luck to be rich, and mine to be poor, and perhaps we may both be the happier for it. But if we are not, still

it is luck, and unhappiness may be best for us. How can we know?"

"But may not luck be an evil god, instead of a good one, and mean to destroy us, even when seeming kind?"

As he spoke, a silver, bell-like sound began to make rhythmical music somewhere in the depths of vaulted space above their heads. It was the clock, striking the hour of noon. To Madeleine it brought the recollection of an engagement which it was strange she should have forgotten even for a moment.

"I must go!" she said abruptly, and making a motion to depart. Then she paused and turned to him once more. "It is more likely that you should see me again than that I should see you," she added. "I wish you well." She gave him her hand, which he grasped and immediately relinquished. "Perhaps," she concluded, "I may some day need your help more than you can ever need mine."

"If my help is all you need, you need never fear," he answered. Without more words they parted, he remaining where he was, and she passing out of his sight amidst the clustered pillars of the aisle. He had listened to his sermon, and if there were somewhat less of divine wisdom in it than he was apt to imagine, it had at all events been delivered with as much goodwill as is generally the accompaniment of orthodox pulpit discourses.

Madeleine, meanwhile, had betaken herself to the end of the south transept, where was a small doorway protected by a screen. Pushing aside the latter, she entered, and stood within a pleasant and shadowy inclosed space, whose walls were peopled with the busts of some of the most famous men of modern times, and of several who were perhaps not so famous. Nevertheless, a more august company has not often been gathered together within such socially narrow limits. Two or three persons were lingering about the place, staring up at the marble countenances, which stared

back with the unseeing gaze which characterises statues even more than people of fashion and idiots. As Madeleine paused near the entrance, looking for some one who did not appear, she felt a touch upon her arm, and turning round, beheld Bryan Sinclair, in very accurate morning costume, with a silk hat in one hand and an ebony cane in the other. His aspect in other respects was alert but genial.

"Come and sit down on this bench," he said. "Here we have rare Ben Jonson to watch over us. You are a good child to be so punctual. Did you have any difficulty about getting away?"

"No. Well—tell me!"

"Just what we expected. The decision is in his favour."

Madeleine kept very quiet, folding her hands in her lap, and looking straight before her.

"Then I am not the heiress of Castlemere?" she finally said.

"No; but you're the heiress of a great genius, which is better. For my own part, now that it's all over, I would not have had it otherwise. If you had remained an heiress, you never would have been an actress—except in private life, which is dangerous and unprofitable. Now, you will have the whole world at your feet; whereas in the other case you would have had only a section of English society. And as for the money part of it, you can make as much as you can conveniently get rid of, and save something to found a hospital with afterwards. What more do you want?"

"I want a great deal more," returned Madeleine in a low voice.

"Why, you insatiable little monster! How so?"

"I want to be sure that you love me and will be true to me. No, I don't half trust you, Bryan; you have got my heart, but not my head. If my heart were dead, I believe my head would hate you."

"Your heart will outlive the rest of you, my dear."

"I hope it will!" said Madeleine, with thoughtful emphasis. Anon, with a sigh, she roused herself and added, "You must tell me the particulars."

"Purely legal technicalities. The judge complimented your side on not raising any factitious obstacles. He said if the matter had come to a regular trial, with appeals and so forth, it might have lasted till the end of the century, but could have had only one ending, when it did end. He gave that thief Caliper a slap in the face, for ratting; but I must do Caliper the justice to say that he looked as if he enjoyed it. The whole business was over in an hour or so. I don't suppose forty thousand a year ever changed hands so quietly since the world began. And to think that an ounce of lead, in the right place, might have outweighed the whole of it!"

"Was the person—was the present Lord Castlemere there?" inquired Madeleine, after another meditative pause.

"He turned up, for a few minutes."

"What kind of a man is he?"

Bryan hesitated, glancing at her from the corner of his blue eye. At length he said, "From what I saw of him, I should say he was a commonplace little chap, under my height, with a crook in his back, and a long sallow face, with spectacles. He was dressed like a monkey on a hand-organ, and altogether looked not unlike one." Here Bryan chuckled, as if at the graphic truth of the portrait he had drawn. "I don't fancy you would care to adopt Uncle Arthur's suggestion as regarded that fellow," he finished by remarking.

Madeleine shuddered slightly. "I could as soon think of marrying any other man, while you are alive, as I could if I were already your wife. And yet I know you will live to make me miserable. There is a tragic time before us."

Bryan laughed. "You will be too much interested in your stage trage-

dies to indulge in tragedies off the stage. You treat me abominably. I should be indignant—if I knew how to be indignant with you. You would be kinder to me if you didn't know how helplessly I am your slave. In modern life, when Juliet loses her income, Romeo gives her up. But my constancy, you see, is superior to the freaks of fortune. I am reduced to eulogise myself, since you won't do it."

"My love has nothing to do with eulogies. I suspect you most because you are careful to show me only your best side. But no matter; we shall be together for better or worse. You may not love me very much, Bryan, but you cannot do without me; you can love no other woman so well. If you could, no pity for me would prevent you. Ah me! what a fool I am to be so wise. Well, what is to be done? Have you made any plans?"

"Plenty of 'em; and I'm ready to carry them out. Of course you know that your income under the new will is sufficient to live on comfortably; and you will be allowed to occupy the old house as long as you like. But my notion is, the sooner you are away from London the better. You can't begin anything here. Your friends would swamp you with advice and objections. You must break away from all that and come to Paris. You have an immense advantage in being as much French as you are English. You can make your *début* and confirm your reputation on the French stage. After that, your English friends will be glad enough to be permitted to idolise you. You will need very little preparation; you have been through more training already than half the great actresses of our time. And not one of them had half your natural materials to start with. You will make them forget Rachel."

Madeleine was listening with a more vivid expression than heretofore. Subtle movements passed through her. Her eyes opened and brightened, and her lips worked softly against each other. She drew her breath more

deeply, and her bosom visibly rose and fell.

"It will be worth while!" she murmured; "it will be worth everything! I can be happy in that. Oh, Bryan, we may be happy after all! When I am famous, you will be content with me. I shall be great for your sake. I have never been myself yet. You don't know what I can be! But how can I go to Paris?"

"You can go as Mrs. Bryan Sinclair."

She pressed her hands together firmly. "No; not that, yet," she said.

"Come, now! You're of marriageable age, aren't you? And your own mistress?"

"Yes; but I am nobody—I am not myself. You shall not marry me till I am a woman to be proud of. When I have made my success, then you can ask me, if you will."

"That idea is not up to your usual originality. It's not the stage lady, whom the public sees, that I marry; but the woman at home, whom the public has no concern with. Pride of that kind is not worth the breath you give to it. How could you get along in Paris, and going to rehearsals, if you had no 'Mrs.' to fall back on?"

"Kate Roland will come with me."

"Has she said so?"

"She knows nothing of my intention."

"And she'll be certain not to approve of it, when she does know. She is dead against me, too. If you apply to her, there will be mischief. Aunt Maria would do better."

"You know Aunt Maria is not her right self. Ever since last summer she has hardly seemed to know what she was about. She talks as if she were a young girl, sometimes, and as if she were expecting some lover to come for her. Poor old auntie! No; it would be worse than useless to have her, even if she could come."

"Humph! I wish she could have kept her wits about her a few months longer. She was the only one of them

who was on my side. What could have upset her?"

"Aunt Gertrude says it was the shock of hearing that I was to lose the estates. But Aunt Gertrude never tells the truth; and I think it must have been something different. Uncle Arthur has been to see Aunt Maria very often; he hardly ever used to come before. But she certainly cannot come with me to Paris. It must be Kate Roland, or nobody."

Bryan tapped his cane slowly upon the stone pavement. "Then I should vote for nobody!" he remarked.

"I know what you mean, Bryan; you are making me choose between you and Kate. You want her out of the way, because you can neither bully her nor deceive her. She sees what you are—and so do I, too; only I love you, and she does not. Yes, my darling," she went on, a wave of sad passionateness surging through her voice and brimming in her eyes, "I know, in my heart of hearts, that you are not good; that you are ruined and desperate, in soul if not in fortune. And if I cared a rush for myself, I would leave you now, and never see you again. But all that is too late now. I had the opportunity last summer, and I would not take it—I made poor Stanhope go and bring you back. And since then you have kept Kate and me apart all you could; you would make us enemies if you could. But you may put away anxiety, if you have any. I am yours! I will leave every one for you. If you wish me evil, you shall have the chance to do it. But I tell you, Bryan," she continued, in a more majestic and victorious tone, "that before the end comes, I will make you feel what it is to have been loved by a woman like me! You shall feel that I am worth more than all the world to you! And if you have ever done me wrong, in that time you will wish that you might sell your soul to put it right again!"

"Well done, Madey!" muttered Bryan, looking at her broodingly from beneath his red eyebrows. "There is

more stuff in you than there is in me, I verily believe; though I call myself second to no man. You can make my blood burn; and upon my word, you can make me wish I was a better man—or a worse one!" He gave a short laugh. "I have had visions of rocks ahead of us, too. And if you knew—what you may know, one of these days, perhaps you'd flinch from it. Come, I'll give you one more chance. Get up and go out of that door, and I'll give my word never to put eyes on you again. Off with you!"

After a moment's pause, Madeleine suddenly rose to her feet. Bryan started; but then, settling himself back upon the bench, he remained rigidly immovable, looking straight before him. But, after a little while, as Madeleine still remained standing near him, he looked up at her. She was smiling.

"Are you going?" he said, harshly.

"Not without you," she replied, smiling afresh.

"Sit down again," he said; and when she had complied, he added, "Give me your hand."

She put her hand in his.

"Now, Madeleine," he continued, "you belong to me. If there's any meaning in marriage, you are my wife. We're in church; and here are Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, to witness the act. You have given yourself to me, for better or worse. Whatever other ceremony may be performed over us in the future, will be only a repetition of this, without the meaning that this has. I gave you your chance fairly. You have thrown yourself away. I'll never give you the length of your little finger again. What have you got to say about it?"

She bent forward, and looked him in the eyes.

"I am not afraid of you, Bryan," she said. "My darling, there is nothing in me that shrinks from you. You cannot take me, so much as I give myself to you. I have more strength to give than you have to

receive ; it is you who will be afraid of me, at last. Poor boy—poor fellow ! Ah, I love you ! This great iron hand of yours is not so powerful as my heart."

The stray visitors had passed out of the Poet's Corner, and left the young lady and gentleman to themselves. For as much as an hour, perhaps, the poets and they had their privacy undisturbed. When, at length, the latter emerged into the body of the church, they passed down the great aisle lingeringly, arm-in-arm. But on reaching the open air, they parted, and went different ways.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LADY MAYFAIR, IN TRYING TO BE KIND TO AN INEXPERIENCED YOUNG GENTLEMAN, UNDERGOES A NOVEL EXPERIENCE OF HER OWN.

As a matter of social courtesy, if on no other account, some attention must be paid to that fortunate young nobleman, the fourteenth baron of Castlemere. As the inheritor of an ancient name and of large possessions, he was naturally an object of interest ; and his position was further improved by romantic rumours as to the manner in which he had entered upon his inheritance. At the comparatively primitive period of which I am treating, the public press had developed nothing like the enterprise and penetration which characterise it at the present day ; and information regarding his new lordship was therefore neither so copious nor so accurate as it would doubtless have been had he come up to town thirty years later. Nevertheless, a good deal of talk upon the subject was floating about. It was generally accepted, for example, that he had been born in foreign parts ; France being mentioned as enjoying the best claim to the honour of being his birthplace. It was recalled that the late Lord Castlemere had, in his youth, been a great traveller and Radical ; and it was not

difficult to understand that, during his residence in the French capital, he had fallen deeply in love with a young lady of high rank, but who had embraced the communistic principles of the Revolution. On this affair becoming known to the late baron's father, the latter had threatened him with disinheritance in the event of his marrying the fascinating fair republican. The connection had, accordingly, been ostensibly broken off ; but, as a matter of fact, a secret wedding had taken place. Owing to the necessity of keeping this union from the knowledge of the lady's relatives, as well as from those of Mr. Vivian, the former personage feigned illness, and went to reside at a country seat belonging to her family, somewhere in the interior. At this point the story becomes vague ; but it is plain that a son must have been born in this retreat ; and it is quite conceivable that abundance of intrigue was brought into play to keep his birth from becoming known. But the difficulty of concealing an irregular baby would seem to be second only to that of disposing of a murdered corpse ; and it cannot be doubted that Mrs. Vivian's family finally became cognisant of the embarrassing fact. At this juncture the young mother exhibited heroic qualities. Knowing that the announcement that she was Vivian's wife would occasion his disinheritance, she nobly refused to give her child a father, and even allowed it to be inferred that her connection with the individual in question had lacked the consecration of the church. The consequence was, that her family excommunicated her ; and (Vivian happening to be unavoidably absent at the time) she retired to a convent, or some such institution, and presently died there. The baby, however, survived ; and—by what means it is unnecessary to inquire—was spirited away ; and during many years its whereabouts remained an enigma. Meantime, the old baron had died, and Mr. Floyd Vivian had succeeded to the title and estates ; his first act was to make

inquiries after his lost wife ; which inquiries resulted in the discovery that she was no more ; and it was added (whether in good faith or with deliberate intent to deceive) that her infant had not survived her. Finding himself thus widowed and (as he believed) childless, at one blow, Lord Castlemere, like the well-conducted English nobleman that he was, immediately set about paying his addresses to another lady. The subsequent events were known. Children by the second marriage failing, Lord Castlemere adopted his niece, and educated her with a view to carrying on the name and dignities of the race. But just when he was settling comfortably down into a serene and respectable middle-age, a disquieting report reached him that the son whom he had supposed to be dead still lived, having been smuggled off to America in charge of his nurse, who now, on her deathbed, had divulged the truth. To America, then, Lord Castlemere betook himself ; but his expedition proved in vain. The old nurse was dead, and the child had again vanished, none knew whither. The fact was, he had been carried off by his uncle, who had received prior intelligence of his existence, and was naturally unwilling that his own offspring should suffer through so unreasonable a misfortune. Lord Castlemere died abroad, probably in consequence of the hardships incident to the savage character of the country to whose hospitality he had incautiously trusted himself. And now, at the eleventh hour, the long-lost heir descends from the clouds, establishes his claim to the inheritance, and makes his appearance upon the social stage.

This, it will be conceded, was an admirably close approximation to the version of the fourteenth baron's vicissitudes which has been set forth in the preceding pages. Success is a great conciliator ; and young Lord Castlemere having achieved the object of his existence, society was prepared

to receive him with all due encouragement and cordiality. He was universally invited to dinner ; and mothers manipulated their marriageable daughters with renewed hope. Ere long, however, a new object of speculation and discussion declared itself. In narrating the history of his early adventures, the amateur historians had taken it for granted that his lordship came into relation with the great world on the footing of unencumbered bachelorhood. But by degrees a whisper began to circulate that such was not precisely the case. In some way or other, a woman was mixed up in the affair. Was she a person in society ? To this question no definite answer was forthcoming. Nobody could be found who had seen her, though several were in a position to affirm that she had been seen. It was certain, meanwhile, that she did not accompany Lord Castlemere about town, and that, consequently, he could not have made her existence officially known. The suggestion that she might not be what is generally recognised as a wife was too shocking and unmentionable not to find numerous supporters ; but so long as she remained wholly invisible, there was small satisfaction even in that. The effect of so much mystery and ambiguity was greatly to increase Lord Castlemere's popularity ; and he fed the flame by declining all but a few of the invitations sent to him. Indeed, his personal appearance was still so little known, that he might be riding in the park every day without being identified. Those who had been fed on stories of his American experience were on the look-out for a black-haired warrior, skimming along in Indian costume on a bare-backed mustang ; but neither early nor late was any phenomenon answering that description to be met with in the Row. Such was the prevailing ambiguity, in short, with regard to the latest descendant of the Vivians, that after two or three month's inconclusive gossip, there were not wanting sceptics to declare

they didn't believe there was ever any such person.

It was not quite so bad as that, however. One morning a note, in a slender white envelope, with a coat-of-arms on the seal, was brought to Lord Castlemere's residence by a footman in livery; and a few hours afterwards that nobleman presented himself at Lady Mayfair's door, and was straightway admitted to her private boudoir.

For the moment the boudoir was empty. It was a nearly square room, not too large, and beautifully fitted up. The walls were hung with pale yellow figured satin, the woodwork being of satin-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Above the mantelpiece was a picture, by an Italian painter, of Pandora; she knelt beside the fatal box with her hand upon the lid; her beautiful countenance glancing over her shoulder at the spectator, with an expression half mischievous, half timid. It was noticeable that the features bore a singular likeness to Lady Mayfair's own. The mantelpiece and the fittings of the fire-place were of polished brass; the floor of dark inlaid wood, partly covered with Indian rugs. In the window was a large oblong box of porcelain, completely filling the embrasure, and mounded up with a bank of growing violets; and violets stood in vases upon the tables, and their fragrance perfumed the air. The furniture was mostly of the Chippendale pattern, and was upholstered in lavender-hued silk; but there were a couple of low easy chairs facing the hearth which were constructed upon more luxurious principles than had ever entered into the mind of the above-mentioned famous manufacturer to conceive. A brass candelabra, filled with many wax candles of a purple tint, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and other candles stood in brass sconces affixed to the walls. But it was daylight still, and the candles were not alight. Lord Castlemere looked about him with the quiet comprehensiveness of observation that was characteristic of him; and

perhaps contrasted the exquisite little scene before him with a wigwam in the Sacramento valley, with its festoons of scalps, its furniture of skins, and its swarthy and savage inhabitants. They were the types of two very different species of luxury; which was, on the whole, preferable, it would need much argument to determine.

Lady Mayfair came in. A sort of flowing robe, elaborate in its simplicity, clothed her graceful figure; it fell in soft folds of purple silk, and at the throat and wrists were delicate films of lace. Her hair, of glistening brown, was bound in plain coils round her head, and one heavy lock fell upon her shoulder. The contours of her charming face were young, almost girlish; but the shifting expressions of her mouth and eyes betokened a maturity of experience which might have belonged to years much more advanced than hers appeared to be. She was, in fact, a woman of the world—of the great world; and a more nearly perfect specimen of her class did not perhaps exist. She met Lord Castlemere with a graceful smile.

"It is very good of you to come to me on such short notice, and in this informal way," she said. "But there is no satisfaction in the brief glimpses one gets of one's friends at receptions and dinners; and I have wished to have a quiet chat with you since ever so long. Sit down here before the fire, and drink a cup of my tea, which I am going to make for you myself."

To drink tea with Lady Mayfair alone in her boudoir was a distinction which no gentleman in London would not have intrigued to secure; but she disguised her favour so well that the young baron took it quite as a matter of course. He possessed, moreover, a natural dignity and tact which rendered him able to meet the great lady on terms comfortable to both. Polite protestations were as foreign to him as fussy courtesies were to her. He was singularly free from self-consciousness; and she was so exquisitely self-conscious as completely to conceal it.

Thus, by opposite paths, they approached, so far as outward demeanour was concerned, to pretty much the same level of good manners.

"Are you less of a hermit than you were?" she asked him. "By what I hear, London sees less of you than it thinks it has a right to expect."

"It seems to me I meet a good many people," Lord Castlemere replied. "But I myself hardly know the son of my father yet; and until I do, I don't wish to introduce him to other people."

"That sculptor was a very pleasant fellow; I sometimes wish him back again," remarked her ladyship, archly. "He left a design on my hands for a group; I fear it will never become bronze now. He left no disciples behind him."

"He has taken up a more difficult business," said the other, stirring his tea.

"And I suppose I must confess—a better one; both for him and for us."

"No, not better. It's only fate, as Bryan would say. I shall never understand the barons of England as well as I understood the wolves and Indians of California."

"You would not go back to wolves and Indians, though?"

"That is what makes me say I don't know myself. I see what I am most fit for; and yet I stick to something else, and say it's fate."

"Fate is a classic word, I believe, but it means too many things. When you are as wise as I am, you will know that men—and women too—never follow their intellectual convictions. There is no such thing as an intellectual conviction. If there were, everybody would have come to think alike on all subjects, thousands of years ago. But you want to do a thing—you set your heart upon it—and then you justify yourself by inventing all sorts of arguments to make your wish appear reasonable. Is your tea sweet enough? That is the origin of all religions and all philosophies. This London life that we lead is very easy

to satirise, and very easy for those who cannot belong to it to despise; and we who are in it may grumble, and say that something else would suit us better. But we never abandon it of our own free will; because, really, the world has nothing better. Science, and art, and literature exist only for our benefit and amusement, and without us they would die. Even religion has become little more than an opportunity for our new bonnets, and for the headings of royal proclamations. We are at the very centre of all life; and those who are not of us live only by the life which we transmit to them. So if you don't make my bronze group for me, by becoming one of the barons of England you will be the cause of other bronze groups being made. The stronger the heart is, you know, the more active the whole body."

"I think there is truth in some of that," observed Lord Castlemere, emptying his cup. "But other people besides us fall in love, and hate, and sin, and die; there is plenty of life in those things; and they would go on even if we came to an end."

"At all events, you will find a use for your genius for sculpture in moulding the fortunes of the state," returned Lady Mayfair, softening the grandeur of the phrase by the smile with which she uttered it. "Have you chosen your side in politics?"

"What is there to choose?" his lordship inquired.

"I am a Tory myself, because I am an unprotected female; but I'm not sure that I should advise you to be one—at least, not at first. Of course it depends upon the solidity of one's social position—one's wealth and rank, and so forth. I should think you might afford to be a Liberal for several years to come. Liberals often promote Conservative interests more directly and picturesquely than Conservatives themselves can; and young men often find more piquancy in looking over the edge of things than in arranging matters inside. But in deciding that question, you must take

into consideration the sort of woman you mean to marry."

"Must I get married?"

"Have you any objection to it?" the great lady asked lightly. But there was a vestige of something like curiosity behind the laughing glance with which she awaited his reply.

"I haven't thought about it at all," was all he happened to say.

"At the worst it ought to be a useful step," observed Lady Mayfair after a pause, dropping her eyes to the cluster of violets in her bosom, and caressing their petals with dainty finger-tips; "and it is capable of being much more than that. At first sight there does seem to be something rather clumsy in nature's division of us into male and female; but, after all, we turn it to very good account. We are all selfish creatures, but love is the wisest form of selfishness; and when that is over, society can be better entertained by a man and a woman than by either alone. Even if they live apart in great measure, or one of them dies, the fact that they have been married is of the greatest convenience to them; unmarried people are bound hand and foot; the men because they are dangerous, and the women because they are in danger. There is only one thing more stupid than not to marry, and that is to be divorced—unless, of course, the match was a bad one, and you make a better. And even so there would be a difficulty if there had been children."

Lady Mayfair uttered this wisdom, not in a formal or didactic manner, but with pauses interspersed, and slight, careless changes of attitude, and a variety of gentle and genial modulations in her voice. Lord Castlemere listened with an attention which was itself a flattery.

"Do you believe," he inquired, after looking thoughtfully at his interlocutor for a moment or two, "that the people you call 'we' are really different from the others; or is the difference only in what things we and the others think worth doing or not doing?"

"But would not that be all the difference in the world?" replied the lady, kindly. "Can we not do all that the others can ever wish to do, and a great deal more besides?"

"The people that I have met about here—the aristocrats, I mean—always behave as if they were pleased with one another, and everything were right and comfortable. They smile, but laugh seldom, and never fly into a rage, or cry. It was not so with other persons I have lived with. Is that the price of being what we are—to lose all power of joy and grief and anger?"

"Oh, we may feel all passions," replied her ladyship, somewhat amused, "but it is the distinction of a high civilisation not to let one's feelings appear."

"What is the reason of that?"

"Life moves more easily."

"But if the passions are there? I could imagine getting along easily enough if I had no passions—only that I should not feel alive at all."

"One has to forego some things in order to gain others."

"I see no gain. To hide what I am can help neither me nor you."

"It may relieve me from feeling pain about you; and you know Christianity demands that we should spare one another pain."

"I don't know much about Christianity, except that Christ is God showing Himself through a man. I cannot hide what I am from Him, and why should I spare you pain which He must go on feeling?"

"My dear Lord Castlemere, I fear we are drifting towards a theological discussion, to which I am unequal. All I meant was, that, as we are not perfect, and there is no present prospect of our becoming so, the best thing we can do is to act as if we were. To display all our evil impulses would surely be to encourage their remaining with us. Out of sight, out of mind."

"To cover up an ugly thing is not the way to make it beautiful; by keeping it in sight we might find some

way of making it better. I don't like your civilisation, Lady Mayfair. I might as well bind my hands and feet and stop my breath. I like to be like other men; and if to be civilised were to walk on stilts, or to paint one's face blue, or to stand naked in the street, I would do it. But why should I pretend to be what I am not? I was born to be myself, and that I shall always be, no matter what I do. Sometimes things seem to me to be shadows or dreams, but your civilisation would make me a shadow's shadow. Why, Lady Mayfair, you know what it is to love a man—you have given yourself all up to him? or may be you had a child, and it died? or you have done some wickedness, such as other women have done, and all might do? Wasn't there delight or reality in that? Did you not feel the warmth and the weakness and the strength of all other women alive in you then? When you are alone, and your memory looks back at what you have done and felt, do not those things stand above all the rest?"

"I see you are a poet as well as a sculptor," said Lady Mayfair, rather faintly. There was an unwonted flush in her cheeks, and, as she looked at him, she drew shorter breath, and a glowing languor shone in her lovely eyes.

Lord Castlemere had risen to his feet almost at the beginning of this outburst, and at the words, "Why, Lady Mayfair," he had walked close up to where she sat, and stood looking down upon her. He was aroused, full of masculine energy, concentrated, dominant; no object better worth regarding had faced Lady Mayfair for many a day. He put her wholly on her defence; and yet she would not have cared to defend herself, had she known her defence secure.

"I knew an Indian girl once," the young baron continued, "whose skin was as brown as your eyes, but her hand was as soft as yours; and no woman ever loved a man more tenderly and faithfully than she loved

me, or more passionately. Nothing was hidden between us. We used few words, but we knew what we meant. We lived in a wigwam; she cooked the deer and bear that I shot with my arrows, and the fish that I caught; we slept rolled up in buffalo skins. We had a child—a little daughter. My friend Hugh Berne used to tell me that I should never be so happy as I was then. I wish I had known then what I know now! I have never spoken of her before; I could not! When she was carried off, I did not follow her. Since then I have found out that she died, following me, as she thought; she came eastward, but never got as far as the old village on the coast that I used to tell her of. But when she died, some traders took the child from her, and brought it on, and gave it to me at last. Civilisation would not have done more than that, would it? Kooahi had put round its neck the necklace of wampum that I gave her when we first loved each other. I have brought the child here with me. I shall never have another. She will inherit Castlemere. Only I think it might be best if I took her away from this, and went back with her to the Sacramento valley. What do you think, Lady Mayfair?"

"Oh no—no, my dear friend—may I call you that? You will not find us all so heartless and formal as you suppose." The tone in which she spoke, her aspect and her attitude, said more than her words.

But Lord Castlemere's mind was fixed on other things. He seated himself again, and rested his cheek on his hand. His excited mood ebbed by degrees, leaving depression. But during many months he had kept a reserve that was not normal to his character. The pressure of new things, not less than the memory of old, had made him silent. To-day, it seemed, he was in the vein to speak.

"No, I won't go back," he said. "I should be a fool to think I can do as I will. Something always says 'you

must '—Luck, or Fate, or God—I don't know what. My life was settled before I began to live. I am my father's son ; dead men rule the living. This inheritance of mine was a fine thing, I thought ; but there's blood upon it. For more than seven years the papers lay inside the ribs of the man I killed, buried beneath a rock ; and when I went back the rock was torn away for me to find them there. I must go on, and take my little girl with me. I hope she will get to a better light than I shall."

Several of these sentences were wholly unintelligible to Lady Mayfair, but she did not like them the less for being ominous and mysterious. When a woman of the world has said to herself that a man is worth encouraging, nothing short of jealousy or ridicule (and these not always) will serve to disenchant her. Lady Mayfair, who had begun by thinking that it would be amusing to obtain the credit, so to speak, of Lord Castlemere by making him her *protégé*, indoctrinating him in worldly affairs, and using him, perhaps, as the instrument of her social and political intrigues—had unexpectedly found herself upon another footing than she anticipated. But we will not pause here to investigate this phenomenon. His lordship remained unconscious of having produced any impression, good or bad ; he was too much pre-occupied with his own emotions and speculations for that ; and, moreover, he had never been trained to observe the effect upon the opposite sex of his utterances and behaviour. He was in a quandary, and prone to take his course rashly or passionately. In fact the thing that he needed, and vaguely felt that he needed, was experience. He had been forcibly and unexpectedly thrown out of the lines of earlier existence, and he had found speculation and theory wholly incapable of preparing him for the existence to come. He must experiment, blindly and recklessly, in order to arrive at a practical understanding of the new things amidst which he was placed.

Meanwhile he was like a race-horse, quivering with potential achievement but ignorant of his right direction. Men bred amidst the vast solitudes and influences of nature are generally calm in their outward bearings, because the intensity of life within them is at once stimulated and appeased by their environment. But when the same men are transplanted into hot-bed cities, with millions of human creatures running to and fro confusedly about them on a thousand different errands, their calmness is apt to give way ; the vital fire still burning in their souls as ardently as before, but there being nothing outside to keep it within bounds.

And yet the last sentence is too sweeping. Providence never seems to leave men entirely to the destructive tendencies of their own characters. Lord Castlemere, for example, had at least two salutary checks put upon him ; one of which was his little daughter, while the other was something to which he could scarcely have given a name, but which was incarnate in the black-eyed fascination of a woman whom he had met but thrice, yet who stood to him in the place of a divinity and almost of a conscience. It is no discredit to Lady Mayfair's penetration to say that she was wholly unsuspecting of the latter influence in her friend's problem. On the contrary, she surmised a regrettable vacancy in that direction, and perhaps fancied she knew some one who could supply it. She looked at his lordship very warmly.

"My dear lord," she said, laying her finger-tips lightly on his sleeve, so as to indicate that he was to resume his place beside her. "You must not try to see and settle everything in a moment. You must let me be your friend. I will try to make you willing to be mine. You have a great and splendid career before you ; I would not dare to tell you how splendid I believe it will be. You have all the intellectual ability of the best men of our class, and you have in addition much that they can never

attain—originality, freshness, genius. Begin slowly; time, as well as the world and nature, are on your side. Come and see me often; this room, into which no other man comes, will always be open to you. Bring your little girl with you; I care for her already for your sake. If you are bothered or unhappy give me a chance to help you. I am not without knowledge of this world that seems so strange to you; not without influence in it either. I have been unhappy, as well as you, Lord Castlemere, and disappointed, and—rebellious! Ah, my friend—I could tell you——”

Here there was a discreet knock at the door. A shade crossed Lady Mayfair's face. She leaned back in her chair (she had been bending towards Castlemere, and her soft hand had just touched his own) and said—

“Come in.”

“Please, your ladyship, the Marquis of Piccadilly is below,” said the servant.

After a brief pause Lady Mayfair replied—

“I gave orders that I was at home to no one.”

The servant bowed and withdrew.

“I was just going,” said Lord Castlemere, rising.

Lady Mayfair rose also, and placed herself before him, looking up in his face.

“Don't go,” she said, in a low voice. “I would not see him, because—shall I tell you?—he came to ask me to marry him, and I have made up my mind that I won't have him!”

“How long since you made up your mind to that?” his lordship inquired.

“I don't know. You have not been here long. Sit down again,” answered Lady Mayfair, with a faint blush and smile.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH TWO NEW CHARACTERS ARE INTRODUCED, AND THE STORY ENTERS UPON A NEW PHASE.

THE Grandison Club, St. James's, although it made no discrimination

between Whig and Tory, was eminently an aristocratic institution. The bulk of its members were not so much men of light and leading as of land and lineage. It had traditions extending back for nearly a hundred years, and its present prosperity was worthy of its past reputation. If it did not give a policy to Parliament, it gave direction to the higher social development. The time-darkened portraits on the walls of its smoking-room had been made parties to passages of high-life anecdote and gossip which, could they have revealed them, might perceptibly have modified the judgments of the contemporary historian. Clubs are considered to be one of the highest products of an artificial civilisation, but it may be questioned whether they do not tend in some measure to deter that consummation of which they are supposed to be the best illustration. The secrets which impose upon the world are brought to light in the club; it beholds and discusses the frailties and shortcomings of the specious social organism which it professes to recommend. Like Penelope of old, it disentangles by night the web it weaves during the day. Nor is the fact of ill augury; since otherwise we might be in danger of getting so deeply enmeshed in the toils of our own hypocrisies as to render extrication a desperate enterprise.

The Marquis of Piccadilly was one of the pillars of the Grandison Club; not that he was himself an antique personage; he had only arrived at that age when it might be said of him “He is still a young man.” But his forefathers had been connected with the club from its earliest foundation, and he had, as it were, inherited their membership along with their other good attributes. The marquis was one of those bachelors who live in the constant contemplation of a possible marriage; and who thereby inflict the most wearing anxiety upon the mothers of matrimonial young women. For a bachelor who is always on the verge of becoming a Benedict is apt to be the

least likely of all bachelors to overstep that verge; like the man who lived within a mile of Niagara and never went to see the Falls, because the distance was so inconsiderable. Lord Piccadilly's engagement to most of the beauties and heiresses of the day had, at various times, been reported; but a Lady Piccadilly had yet to make her appearance. Possibly an unmarried man who was also a member of the Grandison had less chance of bettering his condition than the generality of his species; the club affording such special facilities for becoming acquainted with the ways and means of the diviner sex, as to leave little or no new ground for matrimony to explore. Be that as it may, Lord Piccadilly had come to be regarded, by all his associates except himself, as one of the most inveterate single men about town; and in this repute he remained up to the middle of the summer season preceding the autumn of our latter chapters. Then a rumour began to circulate that something was the matter between him and Lady Mayfair. So well-founded did this rumour prove, that, before the season was over, his lordship was said to have confided to an intimate friend that he had made up his mind to make Lady Mayfair his wife. The match was so entirely unlooked for as to seem probable; and the betting gradually changed from ten to one against the lady, to five to four in her favour. The latter were the odds as quoted on the day when Lord Castlemere had the interview with her ladyship, a portion whereof has just been described. But after that there was a collapse. The Marquis suddenly disappeared; and it was not until some time in the following spring that society received the information that he had been met travelling in the Levant. Lady Mayfair, meanwhile, remained in London, and it was evident that the Marquis had ceased to have any share in her arrangements. Certain indications even seemed to suggest a notion that she had been making arrangements with some one

else. And this some one else was a personage who had, of late, been attracting the notice of the fashionable world in more ways than one.

On a certain afternoon in May, as old Captain Cavendish was turning over the pages of the *Army and Navy Gazette* in the smoking-room, with his box of rappee open on the table beside him, young Fred Beauchamp came in, with a riding-whip in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth. He walked up to the mantelpiece, struck a light, and said—

“Morning, captain!”

“Mornin’,” returned the captain, in a jaundiced tone. The captain had fought under Wellington, and in personal appearance was said to resemble that great soldier. He himself, at all events, thought so, and arranged himself upon that theory. The heavy hook-nose was already there; the stern, magisterial manner, the terse speech, and the white waistcoat were points of detail which the captain was careful not to omit. That he was not also a duke was the fault of an unappreciative nation, not his own. It was an oversight upon which the captain was capable of waxing eloquent, and which inclined him to be tetchy on subjects in no way connected with the army. A world which could neglect Captain Cavendish was, indeed, capable of anything; and the captain's hook nose, though it had not brought him the professional distinction which he merited, was a symbol of the remarkably keen scent he had for the social and moral obliquities of his fellow creatures.

“Heard the news?” inquired Mr. Beauchamp.

“Humph! what's wrong now?” demanded the other, resorting to his snuff-box.

“Best thing could happen. Castlemere's elected.”

“The club is going to the devil. Too many boys in it already. Better men, sir, than he will ever be have been waiting ten years, begad, for a ballot; and now this young whipper-snapper must be passed over their

heads. Shameful! Not that I'm surprised: not a bit of it! Ha!"

"Castlemere is a capital fellow; worth a dozen of that milk-and-water old father of his. You don't know him as I do, captain. I've been showing him the way about London. He was a little strange at first, but he's picked up amazingly these last months. You ought to see him ride, too; never knew such a fellow across country. Been brought up with the savages in America, you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced good-looking chap; all the women in love with him. Must have been married once, though, or something of the kind: got a kid, you know—queer little dark thing, with straight black hair; Castlemere's awful fond of her. It was thought, you know, last year, that he had a wife or something alive; but that's all gammon. He might marry any woman he liked. They say it was he cut out old Piccadilly last winter. Shouldn't wonder if it was true. I know the Mayfair is uncommonly gracious to him. I can't make out what he thinks of her, though; he's such an awfully dark fellow about some things. But I like that in him; I don't care for a fellow to tell me all he thinks and feels, you know. When you know him, you'll like him as much as I do. I'll introduce you to him if you say so."

"I'll apply to you when I feel the need of making his lordship's acquaintance," replied the captain, with grim sarcasm. "But you mustn't expect me to keep up the pace, at my age, with two wild young bloods like you and him. How early in the day is he usually drunk?"

"Oh, some days he's not drunk at all," the other gentleman answered frankly. "And he's got lots of ability, and all that sort of thing, you know. Shouldn't wonder if he took his seat in the Upper House before long, and made a hit there. He wants to be just like the rest of us—he told me that; though I don't believe Castlemere ever will be quite like other fellows; and that's one reason

why I like him so much. I don't care for a fellow to be just like every other fellow, you know. He's awfully blue at times, Castlemere is; gets hipped when you wouldn't expect it; I fancy all fellows who have a lot in 'em do that. You never can tell what they may be thinking of—d'you know what I mean?"

"You express yourself very well, sir: when your friend has got a lot in him—that is after dinner, I suppose—you never can tell what he'll be up to next. As to his getting the blues, I should say a man who was making love to one woman, and having black-haired children by another who wasn't his wife, and getting drunk between times, might very easily be subject to occasional fits of depression." Here the captain took snuff with the air of a man who feels that he has delivered himself epigrammatically. Mr. Beauchamp looked at his companion rather doubtfully; but before he could make up his mind as to whether he was being chaffed or not, the door opened, and Bryan Sinclair came in.

"Heard the news?" was his first inquiry.

"Mr. Beauchamp has just favoured me with it," said the captain. "Lord Castlemere is a friend of yours also, is he?"

"I can't say he is exactly. But I was speaking of Lord Piccadilly. He arrived in London this morning, bearing with him the spoils of the East. I understand he means to set the fashion of smoking chibouques and sitting cross-legged."

"He and Castlemere were rivals, I'm told. Does his return mean a renewal of operations?"

"I heard something of that affair," said Sinclair, running his tongue between his lips, and inclining his head to one side. "I don't imagine this new man—Castlemere do you call him?—will stand in the Marquis's way, if the Marquis chooses to go on. Castlemere is nothing but a boy; the lady has been kind to him, no doubt; but nothing more, I take it."

"Ha!" said the captain, half-closing

his eyes, and rubbing the back of his head sceptically.

"It's extraordinary how much like Wellington he is at times," observed Sinclair, in an aside tone, to Beauchamp. "That was his Grace's tone and gesture, to a hair."

The captain blew his nose resoundingly, partly to indicate that he had not heard this piece of criticism, and partly to conceal the gratification with which it had irradiated his features. "By the by, Sinclair," he then said, "I think of having a few good men to dine at my quarters on Wednesday week; I was going to ask you if you'd join us?"

"Wednesday week? Afraid I can't manage it, my dear Cavendish. I shall probably be leaving England on Saturday next. I'm very sorry."

"Leaving England in May!" exclaimed Beauchamp. "By Jove! Where on earth can a fellow go in May? You're as bad as Piccadilly."

"I shall probably be back by the end of June," returned the other. "I shall run down to Copenhagen, and make a trip among the fiords and mountains for a week or two. Maybe I shall get still higher north—that's as it happens. Hullo, Maurice! you're a stranger."

Sir Stanhope had entered, and was standing just within the doorway as Sinclair spoke; he wore a look of agitation that was scarcely disguised. "I'm very glad to find you here," he said, eying Sinclair with a peculiar intentness.

"Thanks—same to you! Anything going on?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"Everybody's got news to-day, begad!" exclaimed the captain. "It's as good as a newspaper office."

"What's the matter, Stanhope?" said Sinclair, carelessly. "Anything that concerns me?"

Maurice came up to his chair and said in a low voice, "Can you come outside for a minute? It concerns you terribly."

"Not enough to spoil my dinner, I hope?" returned Sinclair, laughing. "Well, come along. I was just going across to Bond Street. *Au revoir*, Cavendish; bye-bye, Beauchamp!"

When they were in the street he turned upon Stanhope and asked, "What the deuce is it, man? You look as if you'd lost your digestion!"

"Do you know where Madeleine Vivian is?" demanded Stanhope, very gravely.

"To be sure I do. In her aunt's house in Wimpole Street."

"When did you see her last?"

"Let me see; the day before yesterday afternoon. Not that I see what business it is of yours, my good fellow."

"Only this—that she has gone off, and left no trace of herself. To tell you the truth, I thought you had gone with her. I'm glad to find I was mistaken."

"Gone? What do you mean?" said Sinclair, grasping the other's arm, and speaking between his teeth. "Who has gone with her?"

"No one. Neither Kate Roland nor any one knows more about it than I do. I thought she might have said something to you that would give us a clue——"

"Stop!" said Sinclair, who appeared to have been thinking intensely; "have you tried America?"

"America?"

"It's only a guess—but there may be something in it. There's no time to be lost. Meet me at my rooms at five o'clock—an hour from this time. I shall be ready then to do whatever can be done. Till five o'clock, adieu!"

The next moment Sinclair had hailed a hansom and driven off, leaving Stanhope on the pavement. Sinclair, when he was out of his friend's range of vision, rubbed his chin with his gloved hand, and chuckled silently. But afterwards a gloomier expression gradually settled upon his bold and ambiguous features.

To be continued.

TWO YEARS AFTER.

The winter morning as I write—
 In the grim city's gloomy light,
 Midst fogs that choke street, river, church,
 And the fast falling flakes besmirch—

How pure o'er that far country side
 Must gleam the snow-waste drifted wide;
 In my mind's eye I see it rolled
 O'er stream-gashed glen and brambly wold;

O'er wheat-sown slope and climbing lane,
 And ridge that bounds the battle plain;
 And orchard, lawn, and garden-sward—
 That same white raiment of the Lord!

The church stands on the woodland hill,
 The pine-trees fence the churchyard still;
 Eastward it looks, that home of hers,
 The robin whistles in her firs.

All seems the same; but where is she
 Whose name is breathed from brake and tree?
 Where lives and soars that noblest one
 It raised our life to look upon?

Shall spring-tide wake the world again,
 And summer light the eyes of men?
 Shall throistles thrill her oaken glade,
 The primrose star her hazel shade?

This icy mist, these clouds of gray,
 Will they not all be wept away?
 And western airs blow kindly through
 Large lucid skies of tender blue?

And shall no vernal dawn await
The hopes by Death left desolate?
No shining angel brood above
The sepulchre of human love?

That brain of strength, that heart of fire,
That liquid voice, a living lyre—
Do not these vibrate, throb, and burn
Where the lost lights of time return?

The aspiration, passion, power,
That crowd with fate a mortal hour,
Are these crude seeds no bloom may bless,
Beginnings bright of emptiness?

Love's shattered dream—shall it not rise
Re-built for immortal eyes?
Life's broken song end where round Him
Still quire the "young-eyed cherubim"?

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

NOTE.

The author of the article on "The Roman Camp of the Saalburg" (in the June number) begs to refer his readers to a paper on "The Saalburg and Saarbrücken" contributed by Mr. E. A. Freeman to this Magazine in November, 1872. This reference was inadvertently omitted in the June number. It will be seen that the two articles deal with different aspects of the subject, the later one being chiefly archæological in its character, while the earlier one brings out with great force the world-historical import of the battles fought at Artaunum.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

SOON after the clock has struck 7.30 p.m., the passer-by, in many of the smaller streets of London or our large provincial towns, may hear a sound of distant music, and see a crowd approaching. As it advances he perceives that it is headed by a young man in a uniform, or a young woman in a peculiar black bonnet, carrying a standard, and accompanied by a young person of either sex who walks backwards, beating time for the music. Next come three or four lads playing with more vigour than harmony upon a variety of brass instruments; then several rows of men, marching five or six abreast, with linked arms; next as many lines of women similarly banded together; and finally several more serried ranks of men. All step rapidly forward, with serious, purposelike faces, apparently unconscious of the multitude around—some of whom join loudly in the singing, whilst others improvise parodies of the hymn, or pelt them with the cabbage-stalks, dead cats, dirt, brickbats, or stones with which the London rough loves to assert his supremacy; and as they step they sing to a swinging, jubilant air some such verse as this—

“ We’re trav’ling on to Heaven above,
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour’s dying love,
Will you go? Will you go?
Millions have reached that blessed shore,
Their trials and their labours o’er,
And yet there’s room for millions more;
Will you go? Will you go?”

Suddenly the ranks break and form afresh, into a circle; the crowd halts too, the people in the neighbouring houses come out into the street or throw open their windows to listen; a man steps forward into the middle of the ring and addresses the bystanders with much earnestness and vehemence of gesticulation, in the simple tongue which they understand best: “Friends,” he says, “thank God I’m trav’ling on to Heaven

above” (“Allelujah!” ejaculate his companions); “but I ain’t satisfied with gettin’ there myself, I wants you, every one of you, to come along too! Will ye go? That’s what I axe ye, will ye go? You can; the worst on ye!” (Cries of “Oh yes! so ye can; praise the Lord!”) “A year ago I was as big a blackguard as any one here. I used to be well-nigh mad with the drink; but Jesus showed me the Hell afore me, and, what was better, He showed me His love, and has cleansed me in His Blood, and saved me!” (“Amen! Allelujah!”) “Oh, friends, let Him do the same for you; now, to-night! He’s a-longin’ to! Come right off to our meetin’ and hear of His salvation.” A short prayer follows, the ranks are re-formed, another hymn is started, and the procession moves on, winding in and out of the lowest streets, halting at intervals to speak to the people, and collecting by degrees a larger and ever larger number of followers; finally it reaches the hall whence it started, into which it bursts in a tumultuous manner, carrying with it a great part of its train, and shouting, rather than singing—

“ So we’ll lift up our Banner on high,
The Salvation Banner on high,
We’ll fight beneath its colours till we die,
And we’ll go to our home in the sky.”

And who are these people who have revived the long disused custom of religious processions, and who seem to awaken the strongest possible feelings of partisanship on the part of the mob? The smallest child in the street would be able to answer—they are members of the Salvation Army re-entering their temple for their nightly meeting after their evening march and open-air service.

The originator of the gigantic body of Revivalists which bears this name was William Booth. He was born in 1829 of Church

the age of fourteen he joined the Wesleyans, among whom, three years later, he became an accredited lay preacher. When twenty-four years old he entered the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion, and, so great was his influence as a preacher, that the Conference set him apart for the work of an evangelist. Much difference of opinion, however, prevailed as to the advisability of the special services, and, after many pros and cons, Mr. Booth was desired by the Conference of 1861 to confine himself permanently to regular pastoral work; but the young minister, feeling that irregular evangelical warfare was his proper sphere, preferred to resign his post rather than to obey. He bade farewell to his former friends, and resolved to strike out an independent line of his own. In 1865 he was invited to hold a week's services in Whitechapel, and was so impressed by the mass of sin and godlessness around, that he resolved henceforth to devote his life to reclaiming the millions of his countrymen who seemed altogether untouched by the existing means of grace. Unaided and alone, he at once began to preach on a waste piece of ground near the Mile End Road, where his earnest, penetrating style soon won him hearers. From amongst these, fellow-workers arose, who, with their leader, were called the "East London Christian Revival Society," and whose forcible and unconventional methods procured them great successes among their hearers. Their numbers grew; a more compact name was adopted, that of the "Christian Mission," many converts were made, and various stations were established in different parts of the country; but it was not till 1878 that the movement assumed anything like its present proportions. In that year "it was found to be fashioned substantially after the model of an army, and, as its object was the salvation of men, it was called what it really seemed to be—"the Salvation Army."¹ Its leader became the General; its com-

manders majors, captains, lieutenants, and sergeants; its members soldiers; and its phraseology that of an army in the field. Since then, in spite of much opposition and even persecution, town after town has been occupied, upwards of 343 buildings have been acquired for army purposes, 760 paid officers are employed, 6,200 services are held weekly, more than 15,000 soldiers have been trained for public speaking; in 1881 a sum of no less than 57,000*l.* was expended in the cause; the names of General and Mrs. Booth are in everybody's mouth, and their work bids fair to surpass in magnitude even that which was accomplished in the last century by the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield.

With the *aims* of the Salvation Army—I speak now of their aims only—all religious people will sympathize throughout the length and breadth of the land. They are to furnish everywhere a "scheme of evangelization specially directed to meet the needs of the most abandoned and godless part of the community;"² to "seize the slaves of sin, and not only set them free, and turn them into the children of God, but, as far as is possible in each case, to make them soul winners."³ Now to those who are personally unacquainted with the lower classes in large towns, I recommend the perusal of *Heathen England*; I know from sad experience that all that is there said of them is but too true. Not only the riff-raff of the people, but the ordinary working man attends no place of worship, and he (not to mention his wife, who is frequently the worst of the two) is as a rule a slave to "the drink," and, with few exceptions, lives as if there were no God in the world, and no life to come. Our churches and chapels have not touched, and do not touch them, for they never voluntarily darken the doors of either, and we have not found the way to "compel them to come in." The Sunday is spent in bed until such

¹ *Heathen England*, by G. Railton, p. 17.

² Introduction to *Order Book*, by General Booth.

³ *All about the Salvation Army*, p. 5.

time as the publichouses open, when drink can be had till three. Then follows dinner, and a rest on the bed, or dawdle down the street till the gin-shops re-open, and then a second carousal which lasts till closing hour, when the man reels back to his home, volunteering with loud oaths to fight his friends by the way, and presently administering the proffered blows to his wife, who as likely as not is the worse for liquor too, and from whom cries of "help" and "murder" proceed which arouse the sleeping inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Nor am I talking of Whitechapel or Shadwell. Within five minutes' walk of Belgrave Square, there is street after street to which every word I have written applies. And these are the people that undoubtedly the Salvation Army does get hold of, and not only turns them from lawless ruffians into respectable citizens, but changes them into whole-hearted, enthusiastic Christians, devoted servants of their Lord, who keep back neither health, nor strength, nor time, nor money from Him; who have nothing about them of the coarseness and roughness of their class, but are refined and transformed by living for a high ideal, and give a meaning to St. James's words: "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?" These are strong expressions, but every one of them is warranted by facts!

Humanly speaking, the means by which the transformation is effected is the ardent zeal of the Army workers. They labour as men who hold no easy-going modern theories about man's duties here, and his destiny hereafter. They believe that the majority of the world are hurrying blindly onward towards a future of eternal torture, and they carry their promise to its legitimate conclusion, and think every minute lost that is not spent in plucking a brand from the burning. To this end they persuade, drive, draw, startle, and terrify men to their meetings, and when they are

there, go all lengths, even to grotesqueness and extreme irreverence in order to keep them. General Booth (in last month's *Contemporary*) tells us that to condemn a devoted young man who thus offends, would be as "ruinous and foolish as to shoot a valuable horse who had broken one's carriage against the kerb-stone," but, fully admitting this, may we not remind him that it might be equally "ruinous and foolish" not to drive the young horse on a different bit, and in stronger harness, after we had discovered his propensity to mischief? Still I am one of those more ready to admire the self-devotion and fervour of the officers than to cavil at the errors into which they fall.

Truly their post is no sinecure; besides the eighteen hours a week spent in visiting, they hold from nineteen to twenty-five services in the seven days. They ask: "Who invented a religion without daily service?" and promptly answer, "The Devil." Every day they have at least one out-door and one in-door meeting, and on Sundays never less than six. A Salvationist list of services from Saturday to Sunday night would be somewhat as follows¹:—

Saturday,	7.30 P.M.—Street march and open-air service.
"	8 P.M.—Free-and-Easy.
Sunday,	7 A.M.—Knee-drill.
"	11 A.M.—Holiness meeting.
"	2.30 P.M.—Street march and open-air service.
"	3 P.M.—Salvation meeting and after-meeting.
"	6.30 P.M.—Street march and open-air service.
"	7 P.M.—Salvation meeting and after-meeting.

¹ The names of the second and third of these services have been harshly commented on and, indeed, savour somewhat of slang; yet their origin is simple enough. The 7 a.m. "Knee-drill" merely means a preliminary prayer-meeting for members, in which grace and help are besought kneeling; and the title "Free-and-Easy" was given to the Saturday meeting in order that it should, in name at least, prove a rival attraction to the "Free and Easy" at the publichouse, where, from the force of custom, the working man felt bound to spend his evening on pay-day.

The street-march and service have already been described, but the Salvation meeting and the Holiness meeting, which remain, may be taken as the two great sections into which the whole of the Army's work is divided; the first being intended for the conversion of sinners, the last for the building up of members. This distinction is a radical one, as the two meetings are wholly unlike in their nature, and any conclusions drawn on the evidence of one only are obviously unjust.

I should like to give my readers an idea of each of these services, and for this purpose let us suppose ourselves to have rushed into the hall for the Salvation meeting with the crowd whom we left some pages back. The building is big, plain, and ugly, and is filled with benches, which, even on a week-day are packed with unkempt women and rough men, the latter greatly predominating. At one end is a platform on which a noisy host of soldiers of both sexes are taking their position, in the midst is a deal table with some battered hymn-books, a Bible, and a jug of water from which all refresh themselves in common. Every one on the platform and in the hall talks and laughs as he pleases till 8 o'clock strikes; then the captain raises his hand (I say "his," but the captain is as often a woman as a man, for the Salvationist rule is: "there is neither male nor female in the Lord"), silence ensues, and the service begins. It commences with a hymn sung standing, at a pace that would frighten a good old Wesleyan or Baptist out of his senses, and there is a roaring chorus, which is repeated over and over again with the greatest enthusiasm. During the last verse the soldiers sink down upon their knees and finish kneeling, with every sign of devotional fervour. The congregation mostly bend their backs slightly out of compliment to the occasion, but some ostentatiously sit erect and laugh. Prayer is now called for, one member after another prays, and as he does so he rocks himself backwards and forwards, clenches his hands, shouts out

his words, and tries in every way to work himself and his hearers into an agony of excitement. The prayers are short and follow one another with great rapidity, men and women alike taking part in them, and the soldiers present joining in with gesticulations and volleys of Allelujahs, Amens, and cries of all sorts. The prayers are exceedingly alike, and seldom depart much from the following sample:—

"Lord, we want Thee to be with us in our meetin'; be with us now. Lord, we want power, send power to the meetin.' You see these dear people, these dear lads who are perishing in their sins; Lord, help them; Lord, save them; save them now. Before midnight they may be in hell; oh, Lord, come down and save them; we believe You can; we believe You will. Come, Lord, now, and Thou shalt have all the glory. Amen."

The prayers are interspersed with hymns, which are given out verse by verse, with comments, and are sung sitting, and then probably testimonies are called for. But the service has seldom got thus far without a disturbance from the roughs. One night on which I was present, two half-drunken men, who were nursing a fox-terrier between them, suddenly, when the speaker had reached his climax, irritated the dog and made it bark furiously. On another occasion, when testimonies were being given, a lad rose, and called out, "I ain't saved, and don't want to be!" Discipline is sharp in the Army, and the offenders had to be expelled. To prevent the congregation taking sides, one of their favourite melodies was started; over and over again we sang—

"All our storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbour;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To our home beyond the skies."

Ten, twenty, thirty times we shouted it, and meantime two or three officers, with their hands behind their backs, to show there was to be no fighting, had by some magical power got their abusive, furious, scowling opponents on their legs, and then by degrees, with absolute calmness, had edged them down the gangway and out of the hall. The triumph of moral over brute force was complete.

After an hour or so of this singing, praying, and testifying, those who wish to leave, go home; and the captain opens the after-meeting. His object is to induce those who are convicted of sin to come boldly forward, kneel at the front bench (which has been cleared for the purpose), seek to realise the application of Christ's atonement to their individual souls, and resolve and promise to give up strong drink, *and all sin* (for in spite of their gainsayers the Army's teaching on this point is unmistakably explicit), and make a distinct public avowal of the change in their lives. An appropriate hymn is chosen; and each verse is read aloud by the captain with personal application to his hearers.

" 'I am coming to the Cross,' "

he reads. "Now who's coming?" he asks. "Don't say it if you don't mean it; but if you do, say it, and come along, and you'll get such a welcome as you never had before.

" 'I am coming to the Cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind.' "

"Ay! you're poor; the drink's kept you poor! You're weak; yes, Satan sees to that! You're blind, so you are, but there's One as can give light; you're a regular rough maybe, but there's One as can smooth you out!

" 'I shall full salvation find.' "

"Not be half saved—not three-quarters saved, but altogether; that's what you want, isn't it? Well then, come along!"

The Army and congregation take up the verse; the soldiers singing with rapt devotion: then prayer is offered, and the hymn is resumed. Presently a man rises, comes forward, and kneels at the bench, where one of the workers takes his place at his side, and helps him with advice and prayer; by degrees two, three, four or many more penitents are kneeling at the form, some talking to the workers, some praying, some even weeping, some joining in the hymn, and saying or singing—

"Here I give myself to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be
Wholly Thine for evermore."

The use of the penitents' bench has been the subject of much discussion and animadversion; but to me Mr. Railton's defence of the system is unanswerable (see p. 65 of *Heathen England*).

Whatever views people may hold with regard to sudden conversion in the abstract, among those classes whose outward lives, at least, are in accordance with the law of God, few will, I think, deny that where a man is steeped body and soul in wickedness, where Satan is his law-giver, where his daily habits are every one of them fetters chaining him to sin, where his every step is a step towards deeper degradation, and his every companion a tempter to evil, there must be a definite transformation of the outward as well as the inward life, and that except by a miracle this will not happen unless he obeys the command, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." The penitents' bench is the outward sign of this impending separation, the Salvationist verse—

"My old companions fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;
Fare you well, fare you well."

is their crude rendering of the text. Every effort is made to induce the convert to put the words he uses into practice, and with this view he is often made to commit himself to his newly-adopted course, by declaring his conversion aloud before he leaves the room; he is also directed to pin the medal "S. S." on his collar, and to be ready to join on the morrow in the street procession, and tell, in the open-air service, what the Lord has done for his soul. What this costs him I suppose we can hardly realise! In his home, his wife, taking a practical view of the case, meets his profession of conversion with an incredulous "Oh yes! I daresay! I wonder how

many times afore you've promised me to give up the drink!" In the workshop his mates are "at him all day," tempting, gibing, goading him to sin; irritating him, to draw forth the customary oath; offering to treat him, that he may succumb before the customary glass; boycotting him, that isolation may sting him back to his old excesses. It is a very furnace of affliction into which the convert steps, but the weary day wears by at last; at the evening meeting his heart warms under the lavish sympathy of his new allies, and it is with joyful emotion, which finds a responsive chord in the souls of his hearers, that he steps forward to give his testimony, and says: "Dear friends, it was but last night that I turned to the Lord; I've been a regular bad 'un, no need to tell you that—many on you know what I've been, but Allelujah! there's mercy for the biggest sinner; Jesus has washed me in His precious blood, and thank God I'm saved! I've had a deal to bear to-day, but the Lord have kep' me, and I've joy and peace in my heart, and, God helpin' me, I mean to go on to the end."

Two great objections are urged against the Salvation meetings—the employment of new converts to "preach," and the great excitement which prevails. The first objection arises very much, I think, from a misuse of the word "preach," which, in its strict sense, is quite inapplicable to the brief remarks of the Salvationist convert. He never presumes to direct his hearers in the paths of virtue, from a personal experience in them of twenty-four hours. The above short speech is the type of all such; and surely if his mates are present it must tend to good, not evil, to see such a one as they have known him to be, courageously stand forward, and not only avow his change of purpose, but declare that in spite of their persecutions there is more joy in Christ than in Satan. Experience shows that this is so, when one of a batch of workmen "gets converted" it is rare that

some of the others do not follow his example.

As regards the high-wrought excitement which exists, I admit that it should be more carefully controlled than is sometimes the case. It is painful to read triumphant paragraphs in the *War Cry*, narrating how men fell down in fits, and women went into hysterics; it is lamentable to read of cases where sad results have come of this overstrung enthusiasm; yet I must say that at no meeting which I have attended (and I have been to many) was there any excitement which even approached the pitch necessary to produce convulsions or insensibility. The leader worked up his hearers to the point required for giving the drunken blackguard or the sinful woman sufficient courage to come out and take that first awful step which in cold, calm, "reasonable" moments they would never dare take, and which yet must be taken before there is a chance of reform; and, seeing that no effort is spared to minimise the danger of reaction, with a view to which each convert is put under the care of a sergeant, whose duty it is to see that he attends services and leads a strictly moral life during the three months of probation which precede his enrolment as an "efficient soldier," I think it would be difficult to find valid arguments against the amount of excitement which is habitually aroused in these meetings.

To the outward observer one of their most remarkable features is that they should retain the power of inducing excitement. Their monotony is such that one asks oneself, "Why do not the soldiers and audience weary of them?" I suspect this is a point on which the educated mind differs from the uneducated one. Bishop Butler says that "passive impressions by being repeated grow weaker," but General Booth has discovered, with his usual sagacity, that this maxim does not hold good below a certain class. On the contrary, repeated blows of the hammer drive the nail in at last, and after weeks or

months of these meetings, when the lads ought, according to the bishop, to have grown perfectly case-hardened, they all at once soften and come to the penitents' bench.

It is no little surprise to those who inquire into the workings of the Army to find that, counting indoor services only, the ratio of salvation to holiness meetings is as eight to one or two. The reason for this is to be gathered from a paragraph on p. 52, of General Booth's *Order-Book*; it is a passage worthy of the attention of all preachers and teachers. "There are those," he says, "who know how to preach holiness in such a way as to tell as heavily upon the unconverted as upon the converted, *but these are few*." Does not the very stationary religious state of many of our parishes suggest that there is much truth in this remark, and that our services and sermons which are generally intended for the building up the converted, fail to reach the unconverted because, though some speakers can tell as heavily on the second class as on the first, these speakers "*are few*"?

But it is time to pass on to the *Holiness meeting*. This service is generally held at eleven on Sunday morning, when the usual attendants at the salvation meetings are still in bed, and on one evening in the week. The behaviour of the congregation is orderly and devout; the usual stamping, jumping, beating time, writhings, gesticulations of the soldiers are greatly modified.¹

The hymns are such as can only fitly be sung by earnest Christians; there is Bible-reading, and a kind of sermon, or rather a running exposition of some part of Scripture. The speakers are the captain and some of

¹ I am here speaking of the ordinary Holiness meeting, but at the all-night Holiness meetings, the excitement is (I am told, for I have never been to one) something terrible. I read for example in the *War Cry* of July 6th, of 150 people who fell senseless at one of these meetings in Liverpool. No wonder sober-minded persons inveigh against such doings, and urge General Booth to forbid them. It is much to be regretted that they have hitherto pressed this in vain.

the best officers and soldiers, who press their hearers to strive after a higher standard and more entire self-renunciation. In the class whence the preachers are drawn there seems to be a noticeable absence of any tendency to analyse the subtleties of the human heart. Holiness as attainable by man, not the intricacies of disposition which place man in this or that attitude towards holiness, is the invariable theme; the fact that man does often reach perfect goodness in this life is enforced week after week, and proved by what appears to me a rather one-sided selection of quotations from Scripture. General and Mrs. Booth reckon among the calumnies circulated against them, that they inculcate the doctrine of "sinless perfection." It is easy to see how the report has arisen among those who have no wish, as they insinuate, to colour or distort their doctrines, for they certainly teach that by the help of the Holy Spirit, to whose operations they give a very marked prominence in their apprehension of the Divine economy, man may and often does live for years without falling into sin, though they lay equal emphasis on the fact that he is always liable to fall, to become a backslider, and to end in perdition. The exact form in which the doctrine is taught varies very much according to the personal bias of the presiding captain. In one hall I heard testimonies called for, and responded to by persons who stated that they had respectively not sinned for ten years, six months, since Good Friday, though it is only fair to say that this is a proceeding not encouraged by the leaders of the movement, who fear the great danger of self-deception and spiritual pride.

These meetings end with a fresh invitation to come forward and kneel at the front bench, not this time for salvation, but for "the blessing of a clean heart," which is the technical expression for the state which follows the expulsion of all sin. After conversion there are still enemies within who wish to join the enemies without. They are kept in check, but not de-

stroyed; but at sanctification, which like conversion is often instantaneous, they are cast out, and henceforth the man walks blamelessly. This is the clearest statement of the doctrine which I can give, for the seeming contradiction between Answer 12 of General Booth's catechism on Sanctification, which asserts that man "in an entirely sanctified state is without sin," and Answer 15, which admits that "man being imperfect both in body and mind, is plainly unable to keep the perfect law of God," is so great that I cannot pretend to reconcile it.

On all doctrines besides those alluded to as taught at the Salvation and Holiness services, the widest right of private judgment is allowed. General Booth tells us that he "believes the three Creeds of the Church with all his heart," but few of the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, even, are impressed on his converts: the soldiers retain the views which they originally acquired amongst other denominations (which accounts for the strange discrepancies of opinion among Salvationists that often perplex those who look upon them as a new sect), or if they have previously belonged to the denomination "rough," they have, as may be expected, no opinions at all. "Controversy" is the horror of their chiefs; of the differences which divide the High, Low and Broad Church, the Baptists, Wesleyans, and Congregationalists, they glory in knowing nothing. "We lose sight of and depreciate no other agency which He has raised up," says Commissioner Railton, on p. 17 of *Heathen England*, "and rejoice with our fellow-labourers in every sheaf gathered from any part of the vast harvest field." Nor are these, hollow words. General Booth seems to have got over the slight dislike of "Christians" which may be traced in his order book, and which, to do him justice, was the natural consequence of the frequent acts of hostility with which they hindered his work in its earlier years. "The Army" ¹ openly avows its objection to accept as members any who belong to any of the

¹ *All about the Salvation Army*, p. 27.

churches," he writes, and on the contrary, "numbers of its converts go to swell the membership of the churches. Close upon 300 persons, converted and trained in its ranks, have been engaged by other different religious organizations as evangelists, ministers, missionaries, students, colporteurs, Bible women, and the like." The same sympathy with every effort made throughout all parts of the "vast harvest field" prevails among his subordinates. I have spoken to many, and have never seen the least sign of any wish to monopolize the work of evangelisation for the Army, or anything but the most cordial interest on their part in attempts of a like kind undertaken by other bodies.

Seeing how absolutely new a phenomenon is this absence of jealousy and suspicious distrust, we cannot too warmly admire it, and rejoice that it has met with its reward in eliciting a widely-spread spirit of good will from thousands outside the pale of the Army. It is true that this brotherly love is greatly due to the careful exclusion, inculcated by the General, of all investigation of doctrinal questions; still in these days, when the most un-Christian bitterness is excited between different parties within and without the Established Church by the discussion of minor doctrinal and ceremonial points, it is well to be lenient on the means used by persons who certainly escape this error. "We are opposed," says Mr. Booth, "to all that teaching of the Bible which is merely theoretical, speculative, and controversial; and which has no bearing on the immediate experience and walk and warfare of our soldiers, and we object to any outsiders bringing in amongst us those speculative and non-essential questions. We say we are doing a great work, and we cannot come down to discuss questions on which the most eminent doctors of divinity disagree. We counsel our soldiers to leave these until all God's enemies are conquered and saved."¹

These words would find an echo

¹ *All about the Salvation Army*, p. 19.

from thousands in our Church, did not the Salvationists include in their definition of teaching which is merely "theoretical and speculative," a point to which we can by no means coincide in applying these words. Such difference of opinion, say they, surrounds the Sacraments, that, for the present at least, they do not authoritatively enjoin either. This seems to me a direct departure from their own principles; controversy has raged around definitions of the Sacraments, but (excepting the Quakers) every one agrees that they were meant by Christ to be permanent institutions. "Be baptised," and "do this," might surely be taught after the usual Salvationist fashion of strong assertion without much attempt at definition. But the fact is the Army leaders care very little about the Sacraments; they even incline to think they may have been intended as temporary ordinances, and the result is that they are wholly ignored. They are not forbidden, some soldiers have their children baptised in the churches and others by the captain, male or female, at the meetings; but this is merely done when the parents have brought a respect for the Sacrament with them from the denomination to which they originally belonged, and desire the ordinance for their child. No teaching on the duty of baptism is given at the services, and therefore after two or three generations of Salvationists the habit will probably die out if no steps are taken by the leaders of the movement to prevent it. As I believe this is not their desire, and as their Sacramental arrangements are not supposed to be irrevocably fixed, I hope they may avert this danger.

As regards the other Sacrament, many members at present communicate in various churches and chapels, but this is wholly a matter of private inclination and does not form part of the plans of the Salvationist chiefs. General Booth distinctly stated, at the York Conference, that he did not regard the Sacraments as "conditions of salvation," and he would evidently

be glad if the clergy would forbear alluding to them when his soldiers attend divine worship in the churches. Yet although he may not consider them absolutely essential, he apparently looks on them as desirable ordinances, and has till lately striven to provide for the reception of the Holy Communion by his soldiers.

In the early years of the Christian mission he ordered the members to communicate in the Church of England, but they were unwilling to do so, and he did not think the matter worth pressing; he then permitted the leaders at six or more stations to administer the Communion themselves, but this practice (for what reasons I know not), he, I am glad to say, does not extend; at a later date the Church Communion was revived, and till a few months ago the hearts of the broader-minded Churchmen were gladdened by reading of large bodies of Salvationists, who had marched with colours flying to the Church of their forefathers, and had joined the congregation in carrying out the injunction of their dying Lord. The Church had learnt wisdom from the mistakes of former days, and lovingly welcomed these strange sheep from another fold; she sank all minor differences of opinion, she turned a deaf ear to their protestations that they cared not for her distinctive doctrines, and only came to her as the Church of the nation; she admitted them graciously and gladly, in a way which has been warmly acknowledged in their organ the *War Cry*. But all this has passed away. The Salvationist leaders are unfortunately sensitive to individual expressions of opinions adverse to them. Protests, which appeared in certain papers against admitting persons known to be unconfirmed to the Holy Communion, offended the General, and led him to doubt the expediency of the joint communions; the matter was brought to a crisis by the Bishop of Lincoln's negative to Mr. Dobree's question as to whether he should receive an Army Corps without inquiring if its members

were or were not confirmed; and an order was issued from Head Quarters, which (whilst it left the liberty of soldiers as individuals unaffected) prohibited the attendance of the Army in their corporate capacity at Church Communion. I look upon this step as a disastrous one in the annals of the Army. Many Bishops were willing to extend to them the custom of the Church, in accepting all who present themselves at her altars without question, provided they be not "open and notorious evil livers"; many clergy were welcoming them gladly; all over the country, among clergy and laity, a disposition towards conciliation and even concession was rife; suddenly they turn round and say no further trouble need be taken on their behalf, they are still willing to join us in our other services, but in the great act of Christian commemoration they will no longer take part! Three months ago the Army was a much needed evangelizing body, working, not under, but with the Church, now, wherein does it differ from a sect, deprived as a body, by the act of its leaders, of the Sacrament without which Christ Himself said "ye have no life in you"? I earnestly hope that the day will come when the General will see fit to recall his prohibition of Church Communion and restore them both for the sake of his soldiers and the cause of unity among Christians.

This is an important matter in which the Church and the Army have drifted further apart during the last half year; I fear that a second point of estrangement will be found in the great extension which is taking place of the "children's war," which is carried on by means so antipathetic to persons who are not members of the Army, that no one could do otherwise than try to prevent the little ones over whom he had any control from falling under their influence. In the first place, about a year ago a junior *War Cry* was started, under the title of the *Little Soldier*. A more hardy departure from the received method of juvenile

education could scarcely be conceived. Each week, under the head of "Our Experience Meeting in Print," we read the testimonies of scores of "happy Williams," "converted liars," and "Sarahs aged 6½ years," who tell us exactly how many months or weeks they have been saved, how they have "a dear mother saved, and a dear father, and a sister not saved," how "the little 'uns must teach the big 'uns," how "mother learnt to pray from hearing them praying for her through the door," and many other things which grate sadly against one's ideas of the simplicity and unassumingness which are lovely in children. The circulation of this paper is, I believe, over 50,000 weekly, and is rapidly increasing. But this is not all. At many of the stations there are now occasional children's services, and soon there will be corps of children in each town "with barracks and daily services of their own," led in every case by juvenile captains and lieutenants. These services are counterparts of the Salvation meeting. The same doctrines are taught; infant saints of perhaps four years old, perched on the table or a chair, testify to their rescue from their imaginary disfavour with God; infant penitents supposed to be struck with "conviction of sin," kneel at the front bench, and these "anxious souls" are first dealt with by the child officers, and are then described as "the children as have got saved to-day." I lay no stress on the whispering, playing, staring about, and total inattention of the audience, nor on the incapacity of the girl captain, who appealed to experiences, quite undeveloped in her hearers, in phrases picked up at the adult meeting; for I am told by the authorities that the services I attended must have been exceptionally bad ones, but what can be said for the system itself? Mr. Halliday, of Newcastle, a gentleman of great experience with children, is now engaged in inquiring into the progress of the Children's War, and drawing up a code of regulations for the

meetings ; these will, I daresay, put a check on irreverence and extravagance ; but I fear there is no chance of any radical alteration of the present methods. These have been at work so short a time that there has been no opportunity of judging them by their results ; but all *à priori* reasoning is against them, and I am not at all prepared to admit the Salvationist assumption, that they will prove a remedy against the frequent falling away from religious influences which is observed amongst children brought up under other systems. The recent extensive supplementing, by spiritual teaching, of the formal and purely doctrinal instruction which used to be given in our schools, together with the guilds and societies of all kinds which have been of late years formed with a view to prevent the drifting away of the lads and lasses, seem to me steps far more in the right direction than the experimental methods of the army. The next twenty years must, however, pass away before we can have conclusive evidence on this point.

And not on this head only will the lessons of the next score of years be valuable. What will be the position of this great revivalistic movement in the year 1900 ? Will it have spread all over the land till every village has one of the "Sergeants," which are now being enrolled to work in the rural districts ? or will it have passed its climax and be sinking into decadence ? There are circumstances connected with it which make its long duration a matter of doubt. Foremost of these is the fact that it contravenes nature by shutting its eyes to man's complex constitution, and insisting on regarding him as a spiritual being only. As a physical and intellectual creature, the Salvationist is left to take his chance ; but spiritually he is a pampered animal. He is artificially protected on all sides. He may not enter on the discussion of different religious opinions for fear of disunion ; he is forbidden all strong drink and tobacco lest he should run into excess ; the women are

forced to wear a peculiar uniform to preserve them from the snares of vanity, neither sex may join freely in society for fear of worldliness, and general education is looked on with suspicion. One would have expected to have seen Mr. and Mrs. Booth foremost in promoting clubs, coffee taverns, musical societies, reading rooms, and lectures, but, on the contrary, they look with disfavour on such institutions. They consider a street march, an out-door service followed by an indoor meeting, as the nightly occupation of the working man of the future ; they seem to have no fear that the monotony of the Salvation meeting should lead to formalism and unreality, and that the genuine fervour of the speakers should degenerate into an acted exhibition of feigned emotion. In order to keep them to what they consider the one essential occupation of life, they denounce all amusement as such, concerts, penny-readings, fiction, charades, games, are all held to be inconsistent with the Christian profession (see "Worldly Amusement and Christianity," in *Practical Religion*, by Mrs. Booth.) Of course, it is a truism to say that "our evening parties and miniature pantomimes (whatever these may be) do not lead to the 'conversion of our young people,' " but whether rational recreation, though not a substitute for the Gospel, is not a more useful handmaid to the Gospel than Mrs. Booth admits, remains to be seen. "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloister'd virtue, unexercis'd and unbreath'd, that never sallies out and sees her adversary," says Milton, in his *Areopagitica* ; but this is exactly the kind of "virtue" Mr. and Mrs. Booth "praise" most. Will not the day come when the soldiers will ask by what authority these heavy burdens are laid upon them, and unless before then a more robust element can be infused into their Christianity, will not that day be one when not only artificial but legitimate restraint may be broken through ? At present, however, the first fervour of the movement still lasts, the soldiers

glory in their leading strings, and Mr. Booth's conscience is their conscience to an extent which tends altogether to extinguish private judgment, and a sense of individual responsibility in them. No one who is not thoroughly acquainted, both with the Army and with the various writings, and especially the *Order Book*, composed by the "general," can be aware how entirely the whole of the vast body is in doctrine, discipline, and modes of thought the handiwork of Mr. Booth; his influence pervades it from the top to the bottom, and runs to all its extremities; nothing is too great and nothing is too small for his hand to be in it. It is not only in pursuance of his instructions that barracks are built, buildings hired, and an income which this year amounts to 70,000*l.* is expended, but it is by his direction that the most trivial matters are controlled. He orders the sale of "Penny Song-books" in the meetings, and suggests an argument for silencing gainsayers; he informs the officers of the exact moment in their work at each station at which they ought to call and solicit help from leading citizens, he points out to them which feature of that work ought to be placed before each different class of men, he gives rules for the effective conduct of street marches, and for the most impressive grouping of the soldiers on the hall platform; he directs the behaviour of captains to the attendants at hired buildings, he restrains them from arguing with friend or foe on disputed questions. Every difficulty which could be foreseen is provided for on the pages of the *Order Book*, and all others are immediately referred to and decided at headquarters. The general is an autocrat among autocrats; it has been said that he is a "no doubt unconscious plagiarist" from the Jesuits, but the following words from p. 10 of the *Order Book*, "The Roman Catholic Church has perhaps done more in the way of organisation than any other since the world began," taken together with those on p. 2, ["We began to try it [the Methodistic System] in part, and

the remains of the Methodistic System are not, alas! entirely gone from us yet," show that he has deliberately weighed the autocratic and the representative form of government, and chosen the former. The choice was a tempting, but a dangerous one, for it is only a first-rate man who is qualified to fill so responsible a position as irresponsible Head of the Salvation Army, and first-rate men are not at all times easy to find. The present General is remarkable for his powers of organisation and his ability in dealing with subordinates; Mrs. Booth is a lady gifted with winning manners and unusual powers of oratory. Both husband and wife have a matchless hold on the affections of their dependants. I was with the Army at their anniversary festival at the Alexandra Palace, and was much struck by the absolute devotion of the soldiers to their leaders; it resembled the loyalty of subjects towards a beloved sovereign. Only great and rare qualities could elicit such a feeling; and the feeling is necessary to the very existence of that vast host.¹ General Booth bids us believe that were he to die to-morrow "the whole machinery of the Army would go on without hitch;" but it may well be doubted if his son and successor would be able to govern as he governs. Even greater gifts will be required in the second general than those possessed by the first. He will not have the prestige of being the originator of the movement; he will not have to deal with men who are "in the fervour of their first love"; he cannot expect that as years go on his regiments will meet with no reverses; and to a body which is a

¹ Since the above words were written a painful proof of the instability of popular feeling has been given by the mutiny in the Potteries. Captain "Gipsy Smith," who was cashiered by the General for accepting a testimonial offered him by his friends, has raised the standard of revolt, and has gathered around it thousands of disaffected Salvationists. The rebels not only refuse to allow the emissaries from headquarters to address them, but threaten them with bodily violence, so that they are obliged to demand protection from the police!

gigantic illustration of the proverb, "Nothing succeeds like success," reverses will tend strongly to disorganisation. Nothing but absolute power, wielded by a strong man, can possibly resist the future dangers that menace the Army.

All these considerations suggest that whilst sympathising with all our hearts with the work of the Salvation Army, we should not allow ourselves to be carried away by the fascinations of its present power and success. If there is one thing which more than another is to be regretted in connection with the movement, it is that many small missions which have been quietly doing good work among the poor, and would have attracted the attention of the whole country if they had been ramifications of some great society, with a central government and a telling name, are being starved by the secession of workers and the withdrawal of subscriptions, both of which are being absorbed into this already over-grown body. I myself know of a band of nearly a hundred rough London lads who are turned adrift to spend their evenings in the public-houses because their leader, a young working-man to whom they were greatly attached, and who used to assemble them nightly for religious service and secular amusement, has left them to join the Salvationists, and this I believe is unhappily but one case among many. The tendency to forsake unrecognised and unapplauded work, to take part in one which is for the moment attracting national attention, is a robbing of Peter to pay Paul, which does not advance the cause of righteousness. The Salvationists themselves admit it. "Work on outside us," I heard some officers exclaim; "win souls for Jesus! the Lord be with you! Allelujah." And Mrs. Booth herself, speaking to the Society of Friends, said: "I do not want you to come to us; I want you to begin where you are." Let us take her at her word, and "begin where we are," grafting the zeal and unconventionality of the Army on to

our own work, thereby fulfilling her precept: "Get out of the ruts, I say, get out of the ruts;" and let us then rest assured that we are doing more good than we should do by joining a body which has already abundance of efficient labourers of all sorts.

Of all sorts save one, I should have said; and here is an opening for usefulness for any one who is earnest and educated enough for the task. In all parishes inhabited by the artisan class, and especially in those occupied by the Salvation Army, there is sore need for a Christian Evidence class or debating society. The more educated working man is apt to be disgusted at the noise and excitement of a Salvation meeting, and to argue illogically, though not unnaturally, that a religion propagated by such methods is "all humbug." The Army makes no provision for the atheist, the doubter, or the inquirer; "an objection rarely comes from any one but a drunkard or an infidel, to reply to *either of whom* would be a foolish waste of time," says Mr. Railton, on p. 47 of *Heathen England*. If the unbeliever's scepticism is of a kind which yields to noise and the contagion of enthusiasm well and good, if not there is nothing better in store for him than to be hustled out of the crowd with the remark, "If you don't like it, why don't you go on?" This is perhaps an inevitable blot in a body containing as little education as the Army. With good reason does General Booth desire his soldiers never to argue. I once heard an energetic debate between four or five of them and a young man who was declaring that he was an unbeliever, and had become so in consequence of reading Darwin's works; but besides a chorus of "Thank you, I won't have no monkeys for my ancestors," nobody seemed to have anything special to say in defence of his own side. This is not as it should be, and here the Church, with its superior enlightenment and education, is especially qualified to step into the breach, and counteract the modern tendency to produce an in-

crease of infidelity among the artizans in our towns.

On the whole, however, I think it is undeniable that the Salvation Army has been a vast influence for good throughout the country. It has converted thousands from darkness to light; it has everywhere stirred the hearts of men by its example, and inspired them with the longing to go forth and rescue their brethren. We read of out-of-door processions and field and street preaching among all denominations; we hear of successes, still more to our mind than those of the Salvationists, won by the Bristol Church Army, which whilst copying the Salvation Army in most respects, eschews its extravagances, and adds sacramental teaching to that of the other elementary Christian doctrines. What should hinder the formation of similar Church armies all over the land? Have we not clergy who would act as "captains" of local corps? Have we not laity to march singing through the streets, and help in the indoor meetings? Can we not have mission rooms where services of a more popular nature than those of the Prayer Book can be conducted? Can we not use our uneducated classes to speak to their fellows? Can we not even have a penitents' bench, and a system of registration and visitation like those of the Army? I believe in the diocese of Lincoln there is one parish with 36,000 souls and one clergyman! What impression can one labourer be expected to make on such masses? What impression could one, two, or three curates from the Additional Curates' Society make? But the effect of a Church army would soon be felt among these thousands.

A simple method of starting a Church army in such places would be to procure from the Salvation Army an officer who had been brought up in the Church, and had respect for its rules and ordinances. The revivalist leaders have no petty jealousies, and no doubt an efficient person would be sent on application to head-quarters, who would act as lieutenant under the

clergyman. An unmarried officer's salary is 21s. weekly. Surely there is no large parish where such a sum would not be forthcoming; the classes among whom he would minister would contribute it themselves. We in the Church have been too fond of the text, "Cast thy bread on the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." We have seen our drunkards go on drinking, and our thieves thieving; we have watched our empty church benches year after year, and have prided ourselves on our "faith" in believing that, spite of appearances, our "bread" would return one day or other. We have forgotten the grain sown carelessly by the wayside, of which the end was "the fowls of the air came and devoured it up." It will not come back even "after many days!" If one set of methods have to a great extent failed, let us try others. "The one thing I must deprecate," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking of the Salvation Army at the Lambeth Conference, "is that we should settle on our lees." We must bring forth out of our treasure things new as well as old. The thing of the moment seems to be services on the Salvation Army model; their effect may wear off, then we must try something else; but why not hasten to adopt them before, by the dulling results of time and repetition, they lose any of their power?

If this could everywhere be done, then indeed would be fulfilled the hope expressed by Commissioner Railton, when, writing in 1876, before the great successes of the body had been won, he said,¹ "if it should never, as we trust under God it shall, mightily affect the whole body of the country by its own operations, yet at the least it may serve as a torch to show Christians everywhere the road into the ice-bound fastnesses, where so many millions of our own countrymen at present lie hid from the heat and light of the Gospel."

M. A. LEWIS.

¹ *Heathen England*, p. 20.

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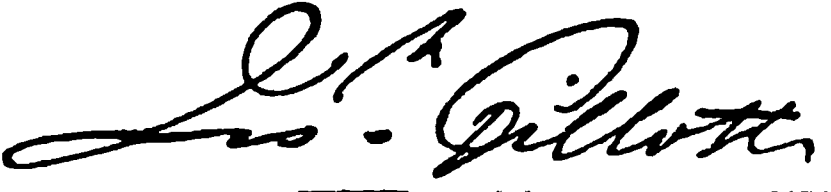
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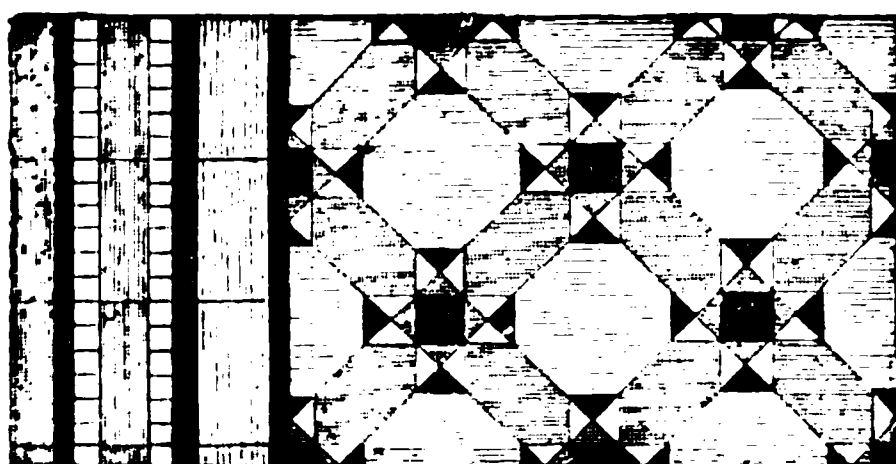
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1882.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY MR. MOZLEY'S OXFORD REMINISCENCES.

[The following article was written very shortly before the beginning of the serious illness from which the Archbishop is now happily recovering.—ED.]

MR. MOZLEY deserves our warmest thanks for the two volumes of Reminiscences which he has just given to the world. No one can rise from a perusal of his very clever and interesting series of sketches without having some serious subjects of thought forced on his attention.

Mr. Mozley describes a whole galaxy of the ablest young men in the University of Oxford forty years ago, scarcely one of whom here and there escaped the over-mastering influence of the remarkable man who is now Cardinal Newman. How far the way for change in old-established opinions had already been prepared in Oxford by the free handling of sacred subjects by Whately, Blanco White, and Hampden, it may be difficult to estimate. Certainly the air of England, as well as of the world generally, was charged with storms portending change in politics, philosophy, and religion. But however this might be, I doubt whether the whole history of opinion exhibits a stranger spectacle than the way in which this tribe of ardent, thoughtful, and highly intelligent men yielded themselves without hesitation to the fascination of one not much older, but whom they believed to be much stronger,

than themselves. Men brought up in old-fashioned orthodox homes, or under the religious influences of Simeon and his school; others again who came from worldly houses, where no particular religion was in vogue, suddenly abjured the old "Thirty-nine" Article definition of the Church, which had stood their fathers in good stead ever since the Reformation, and placed themselves under the protection of a form of Church, which was vigorous certainly in the fourth and fifth centuries, but respecting which they scarcely seemed to inquire whether it represented adequately the teaching and discipline of the age of the Apostles.

This, in theory, well-compacted scheme of ecclesiastical government seemed to them and to their leader to offer a powerful barrier against the ever-encroaching liberalism which had sprung from the spirit of the age. They were deaf to all warnings that their theories, legitimately carried to a conclusion, must bear them further and further from their own mother Church. So powerfully had the early teaching of Newman represented English High Churchmanship as the best barrier against the Church of Rome, that they were not staggered in the

allegiance they had at first formed, even by the appearance of Tract XC., contending as it did that a man might be loyal to the Thirty-nine Articles, and yet practically hold every doctrine of the Church of Rome. Nay, even the subsequent secession of their leader to Rome, after this view of the Thirty-nine Articles had been almost universally repudiated, passed without much affecting them, and the great man found himself followed by comparatively only a handful of the least judicious of his friends.

Meanwhile the movement had been making rapid way. The favourite son returning from Oxford, full of the new teaching, was welcomed and applauded, at least by all the junior members of his family, who usually drank it in with all the greater delight if it happened to be directly opposed to what they had learned from their childhood. It even appeared in pulpits and Sunday schools, and when alarm on the subject began to spread, the mild condemnation of bishops' charges rather added fuel to the fire. Certain bishops were supposed secretly, and without announcing it, to be rather favourable than otherwise to the new, which called itself the old, doctrine. Laud and Charles I. came now to be worshipped as the saints of the English Church.

Forty years have passed since then. Of these young men, or their immediate friends and followers, some have become bishops, some judges, some ministers of state; many are members of Parliament, many more are earnest, hard-working clergymen, and there can be no question that under their influence the ecclesiastical aspect of the nation has been greatly modified. And yet, while all this has been going on, the question still remains whether the mass of the religious population of England is not as essentially Protestant as before. Hence the danger, by no means an imaginary one, of an ever-widening gulf between the clergy and the laity. The moderation, we may venture to say, of the episcopal

bench has for the present averted any such calamity.

It is a mistake, as I believe, to ascribe, directly or indirectly, to the influence of the Oxford movement, the marked change which has, with the general approval of the clergy and laity, taken place during these very years in the arrangements and architecture of our churches and in the conduct of divine worship. The change is to be observed beyond the limits of the Church of England. It is not less evident amongst the Presbyterians of Scotland, and even the most rigid of English dissenters have thrown themselves into the æstheticism of the day. It is doubtful whether the fathers of nonconformity, if they were to rise from their graves, would not be scandalised at the ritualism of their descendants. The movement is, as men say, "in the air," but whence-soever it came, we thankfully find in it a centre which brings divergent elements together. Leaving out of question a few enthusiastic and ill-advised persons who have sought to revive in England the dresses appropriate to some of the doctrines identified with the Church of Rome, union has sprung up in the very ground which is sometimes supposed to be abandoned to the mere shibboleths of party strife.

But a question remains before which all minor matters shrivel into insignificance—the age has become sceptical. The great university of historic orthodoxy is regarded by many as a hotbed of free, if not anti-Christian, thought. Within the last few months the most eloquent representative of the Oxford school preached a sermon in which he warned his hearers that Oxford will in a few years at the most cease to be a Christian university. If this be his belief, the bulwark of a fourth century Church, to which the old leaders trusted as a refuge from the storm, powerful to resist the coming invasion, has crumbled in dust. I do not myself believe that Oxford is really given up to the free-thinking

which this master in Israel dreads. There is a system of theology and religion which counts all forms of belief that are without its own limits as little better than no belief at all. Many hold that amongst Oxford undergraduates there is at the present moment more real religion, shown in a quiet, practical way, than was to be found forty years ago. Tutors, it is true, there are here and there, who do not hesitate to disseminate opinions of which they ought to be ashamed; but happily their boldness is not the measure of their influence. How came they where they are? Who is responsible for that wave of secularism which for the last few years has raged so violently within the university? How different might have been the university's fate, and indeed the fate of religion throughout the country, if the dominant party in Oxford had not endeavoured to stiffen the great national Church after an alien and antiquated model? It is the province of a national Church to stand forward boldly amongst the warrings of contending sects, speaking to all in a loving spirit of large and expansive charity, ready to welcome and guide and influence every earnest believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Much is said nowadays about a supposed diminution in the number of university candidates for holy orders. So far as I am able to learn there is, as a matter of fact, no such diminution. It is the demand which is greater, not the supply which is less. Fewer men who have obtained a first-class are now ordained than in the days when a college fellow was necessarily a clergyman, but, in my belief, the men who go forth yearly from our universities to be the curates of the English Church are at least as well equipped for their holy and difficult work as at any time within my memory. It may, however, be fairly asked whether there are not students of an independent, manly type who are deterred from holy orders by the somewhat eccentric, over-priestly guise

in which the Oxford theology of to-day has enveloped not a few of its votaries.

It would be unjust, and impossible even if just, to judge of the Oxford movement without considering what went before it.

Half a century ago the spiritual life of England was believed to centre in the Evangelicals. They certainly had been instrumental, by God's blessing, in rousing the dormant religious spirit of the nation, partly by their own exertions within the Church, and partly by availing themselves of the ardent zeal and love for Gospel truth which had been widely fostered by the long unwearied labours of Wesley and his friends. Their teaching was by no means confined to their pulpits, as a reader of Mr. Mozley's volumes would be led to imagine. Wilberforce's *View of Practical Christianity* had stirred the minds of politicians and men of business quite as much as it had moved the clergy. Cambridge might be considered as the headquarters of the system. There Simeon, from his family connection, his age, his position in his college, and the ardent zeal which attracted all around him, had become the centre of a large body of assisting, influential friends. There had been others before them of great name and note. The stalwart Dean Milner, of Carlisle, who was also head of Queen's College, Cambridge, was a giant in his day. John Newton's strange life and conversion had been a standing memorial of many of the peculiar truths which the Evangelicals upheld, and the sweet and modest singer of Olney had invested the tenets of the school with all the charm of poetry. Mr. Mozley has spoken with such bitterness of this party in the Church as would seem to argue some incapacity for appreciating its worth. Like most of the Oxford school he seems to have conceived a childish horror of Puritanism. Yet his great master had been trained amongst Evangelicals, and had only diverged from them on finding experi-

mentally that there were some cravings of his nature which their teaching did not satisfy. Mr. Mozley's account of the evangelical preachers whom he encountered shows either that he was most unfortunate in the persons he met with, or that he was ready to listen to any stories to their disadvantage which the gossip of a hostile neighbourhood could supply. There is little doubt that most of the great preachers and pastors of that time belonged to the school he so entirely despises. No doubt these great men had their apes who borrowed from them nothing but the manner and phraseology of their preaching and conversation. No doubt, also, there was a great deal more of good in the old-fashioned, fox-hunting, high-and-dry parsons than the world has since given them credit for. They were not shining religious lights, but, as a body, they were kind-hearted friends of their parishioners, ready always to help them in matters which they themselves understood. The model clergyman of Derby, of whom Mr. Mozley gives so attractive and well-drawn a picture, must have been one of the best specimens of this class. Bold as a lion in the discharge of duty; the friend of the whole town; respected by its civic authorities, and on good terms with the country gentlemen round about, he would have been perfect had he been only a magistrate and not a minister of the Gospel.

Strange to say, the influence of the Evangelical school seems never to have extended to Oxford. There is too much reason to believe in the main accuracy of the somewhat exaggerated picture drawn by Mr. Mozley, in which he represents St. Edmund Hall as the sole place of refuge in which Evangelicalism had been able to entrench itself. Certainly, if even half of his picture be accepted, it is scarcely possible to conceive any arrangements less likely to fascinate the ardent youths who were beginning their course of life, many of them longing for a religious guidance, without which they

felt that their first steps might be false. Some will say, what of Professor Heurtley, whose learning and piety are worthy of the best days of the theological chair which he occupies? but, first, he came too late to Oxford to have much influence in stemming the stream; and secondly, at the time when he was first known in Oxford, whatever may be the case now, he belonged, not to the Evangelicals, but was one of the very best specimens of the old-fashioned High-Church School. Here and there, throughout the country, a few such men of deep learning and piety might be found, like-minded with him; but old orthodox High-Churchmanship, in the form in which it was generally presented to the youth of Oxford in those days, had little attraction for them. It was somewhat sapless, dwelling much on points of separation from the outer Christian world, and most attentive to forms and distinctions which it was difficult to waken into any vigorous life.

Thus all things in Oxford seemed to work together for the triumph of the Oriel School over the feelings and convictions of ardent youth. And when young men returned in vacations to their own homes to hear Sunday after Sunday the old yellow sermons which in the majority of cases formed the chief spiritual food provided by a long ministry, they could not help feeling that if there was danger in change, it was more dangerous to be utterly stationary. Such sermons have been described as transcripts of the "Saturday Papers" of Addison's *Spectator*, or translated extracts from *Cicero de Officiis*, with this drawback, that in neither case had the transcriber caught the elegance of the original. Sermons of this kind in the lapse of forty years have providentially been almost all consumed by time; but here and there we still come across some long-lived survivor which leads the congregation, through a catalogue of easy virtues, up to a death-bed, the sole

consolation of which is to be found in the retrospect of a well-spent life. No wonder that when they returned to Oxford ardent undergraduates fled from the memory of these to listen to the marvellous strains of that unrivalled voice which in the purest English which had ever sounded from a pulpit called up burning thoughts that searched the conscience and supplied stores of wisdom for the coming trials of life.

But what of Dr. Arnold, and the reasonable and large-hearted system of Christian teaching of which he was the representative? Arnold did not die till 1842. Up to that time the fame of his teaching and life had scarcely pervaded the land, though he had been the author of several volumes of sermons. It was his biography by Arthur Stanley, and the two highly spiritual volumes of sermons containing his last utterances, and published on his death, that secured his wide and enduring influence. Before 1842, the Oriel School had entrenched themselves tolerably securely in their camp. A weekly newspaper, written with great ability and by eminent men, supported their opinions throughout the kingdom. Unlike the analogous organ of the Evangelicals, which, whatever else of general information it might contain, obtruded party theological opinions more vigorously than well, it delicately took for granted as the substance of Christian truth the theories of its own school, while a large portion of the newspaper was given up to politics, domestic and foreign, and to reviews of the latest literary works. The ability of the writers in this paper, and their high character, may be judged of from the fact that many of them have been justly promoted since the present Prime Minister, who at one time at least might have been called the great lay high-priest of the Oxford School, has attained the distinguished post in which he is believed by the mass of the nation to overshadow all his predecessors. Meanwhile, unobtrusively

but most effectively, during nearly twenty years, Keble, bringing his marvellous poetic feeling to bear upon the spiritual yearnings of the day, had been conciliating towards his own school of theology the hearts of the majority of educated people. For a long time indeed preferment never visited the Oxford School, except that which they won with their own right hand. At the very time when they were most powerful and seemed to carry all before them, there was a shrinking suspicion of "what it would all lead to" very prevalent in the land.

But now it might be supposed the Arnoldian element would have free course. The biographer of his great master was settled in Oxford. The charm of Arthur Stanley's life and loving heart can never be forgotten. He had anything but sympathy for the peculiar system of the Oriel School. He had been strengthened every term by the arrival of fresh pupils from Rugby, very few of whom were attracted by the fashionable novelties. But whatever the reason might be, Arnold and his teaching had never become widely popular. This was no doubt due in part to the many conflicts of his vigorous life; he was known to be well acquainted with German theology, an unpardonable sin in the minds of the old orthodox and Evangelicals; nay, he was the intimate friend, almost the follower, of the Chevalier Bunsen, who, writing much and speaking always, let it be clearly known that old forms of Christianity in his estimate required remodelling. Moreover, Arnold had at times allowed himself to write and speak somewhat bitterly out of the strength of his feelings. The success which attended his Oxford Lectures on modern history, when Lord Melbourne appointed him to that chair within a year of his death, showed how well he was suited to attract and guide the young. His name and teaching, however, were certainly somewhat unpopular with the great

body of quiet Christians, and to this unpopularity was added amongst his Oriel friends no small portion of fear inspired by his known powers of influence.

But the strength of Arnold's teaching, where it had fair play, was soon exhibited. The biography was hailed throughout England and all over the continent of America. Men rejoiced to welcome a manly, straightforward, expansive, Christian system which, holding as for dear life, to the Divinity of Christ, and deeply imbued with the spirit of St. John's Gospel, had a marvellously attractive power. It troubled them not with the dry bones of departed controversies, but ever asked them with the voice of a trumpet: "What are your own personal relations to the Father, and the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit?" It pointed out to them how the Christian religion was no matter of forms and compromises, how it breathed the Saviour's love into the soul, and ever inculcated the following of His example; how it looked far beyond the individual, and the section of the Church to which the individual belonged, to the commonwealth as part of God's workmanship into whatever political form it might be moulded. He could not conceive of a state, doing perfectly its duty as a state, without the moving principle of religion. He spurned all theories of separating education from religion, or state-craft from that refining leaven which alone can enable a statesman to seek for his countrymen the highest objects of their existence. And so the system went forth on its trial to bless other lands if it scarcely escaped stifling within its own university. It had its triumphs in the East as in the West. Bishop Cotton, of Calcutta, was the very impersonation of it; and to the nature of this teaching, which he had imbibed from Arnold, more than to any other cause, is to be attributed the astonishing fact that a man, with so little external attractiveness, should have wielded amongst the civilians of India a power unknown

to any other of the great men who have occupied the See.

But the Nemesis has come at last. Let us grant that there has been infused into the Church of England a much more reverential regard for the externals of public worship, and that much of this may have had its rise even from the unconscious efforts of the first leaders of the Oxford school; let us grant that a system of parochial arrangement has arisen which enlists the co-operation of zealous workers—both men and women—and which by means of guilds and other associations has increased the hold of the pastor upon his flock. Though here and there are to be found eccentricities of worship which sensible men of all schools deplore, which are often a scandalous cause of quarrel in a parish, and which the fathers of this movement never contemplated, yet on the whole it must be frankly allowed that much of the work which has sprung from the good men of Oriel has made the parish church far more attractive and useful than it was of yore.

But meanwhile throughout the length and breadth of England what is the view of Christianity which is welcomed by the great mass of intelligent, religious men? It is often said that Arnold is the father of the scepticism which unfortunately prevails so largely in much of our periodical literature and those whom it leads. No statement can be more utterly untrue. Men point to the much-loved character of Arthur Clough, and the way in which his faith seemed shaken from its foundations; but his case was most peculiar—exposed to the overwhelming influence of two contending torrents, one bearing him to Rome, the other to the fathomless abyss of an unknown scepticism. It is not fair to argue from isolated and extraordinary examples. I repeat my opinion that the life and letters of Dr. Arnold and the last two volumes of his sermons, set forth that view of a comprehensive, loving, yet zealous

Christian teaching which approves itself to the consciences and seeks to be embodied in the lives of the vast majority of intelligent persons throughout the kingdom. There is no talk here of high or low or broad. I believe that the best men of the time have a dislike of all "schools of theology." They desire a religion which shall serve them and their neighbours in life and in death, without tying them up to unnatural phrases, or locking up their feet whether they will or no, in the stocks of some antiquated system of discipline. Christ and God ever present, the Holy Spirit blowing where He listeth, the regularly ordered and familiar ordinances of the Church, are far more to them than any technical definitions or strict orders of the schools.

But I must not trespass more. No one can reflect on the history of the school which Mr. Mozley has set before us in so vivid a picture, without regard for the men, and without believing that out of so much goodness real good must have come to the Church of Christ. In some sense I know nearly every one mentioned in his catalogue, and honour their persons or their memory. The great leaders were beyond me in age and position; with many of the rest I was intimate. Two names rise before me as my dearest friends; they both became Roman Catholics early in these struggles, but through changing scenes of life I had opportunities—alas! few and far between—of keeping up my intimacy with both. One died three years ago, the other but a few months since. Two more single-hearted and devoted men I believe never lived.

There is something inexpressibly solemn in looking back on the struggles of forty years ago. No human intelligence can weigh with perfect accuracy the good and evil of any system honestly and vigorously maintained in the spirit of prayer. I am inclined to believe of this school that its day is past, but it will certainly leave behind it lasting traces of many a useful and self-denying life. The great leader, who long since passed into another Church, whatever he may have done amongst his new co-religionists, can scarcely have equalled the glory of his triumphs over so many souls of first-rate intelligence in his early days. I have great difficulty in understanding what could have induced Mr. Mozley to devote a whole chapter to disproving the theory that his great hero is a sceptic. Of course a Roman Catholic's estimate of the rules by which Protestants attempt, each for himself, to attain truth, is entirely different from anything to which we are accustomed, who feel that we cannot with a safe conscience substitute assent for conviction. But all the testimony of his surroundings, and all his published utterances seem to speak of the old man's quiet age wearing away in works of calm Christian usefulness, such as his soul loves.

Meanwhile the Church and the world seem entering on totally new phases. The good or evil of the future is far beyond our ken. Many lessons may be learned from the past, both for imitation and avoidance. We who are nearing the end need not be distracted if we can cast our care on Him who cares ever for His Church and people.

A. C. CANTUAR.

NOTE.

THE next instalment of "Fortune's Fool" not having reached us, its continuation is unavoidably postponed.—ED.

PATRIOTIC POETRY.

THERE is a well-known question which many acute inquirers have discussed since Vico, but concerning which they cannot be said to have arrived at a satisfactory solution. What is ascertainable as to the existence of any law governing the relations between periods of greatness in a nation's political history and periods of greatness in its literature? On the one hand, it must be admitted that literature, like history, never really repeats itself; and again, the periods of a national greatness, conscious of its own aims and ideals, are after all rare enough in the annals of the world. But even to a question much narrower than the above, though analogous to it, a categorical answer will not very readily present itself. Is it not true—and if so what accounts for the fact?—that the literature of a nation in periods distinguished by its greatest efforts of patriotic action is by no means always pervaded by a corresponding spirit of patriotism? Of course, not every endeavour made on a nation's behalf deserves to be called a national struggle; not every war waged in a people's name is in truth a popular war; not every great man to whom later historians justly assign a prominent place among his country's worthies was in his lifetime, or during the whole of it, looked upon by her as one of her chosen heroes. There is no need to go very far back in our own history for illustrations of this truth, or truism. The famous angel of Blenheim, as Thackeray says, flew off with the fortunate author of simile and poem, "and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals." But except among those who had personal reasons for pride in the "famous victory," the admiration for Addison's hero, and the enthusiasm for the

Whigs' War, failed to prove so strong as the old English sentiments of insularity, and the enthusiasm for the identity between Church and State, which helped to bring about the overthrow of Marlborough and his friends, and to prepare the conclusion of a far from glorious peace. During the great struggle of England against Napoleon, many fluent English writers of verse strained their energies in odes to Wellington, and in celebration of his splendid achievements; but the people's heart was never touched as it had been when Campbell sang Nelson and his sailors, and, like Dryden before him,¹ boldly pressed the legendary beings of the sea into the obsequies of our naval heroes:—

" Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their
grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condole,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave."

Still more capricious are the reflexions in our poetic literature of the great domestic agitations of our national life. The hopes and the fears of the great Reform Bill movement of 1831–2, so far as I know, lack their sacred bard; but it is no isolated opinion that the struggle against the Corn Laws, could its records be obliterated from the page of history, would possess a worthy memorial in the rhymes of at least one unforgotten poet of the people.

¹ " Lawson amongst the foremost met his
fate,
Whom sea-green sirens from the rocks
lament;
Thus, as an offering for the Grecian state,
He first was killed who first to battle
went." —*Annus Mirabilis*.

Is it, then, possible for posterity, through its poets, to make good the shortcomings of contemporaries? No man, we have been told, ever wrote a history deserving to live of any country or people save his own. There is a grain of truth in the remark, however discouraging it may be to some of us; for it is beyond all doubt difficult, unless under circumstances so exceptional as almost to prove the rule, for any historian to feel towards a foreign country that all-informing sympathy which is at times truer than study, as the proverb declares blood to be thicker than water. But whether or not his own country's story be his theme, every honest historical writer must needs desire to do his own part towards supplementing the defects, or correcting the errors, of earlier judgments of events and the actors in them. His success will often be small with that wider audience which has no desire for re-opening cases already settled for it by its favourite authorities. The effort is not everywhere readily made to distinguish between the real Queen Elizabeth and Gloriana, or between Richard III. and the Richard of Shakespeare's play. Thus a task both novel and noble seems to offer itself to the poets of an age like our own, more given to critical inquiry than its predecessors, and better equipped for such a purpose than they. Far from ignoring the impulses of patriotic sentiment still common among our countrymen, or mistrusting the same feelings in themselves, our poets may, with a fair prospect of success, seek to judge the great actors and events of our national history without the partisanship and prejudice which were hardly to be avoided by our ancestors, and may thus stimulate the "high spirit" of the present age, while rectifying many a misjudgment of the past. Nor can there be much doubt but that the freer the forms in which such attempts are made, the less likely will they be to fail of achieving their ends. No writer of our times

will be tempted to revive, with or without the adornment of subtle stanza forms, the versified chronicle of the thirteenth century, beginning with the siege of Troy or the foundation of Troynovant, and duly brought down to the great thunderstorm which most recently "o'er pale Britannia passed." Nor is the much-adapted *Mirror for Magistrates* capable of re-adaptation for the use of the nineteenth century, nor would another *Albion's England*, vivacious even to a fault as Warner's verse is, fall otherwise than flat upon modern ears.

Whether a second period of splendour awaits that uniquely English growth, the dramatic *History*, it will perhaps be time enough to discuss when we have again become possessed of a really national theatre. No classical or modern literature has anything which can exactly be compared to this wonderful growth of English patriotic poetry. The national historical element in Attic tragedy was, as a rule, allusive only; and of the Roman *prætextatæ* we hardly know enough to justify anything beyond conjecture. The dramatic literatures of other modern nations have still fewer analogous growths, except where they have avowedly followed the Shakespearian model. Signs are not wanting that in this direction also the English drama may once more assert its prerogative. But in the meantime a form of poetry more elastic than either the epical or the dramatic will most readily lend itself to a treatment of our national history, at once eclectic and comprehensive, in accordance with the double tendency of our age. No doubt a supply of patriotic poetry, whether lyrical or other, is not to be obtained at command like a line of fortresses or an ironclad fleet; and it would be worse than futile to attempt to predict the course of our own or of any other poetic literature. One thing, however, may be asserted without presumptuousness. Whenever a true poet, who is also a true patriot, seeks to treat our

national history poetically, without losing sight of the inner continuity belonging to it, his endeavour must establish a claim upon the recognition of all in whose moral and imaginative world the history of their country has a share. To make the highest of all human arts subservient to any ends but its own, would indeed be to misunderstand, and thereby to degrade, poetry itself. And even were this not so, patriotism is neither the very noblest of all the emotions that wing the soul of man, nor one of those which appeal with the same force to every human heart. The poet's choice is free; but for an age which is like our own, in love with its own indefiniteness, and many of whose children find no study so interesting as their own complex beings, nothing could be more salutary than that its poets should "memorise anew the ancestry" of the heroes and the heroism of a great nation like our own. It is not, I think, going too far to say that our younger generation at least frequently takes too narrow a view of the culture which it professes to worship, dissociating from it much which is not indeed culture's highest end, but which itself forms one of true culture's best parts. Such a generation needs invigorating as well as refining; and for Englishmen at least the time has not yet come when life would be worth living apart from the duties and aspirations of patriotism. Happily, the duties and aspirations in question are such as neither our own nor any previous period of English poetry has been contented altogether to ignore.

In magnis voluisse sat est, but it is not only as a first effort, conceived in a spirit worthy of its purpose, in the direction I have sought to indicate, that Mr. F. T. Palgrave's recently published *Visions of England* will in my belief take their place in our poetic literature. Nothing that Mr. Palgrave does is idly done; and he had reasons which if not all equally convincing are all worth listening to, for his choice of title, his choice of

subjects, and his choice of metres. With this last however I have no wish here to concern myself; and indeed it would be venturesome to argue with the master of so many stanza-forms, none of which (I may say in passing) he seems to me to employ more musically than that of the touching poem *A Crusader's Tomb*. One who is both artist and critic like Mr. Palgrave was unlikely to fall into the cardinal error of confounding historical poetry with poetical history, or in other words to let his historical opinions—which are often so decided that they might almost be called historical principles—dictate either the choice or the treatment of his themes. "Poetry, not History," as he very plainly expresses it, "has been my first and last aim; or, perhaps I might define it, History for Poetry's sake." But he has at the same time striven, as was not only natural in his father's son, but perfectly compatible with the chief or artistic aim of his book, "to keep throughout as closely to absolute historical truth in the design and colouring of the pieces as the exigencies of poetry permit." As the poems in this volume are lyrical, its several parts have no outward or necessary connexion with one another; and the author was able to choose at his own will such characters and scenes in the national history as might appear to him "leading" or "typical." The vagueness of the latter term is convenient; but whatever may be thought of the selection actually made, the principle on which it has proceeded is obvious. The difficulty lay in the infusion of that element which may be called the dramatic, and which justifies the title given by Mr. Palgrave to his book. Each poem forming part of it is described as a *Vision of England*, and is therefore to carry back the reader into "the atmosphere of the age" of which it treats. But while dramatically reproducing the spirit of so many generations in connexion with some of their chief events and figures, Mr. Palgrave has wished at

the same time, according to the best of his ability, "to set forth each scene or character in its essential" historical "truth." His *Visions* are to be, not the delusive phantoms conjured up by the *Geisterseher*, who knows very well what spirits he and his patrons wish to see, but the revelations granted to the "prophet looking back"—the student to whom "the research and genius" of the best historians have furnished the means of which he makes conscientious use. In this sense the patriotic poet gazing upon the tomb of a dead hero may both see more, and see what he sees more truly, than beholders can to whom the past is dead, or than the buried hero's contemporaries could, to whom the significance of his deeds could be but darkly visible—

—"This is the poet's right!

He looks with larger sight
Than they who hedge their view by present things,

The small, parochial world
Of sight and touch: and what he sees, he sings."

The epithet "parochial" has a Beaconsfield sound, if not a Beaconsfield origin; but the sentiment of the stanza recalls Spenser's lines, to which it is of course only on the first glance contradictory—

"Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
That nothing is but that which he hath scene?"

Nothing could be more out of place than for me to enter here upon a discussion of the estimates formed by Mr. Palgrave of the historical authorities upon whom he principally relies. Among these it is not only piety which places Sir Francis Palgrave and Hallam in the front rank. The former of these was a historian to whose mind not only such an event as the battle of Hastings, but even so pragmatical a transaction as the compilation of Domesday Book at once translated itself into a vivid picture—a complete section, as the botanists

say, of the nation's historic life. Hallam's reputation for impartial wisdom, which survived the piteous groans of Southey, will likewise, unless we mistake, survive certain more recent cavils; in Mr. Palgrave he has an enthusiastic admirer, indeed one enthusiastic enough to quote him out of as well as in season. (Hallam's admission that during the eleven years of non-parliamentary government, England "had grown into remarkable prosperity and affluence," hardly supports the enthusiastic *Vision* of the time

"When the kingdom had wealth and peace,
one smile o'er the face of the land,"

if taken in conjunction with Hallam's further observation that "it would have been an excess of loyal stupidity in the nation to have attributed their riches to the wisdom or virtue of the court, which had injured the freedom of trade by monopolies and arbitrary proclamations, and driven away industrious manufacturers by persecution".) Altogether, I am by no means sure that as to the Revolutionary period Mr. Palgrave does not ride rather too daringly on the wave of reaction with the strength of which Professors Gardiner and Seeley have something to do; but this is of course a matter of opinion. On the other hand I rejoice that he should have given so much attention to Ranke, and should have said of him what, in England at least, has never been so well said before, that to him we owe the only narrative of the Civil War period "in which history is treated *historically*, that is, without judging of the events by the light either of their remote results, or of modern political party." I pass by Mr. Palgrave's references to his other chief authorities, except to note the generous spirit—generous to Ireland as well as to her distinguished historian—in which he appeals to Mr. Lecky's truly "invaluable chapters" on Irish history, and to recall his frequent use of our most recent his-

torical classic, Mr. J. R. Green. The extraordinary richness of Mr. Green's narrative, which we teachers sometimes find overflowing the vessels into whose emptiness it has been poured, is best attested by the wealth of ideas as well as pictures which it suggests to a fertile mind like that of the author of the *Visions*.

Mr. Palgrave's own choice of subjects and method of treatment are nearly always full of interest, and at times singularly striking. As to the former, hereditary tastes perhaps help to attract him more especially to the earlier periods of our history; but every true poet is a child of his times, and it is not in vain that Mr. Freeman's great histories, as well as his occasional utterances, have appealed to the nationality principle which dominates the political life of our age. The "true-born Englishman" of the present day can at the most glory in a "race, of many races well-compact"; but his sympathy is strongest with those figures and deeds which seem most purely English.

"Harold was England: and Harold lies here,"—

are the closing words of Mr. Palgrave's spirited ballad of Hastings fight; and with a sure instinct he celebrates as the very flower of our national heroism that "darling of the English" who is peerless among our kings, Alfred the Great:

"To service or command, to low and high
Equal at once in magnanimity,
The Great by right divine thou only art!
Fair star, that crowns the front of Eng-
land's morn,
Royal with Nature's royalty inborn,
And English to the very heart of heart!"

But the *Visions* lose nothing of their vividness as they come to occupy themselves with the Norman and Plantagenet times; and in grandeur of conception there is certainly nothing in the volume that surpasses the fine poem entitled *The Rejoicing of the Land*, of which the date is fixed in 1295, the real birth-year of our parlia-

mentary institutions "as representing at once the culminating point in the reign of Edward, and of mediævalism in England." Here the poet, like Gray's Bard, ranges at will through the history of the nation, contrasting tyranny with tyranny, and ending his strain with a beautiful picture of the prosperity and piety which consort so well with an era of peace. It is a poetic picture corresponding to those of which the eminent German historian of England, who has lately passed away, loved to sketch the outlines in prose. I have not noticed any reference in Mr. Palgrave's notes to Pauli, whose premature death has cut short at so early a point as the beginning of the Tudor period a noble historical narrative which is still unfortunately a closed book to too many Englishmen.

Over the Tudor period Mr. Palgrave himself certainly does not seem to linger with any pronounced predilection. His heart goes up to the Oxford Reformers as the earliest representatives of what was most enduring in the influences of the English Renaissance; and it is satisfactory to find him recognising in the noblest of these scholars, Sir Thomas More, the purest figure of a turbid age:—

"Blest soul, who through life's course
Didst keep the young child's heart unstain'd
and whole,
To find again the cradle at the goal,
Like some fair stream returning to its
source;—
Ill fall'n on days of falsehood, greed and
force!
Base days, that win the plaudits of the
base,
Writ to their own disgrace,
With casuist sneer o'erglossing works of
blood,
Miscalling evil, good;
Before some despot-hero falsely named
Groveling in shameful worship un-
ashamed."

The extremes of Edward and Mary are alike virtually passed by; the Muse cannot breathe easily in so overcharged an atmosphere. But of the Elizabethan times the *Visions* recall some of the most striking figures—

among them the unhappy woman who is here not treated as a vile Duesse, but as the victim of passion and of fate; and Astrophel, more radiant than ever as he casts off the dross of earth; and the Utopian venturer, to us at once the most modern and the most representative of the later Elizabethans,—Sir Walter Raleigh. Of course Queen Elizabeth herself once more appears at Tilbury; but though the date “September, 1558,” is a little misleading, the poem is skilfully arranged so as to celebrate at once the conflict between the Armada and the “English boats on the English sea,” and the scattering of the foe by the blast from on high.

A very eminent authority, of whose labours any student of English history is glad to be able to seize an opportunity of acknowledging his admiring recognition, has accorded to Mr. Palgrave's historical insight praise by the side of which all words of mine must be valueless. Canon Stubbs writes:—“I do not think that there is one of the *Visions* which does not carry my thorough consent and sympathy all through.” For myself, I confess that I could not say as much with reference to those of Mr. Palgrave's patriotic lyrics which treat of the struggle between the King and the Commons. One's own sympathies may lie altogether with that “golden moderation” which the poet commends in the fine stanzas *At Bemerton*; but there are times in the national life, as in individual lives when the great question “*for or against?*” *for* the law or *against* the law, *for* the right or *against* the right, presents itself categorically, and when on the answer given to it by the leaders of the people depends the future of the land. Pym was, let it be granted, a—

“Deep stately designer, the subtle in simple
disguised,
Artist in plots, projector of panics he used,
and despised!”

and Cromwell may be called, by way of supreme reproach, “Philistia's

child and chief”; but whether they were Conservatives or Philistines, they and those who stood by them saved our freedom. And for my part I cannot picture Hampden to myself riding, wounded to death, off Chalgrove Field with uncertainty in his soul; nor can I join in calling Milton “untrue to himself” as well as “to the sweet Muses,” when like an Athenian of old he did his duty in choosing his side in the hour of civil conflict.

By a progress more rapid than one could wish, the *Visions* bring us down to later times and even to our own day—to Trafalgar and Torres Vedras, to the awful Indian catastrophes in 1842 and 1857, and to the gentler associations also of the Victorian age. Nowhere is the poet wanting in a generosity of spirit which is the moral mark of his verse, which strives to be just even to Indians and Irishmen, and is not afraid to recognise an element of unconscious heroism even in so palpable a historical and political failure as that of Richard Cromwell. But even were this not so, the fresh and self-consistent individuality of Mr. Palgrave's book gives it a charm, and I may add a strength, to which no collection of patriotic lyrics by several writers is likely to attain. I doubt for instance whether any one of Mr. Palgrave's *Visions* can be compared in mere literary excellence to many of the *Poems of English Heroism* arranged together by Mr. A. C. Auchmuty in an unpretending little volume of which one would rejoice to hear as known and esteemed by our rising generation. But taken together, the lyrics of the one scholar and poet have the inestimable advantage, of an inner unity which no arranging or editing can simulate, but which is due to the transfusion of materials by one artistic endeavour. There are many minor points in Mr. Palgrave's method of treatment to which exception might perhaps be taken; but these seem to me of little importance for the total

effect of the book, which not only deserves, but, as it were, demands to be received as a single wreath of laurel offered to his country by a poet. I think that he has availed himself rather too frequently of his poetic right to compare, so to speak, by anticipation, to think of La Haye Sainte on the hill of Senlac, and of Balaclava as the mists clear off before the walls of Zutphen. I think moreover that it would have been well had he in so short a series of lyrics—far too short for the capabilities of the conception and for the spirit with which it has been executed—avoided the occasional repetition of the same, or similar, *motifs*. The anonymous "Old Dane," the hero of a singularly pleasing little poem, pairs off with the nameless Crusader; and in both Earl Simon at Evesham and King Edward at Crecy, the paternal feeling appears more or less predominant. But these are mere impressions; and still less should I care to cavil at one or two historical or literary touches of detail

which seem to me of doubtful accuracy. The historical scholarship of the book as a whole seems to me, if I may venture to say so, of a very high order indeed.

As an experiment in poetic literature, which if not absolutely new, is at all events made under totally new conditions, these *Visions of England* may be destined to occupy and interest criticism when much of the verse that is now popular or fashionable has fluttered away with the leaves of the season. In the meantime, I hope Mr. Palgrave may be inclined to enlarge and develop a conception prompted by an ambition at once aspiring and legitimate. Should his book, in an ampler and fuller form, achieve an enduring success, it can hardly fail to become the beginning of a new species of patriotic poetry. Should it happen otherwise, the age too may in some measure be in fault.

A. W. WARD.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS ON INDIAN FINANCE.

THE topic of Indian finance is not as yet, we fear, of deep or general interest to the British public, though much trouble has been taken by various recent writers in providing instruction on the subject. Unhappily the instruction is as various as its authors, and this divergence of opinion among the learned is probably one main cause of the indifference of the ignorant: it certainly is a serious obstacle to their enlightenment. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" must be the uncomfortable reflection of the lay-reader, when, after suffering the Cassandra-like forebodings of Mr. Hyndman, and actually beginning, as he thinks, to see possible, though hard-to-be-earned, comfort in the more temperate warnings of Mr. Fawcett, he comes under the powerful influence of Ex-Finance Minister Sir John Strachey, who tells him authoritatively, in more than four hundred pages of energetic English, that the progress of Indian administration has been splendid, and that Indian finances, at once the result and the mainstay thereof, are normally and increasingly prosperous.

Now the pecuniary condition of an empire cannot of course be discussed in detail within the limits of a few pages, but it is possible perhaps even in this narrow compass, without presupposing more than ordinary intelligence in the inquirer, and without using repulsively technical language, to state fairly the general outlines of the case; to indicate the leading points of the most important problems involved; and to make, very briefly, a few practical remarks, which, if they do not furnish grounds for complete and decisive opinion, may yet, as being based on personal knowledge and experience, be accurate, and thus useful.

To do this is the object of the present paper, and though success be not fully attained, it is well worth trying for. India is no exception to the profound indifference felt in England to the affairs of our most important colonies. And yet the formation of an intelligent lay opinion in the country on the general bearing of Indian affairs is indeed of very urgent importance. Of all the positions taken up by writers on this matter, the truest and most pressingly practical one is the cry of public responsibility—a responsibility to be rightly discharged only by the constant and critical attention to India of all who have influence over the conduct of our public affairs. More than twenty years, it must be again and again repeated, have passed, since the nation assumed direct charge of the Indian Government, gigantic legacy of a defunct trading company! year by year the reins of control are drawn more closely in; parliamentary supervision, swayed by the impulsive exigencies of party, tends to interfere more and more, not only in matters of foreign policy, but even in those of internal administration. And "finance," it has been truly said, "is the keystone of Indian administration." A permanently embarrassed exchequer must lead to either bankruptcy or rebellion. Public ignorance under the circumstances is not merely culpable but perilous—nay, under contingencies which at times are not far removed from probability, it might become fatal.

Thus far all are agreed who have in any measure reflected on the facts of the case, but beyond this, as already said, there is great, not to say radical, dissimilarity of view. Extreme despondency accompanied by fierce

denunciations of our administrative policy; serious alarm modified by encouragement conditioned on severe economy and retrenchment; jubilant review and sanguine forecast; these are the varying tones of different writers who urge their opinions with ability and confidence. *Prima facie*, indeed, the reader might suspect both extremes of over-statement. Truth generally lies near the mean; and while it is not likely, he might think, that successive generations of able rulers should be grossly ignorant of the economic condition of the people they govern, he would at the same time, under his general impression of the grave facts of Indian wars and famines, hesitate to trust any statements, however plausible at first sight, which should represent the Indian treasury as triumphantly overflowing. Such inclination to repel extreme views is, we believe, substantially just. The nearest approach to accuracy in a general description of the financial condition of India is something like this:—When there is no war like that recently conducted in Afghanistan, and no wide-spread famine like that experienced a few years ago in most provinces of the Empire, the finances of the Indian Government may be so managed as to preserve equilibrium, and in decidedly good seasons to yield a small surplus. But this favourable result is possible only under stringent conditions. There must be systematic economy in ordinary expenditure; judicious but determined retrenchment of extraordinary expenditure on public works; and, lastly, we must have fair assurance of stability of all the present main sources of income. Such would appear to be the view, or nearly the view, held by Mr. Fawcett—honourable alike for the care with which he forms his opinions and the candour with which he urges them—and such is the impression we have received from a near and practical acquaintance with Indian revenue and revenue-payers.

Extreme statements like those of

Mr. Hyndman on the one side, or those of Sir John Strachey on the other, it would not perhaps be difficult to show in their true character, were space available. For the present, however, we content ourselves, and we hope the reader, with mentioning a fair specimen of either kind. Mr. Hyndman, in one of his essays in the *Nineteenth Century*, has built up a dismal picture of the ruinous poverty of India from the assertion that the yearly produce of the country averages only three hundred millions sterling. Divide this, says he, among the one hundred and ninety millions of inhabitants, and you have a miserable pittance indeed for each person's sustenance, especially when you consider that the greater number must enjoy less than the average income thus struck out, to allow for the wealth undoubtedly possessed by some. "A little over thirty shillings a year for a man to live on!" exclaims Mr. Hyndman; and then he indignantly impeaches the hard-hearted English dominion, which can take any share of a pauper's earnings in taxation. Now we know something of the statistics on which these figures are founded, and cannot allow them to be quite satisfactory, even for what they profess to give. To attempt to draw from them any close or practical inferences is dangerous. There are no trustworthy statistics in India showing the actual extent of land cultivated in any one year. Much of the information is mere estimate. Supposing this estimate a fair one, the next to be made is that of the produce, as to which the most experienced officers will be the most cautious in giving positive figures. Then, further, we have to turn this produce into money at rates which vary in every district. A loose average may be struck as representing generally trade transactions. But a very large part of the grain transactions of the Indian agriculturist are conducted without reference to money at all. He very often earns in corn; he very often pays in

corn. As an ordinary thing he keeps part of the produce of his field in a corn-bin in his house, and uses it for his household without keeping any accurate account. He would be puzzled to state with preciseness his whole grain produce, and accuracy is not increased with a larger area of calculation.

But even if we could suppose our statistics of grain produce complete and accurate, there are yet considerations rendering it impossible to base on them alone practical conclusions as to the standard of living in India. The cost of living to the mass of Indian agriculturists cannot possibly be stated in money. Besides his land the villager has his cow or buffalo, his camel, or his goats. The milk and ghī (clarified and preserved butter) which he gets from these are a food which stands almost in the same relation to him that meat and beer do to our population. Vegetables, too, he gets in some form or other; often wild herbs to be had for the picking. His house he builds himself entirely, or nearly so; its cost cannot be shown in money, for it consists mainly of mud walls raised by himself and rough wooden beams cut by himself or the village carpenter (rarely paid in money); thus it costs materials which he can get for nothing, and time which to him is worth nothing, since he turns house-builder in his slack hours. Then his fuel is either wood got for nothing, or cow-dung pats, also got for nothing. Of course he ought to use all his manure on the soil, but he often does not; at any rate his fuel costs him nothing. Meat, house, and firing thus found, there are in many parts other auxiliary sources of income, such as sale of surplus ghī, camel-hire, or waggon-hire. His scale of living no doubt is humble; we may call his house a hovel, though its cleanliness would generally shame the dwellings of even "respectable" people in England; he has no money to spend in liquor which he does not want, and his main food supply is

precarious. But as a general thing he is not starving, as Mr. Hyndman seems to think.

While, however, mis-statements are to be deprecated which represent Indian poverty as greater than it is, still greater harm is done if the conditions of Indian life are shown up in a more favourable light than the facts warrant. Yet this, we venture to say, is the effect of a statement of Sir John Strachey's with regard to a most important item in the expenses of an agriculturist. After recognising the fact that in many parts of India the State has given up its originally universal right of property in land to individuals, who are thus to all intents and purposes owners of the soil, he goes on in the very next page¹ to quote a passage from Mr. Fawcett's *Political Economy*,² which lays it down that the land-tax in India is no burden to the community. Now regarding Government as part of the community, this is obviously true. But as applied to the facts of Indian administration, it is grievously incorrect. The theory depends on the supposition that the tax-payer is a cultivator who has to pay rent anyhow, whether to a public or to a private landlord. Where this is so, as in many parts of India, the theory holds good, but where, as over quite half the land of India, private property exists, and where the proprietor cultivates the land himself, it makes great difference to him whether he has to pay Government revenue or not. If he did not he would enjoy the whole produce of his land. As it is he has to give up a very substantial proportion of it to Government. We do not for a moment suppose that Sir John Strachey does not know this; on the contrary, no one knows it better than he. It could be wished indeed that Mr. Fawcett had stated his proposition in more modified terms, but his point is different from that of Sir John Strachey, who is

¹ Page 15 of *Farmers and Public Works of India*.

² Fifth edition, p. 568.

endeavouring to show that the Indian peasant is in reality very lightly taxed. We do not say that he is unjustly burdened, or that, having regard to the history of land assessment in India, the Government demand is not moderate. But it certainly is a burden on the revenue-payers, and for all practical purposes as much a burden as any other tax, wherever it is levied from the proprietor cultivating his own land.

Let us revert to the statement of what seem more moderate opinions. Reviewing the figures of Indian income and expenditure for the past twelve years, as given in the Comptroller's accounts, we find that the average net income has been 44,776,202*l.*; and what may be called the ordinary average expenditure, 42,706,249*l.* If for the nonce we usurp the financier's privilege, and "think" not in "lacs" but in millions, there appears a surplus of about two millions yearly. But the income here given includes the provincial rates, a sum averaging about two millions, and answering in some measure to our local highway rates. It, therefore, is only partially applicable to administrative purposes; but if this objection be passed over, the ordinary finances stand fairly well. In considering this income we need notice only eight items, of which the six largest in amount have averaged as follows:—Land revenue, 20 $\frac{3}{4}$; opium, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$; salt, 6; stamps, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$; excise, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; and customs, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$; in all 41 millions. The provincial rates give two more, and assessed taxes a very varying amount, but averaging half a million.

In estimating the collections for the near future we may slightly modify the figures above given, putting them thus:—Land revenue, 21 $\frac{1}{4}$; opium, 7; salt, 6; stamps, 3; excise, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; and customs, 2; in all 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions; or $\frac{3}{4}$ million more than the average of the past twelve years. The reasons for these modifications will be better understood with reference to remarks made further on. The land revenue

will slightly increase owing to increase of cultivation which is still going on; the opium revenue is now managed systematically, and the figure we have given is, if anything, rather low. A reduction in salt duties is just being made, but there is good reason to think that the revenue under this head will recover itself very soon; stamps will in all probability develop to three millions, if not slightly more. As for customs, we are losing some duties, but there will no doubt be a partial recovery here too.

Comparing these figures with those given as a normal year's balance-sheet by Mr. Fawcett in his admirable *Essays on Indian Finance*, we shall see that they are somewhat higher. The year, however, there taken was 1876–77, an unfavourable one. The land revenue collections, for instance, were smaller than in any of the twelve years we have considered, and fully two millions below the average; and customs also suffered, the baneful effects of the famine had already begun. On the whole we think Mr. Fawcett's estimate is hardly fair to India, and should anticipate some slight modification of his views under the more favourable experience of the latest figures. The revenue, it is true, is inelastic according to English ideas, but examination of the official accounts shows signs of a healthy though slight growth. We shall be almost certainly safe in putting down the revenue from present sources at forty-five millions sterling.

But are these sources of income likely to be maintained? The land revenue, excise, and stamps may be dismissed as fairly secure. Under this year's budget a very considerable reduction has been made in salt duties; but the remaining portion of the tax is also safe, while consumption will slowly develop for some little time. There is also a remission of duties under customs, but trade will probably recover, or nearly recover, the figures given in the estimate. Fluctuations in these two are comparatively small.

But the opium revenue is one of a special kind, and subject to peculiar dangers. For the benefit of the lay-reader (for whom we are at present writing) a brief explanation of these may be given. Opium is grown in India in two ways. First (in Bengal), under a direct monopoly of Government who makes advances to the cultivators, regulates the area of cultivation of each year's crop, and buys up the opium as it comes from the field. The price offered depends on the quantity already held in stock from previous years, and it is this price which induces the cultivators to extend or restrict the crop area. The article thus purchased is prepared in Government factories, sent down to Calcutta, and sold by auction in monthly sales. The system, after violent fluctuations in former years, has now been elaborated so as to secure a pretty uniform quantity in the market each year, and thus, as regards production, fluctuation is reduced to a minimum. Government, in respect of this part of the crop, acts as a monopolist manufacturer. If the price, however, of Bengal opium were raised too high, consumption would probably be checked, and smuggling increased. The other system of opium cultivation is that followed in the Native States of Central India. Government here only takes a heavy export duty on the drug; it does not supervise in any way its production. Besides this, there is a small quantity of opium grown in the Panjab, chiefly for local consumption, but consumption of the drug in India is comparatively trifling; an opium-eater is generally a marked man. The proportion of Bengal opium to the other is about six to five. The great market is China, where opium is also cultivated, but, so far as is known, never of an equal quality to the Indian article. Now as to the dangers to the revenue: we have already mentioned that the precariousness of the crop, which is unusually great, has been carefully provided against by the system which balances a large out-turn in one year

by holding over a portion as stock to make up deficiencies in another crop. As to the risk of China not taking our opium, those who have special knowledge on the point do not appear much alarmed, though, as noted by Sir John Strachey, we may have to allay the jealousy of the Chinese authorities by a judicious surrender of a share of our profits on the export. For this reason, in the estimate given above the figure has been limited to seven, though the average receipt of the last three years has been nearly seven and a half millions. At the same time we have not sufficient information as to the views of the Chinese Government to enable us to feel complete security in this respect, and the matter must to a moderate extent be considered uncertain. There is, however, practically no fear of the main sum of the revenue being taken away by action in this quarter. The remaining point is the question of morality. Is it moral for our Government to derive income from such a source? The subject is one which attracts increasing interest, and justly does so. Here it cannot be discussed. We are merely stating facts so far as they regard the revenue of India. But this we do say, that if any party in England intends to do away with the opium income it must be prepared to recommend something equivalent to take its place. This equivalent cannot be found in India. No finance minister would attempt to find it, and the money, therefore, must be found in England. A striking example of public morality would indeed be exhibited—it matters not whether the motive be mistaken or not—should the English tax-payers take upon themselves the sum of seven millions yearly to free their consciences from reproach in this national matter. But we are not likely to see it. In any case India must retain the income, or receive an equivalent. A loss which could not possibly be borne must not be anticipated.

The other item requiring reference in this connection is the licence tax,

which is assessed on the profits of trades and professions at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. After some mistakes as to the limits of exemption, incomes under 500 rupees yearly (a considerable sum in India) are now free. Much of the outcry against the tax has proceeded from England, or has been stimulated by the outcry raised there. But allowing for this there is no doubt that a great noise has been made in the country expressing complaint against both the principle of the tax, and its mode of levy. Against the latter the complainants have had some just reason, though less than has been represented. Assessments sometimes have been hastily and wrongly made, and corruption among the lower native officials has reaped a considerable harvest. But every year that the tax is maintained the assessment will improve, and with such improvement, opportunities of making corrupt charges will be greatly reduced, if not removed altogether. Of course in principle direct taxation is considered objectionable, but in India there has been previous experience of it in other ways, and there is this very weighty argument in favour of the present impost, that it reaches a class that otherwise, though best of all classes able to support taxation, does not ordinarily pay anything considerable to Government. In estimating its unpopularity it should be remembered that the class touched by it are the people who have most power of making their opinions heard. The native press felt its purse touched, and the native press therefore exclaimed against the tax. But the native press embodies only a very small section of Indian opinion, and by the present modifications in its limits the objections against the levy are deprived of nearly all their force. For ourselves we are glad to see the tax retained in the last budget. Nothing is so hurtful in India as change which appears to proceed from caprice, even when that caprice falls in with a partial expression of popular sentiment.

A brief survey has now been taken of

the main items of revenue, and the chances of their diminution in the near future. It would seem that the income of the Empire is on the whole not likely to decrease, but rather that a slight growth may be reasonably expected. With regard to expenditure prospects are doubtful: the duty of economy is urgent, but it is much easier to be persuaded that income will increase than that expenditure in any particular item should be retrenched. The great branches of Indian state expense are:—Army, entered in the accounts as averaging fifteen millions; civil services, including the civil and political administration, with furlough and superannuation allowances, about fourteen and a half; and the compound entry of interest on public debt, and public works, together averaging just under ten millions. Of this, interest proper is about five and a half, and public works a little less than four and a half millions. Besides these there is the item of loss by exchange, which requires special notice. The average of the twelve years here would be misleading. For each of the four years 1869-72 it was about a quarter of a million; for the next four it was more than a million, and during the years 1877-81 it has averaged about two and a quarter. How far this lamentable depreciation of silver will go is one of the darkest problems of the imperfectly understood science of currency and money exchanges. We shall not hazard a guess in the matter further than to note that among those who seem to be knowing, it is not anticipated that the rupee can, for a good many years at least, go lower than eighteenpence in value. It is now pretty steady at about twenty-pence, at which figure Indian revenue sustains a loss of some two and a half millions. Speaking roughly then, and making conjectural allowance for certain dependent facts, such as the effect of the depreciation on the opium revenue and the counter action of the latter, also the possible reduction in home charges—matters which are hardly within the

scope of the present outline of the subject—we should not fear that the loss would rise above three and a quarter or three and a half millions. Of course anything which reduces the amount of payments to be made out of the country *pro tanto* reduces the loss.

Something may be said about each of the three great departments of expenditure. The figures for the army are given as averaging fifteen millions, but there is only too much reason to fear that this is understating the amount. Even the sanguine Sir John Strachey once estimated (it may be in a melancholy mood) the charge at seventeen millions. The fact is that in some departments military and civil charges are rather mixed, and of course the army charges must partly bear the blame of loss in exchange. There is, however, some hope of reduction in this enormous amount. The recommendations of the Army Commission are understood to include not merely a concentration of the staff arrangements, but also a remodelling of the regimental system with a view to approaching the less expensive organisation of the old East India Company. At present we have local commanders-in-chief in both Madras and Bombay, each with a numerous, well-paid, and not fully-worked staff, and no little friction and detriment to the service resulting from the different methods observed in dealing with details in each province. The changes mentioned will work improvement both in economy and efficiency, but no large reduction of expenditure can be expected unless a reduction is made in the numbers of our native army. This suggestion always provokes controversy, but it cannot be said that the matter has been fully and fairly discussed. Nor will it be until public interest is sufficiently excited to make it necessary for an English ministry to look into it thoroughly. Such an inquiry would probably show that reduction is not only possible with safety, but advisable, as in itself

conducive to safety. So far as experience helps us, it would appear that sedition is least unlikely among our native troops. It was the native army—not the Indian people—that revolted in 1857. The people it must be remembered are unarmed—an Act forbidding the carrying of arms has been in force generally since 1860, it is enforced with stringency—the mass of the population is the most orderly and peaceful in the world, and for the maintenance of civic order we have a large force of drilled and armed police. In comparing the military situation of the country at present with that of 1857 it must further be remarked that through the railway system we have new strategic points of wonderful power, such as Lahore and Allahabad—towns which command an enormous extent of country. So that unless it can be clearly shown that we now require greater military strength than before to overawe the population—which has of late been specially invited to consider itself a free and integral portion of the British Empire—there is a strong case for supposing that we can do with fewer soldiers, seeing that they can be more quickly moved from point to point.

There is one reply to this, and the sooner it is discussed the better. It may be said that the power of the native states is too great, their military forces are too numerous, to allow of this. The answer is obvious. Compel each native state to reduce its army to the maximum number laid down by formal treaty. That any state has been allowed to go beyond it is an unpleasant fact. But the duty of putting things right is plain, and will grow only more unpleasant by delay. The matter need not be done hastily or violently; a small number yearly might be taken off the army roll, by not allowing the state in question to fill up the places of pensioners or invalids. The very fact that we wish to diminish the number of our own troops would afford a good reason, and one as inoffensive as the case admits

of in its present stage. Delay, however, will make matters worse.

The charges of the civil department are of a very mixed character, but without wishing to seem hostile to interests which are really the writer's own, it must be said that there is hardly a branch of the administration wherein economy has reached its practicable limits. Expenditure of the year is too often based on what has hitherto been the fashion, than strictly limited to actual necessities. Efforts indeed are being made in many quarters, and credit is due to those who make them, but the official conscience is dull on such points as extravagance in paltry items like pens and paper, bookbinding, &c., and fits the traditional name of "cheese-paring" on any attempt to curtail afresh. Nevertheless increased economy is possible, and should be enforced. In the matter of Government stores it is pleasant to notice a strenuous effort being made to obtain, whenever practicable, country instead of European articles, with the double advantage of lessening home charges, and stimulating Indian trade.

The large question of cheapening the civil administration by increased employment of natives can only be suggested rather than discussed here. As to the principle: a little reflection on the history of our rule in India will, we think, convince an unprejudiced man that the only moral justification of our being in India is that we should habitually seek the good of those we govern there; that we should govern there only because the people are not fit to govern themselves, and that our highest and ultimate goal of government should be to prepare and educate them slowly and solidly for self-government. This goal is far off—several generations at least removed from our day. But we should always keep it in view, and move towards it prudently and anxiously, carrying the minds of the people with us, but not allowing them to go beyond us. We need not the less carefully watch for,

or less sternly repress, sedition. We must of necessity be the judges of convenient time and condition; and what we hereafter may choose to give as due and proper, would now, crudely snatched at, be rebellion of the grossest criminality. No true Indian patriot would refuse to see that hasty and violent disruption of our Government would mean ruin to peaceful men, gain only to robbers and criminals, desolating anarchy to all. In broaching such a theme we may seem dangerously chimerical to many. Yet it is already as the French say "in the air;" ideas about it are in the minds of some Indians, and the sooner we recognise them the better chance we have of guiding and correcting them, the better chance we have, under Providence, of steering the dubious course of the Indian ship of state into the most to be desired haven.

The objection is often urged against the admission of natives to high posts that they are absolutely untrustworthy. This is true of the mass, speaking generally, and of the present time. But even now it is not true of all. Many Englishmen of experience in India will be able to say that here and there they have met with natives who were really and truly honourable—whom, to quote the words of an honoured and gallant man, "they might trust as their own brother!" Granted that these cases are very rare, under continually improving circumstances they would become more common. Generations of slaves beget generations of liars. The Indians of Alexander's time were, says Arrian, habitually truthful; above all, "no Indian was ever known to tell a lie!" Even supposing this to be a traveller's exaggeration, a comparison mainly with the "lying Greek," to hold good most nearly of the brave subjects of Porus, and their Panjabi neighbours; yet there is a wide margin of moral descent before we reach the present character. We may reduce, perhaps cancel, that margin; we may retrieve that character by steadfastly moderate

and righteous government. We look back with shame to a century ago, and find our own English grandfathers taking the same kind of bribes that we hold criminally disgraceful now. Official morals are very greatly dependent on official wages, and a highly paid native service—which might yet be cheaper than the present system—is likely to be purer and purer in proportion as it grows richer. A cautious but progressive development of a Native Civil Service will be found not only safe, but one of the best measures toward safely holding the country under British rule. A practical difficulty will indeed be found in giving the necessary subordinate training to the diminished number of Englishmen required for the higher administration. But this may be got over with eventual benefit to all concerned. The rate of promotion now possible in the English Civil Service is injuriously slow. Men grow grey-headed and feeble-hearted before they arrive at executive authority in any great degree independent. By the time they reach the higher posts of administration they have begun, it may be affirmed without hesitation, to lose their robust mental energy of conception, as well as the physical power necessary to carry out important measures. Hence the unfortunate necessity of increased resort to the hills—conspicuous symbol of the social alienation between English and native. If the higher officers were younger, they would have less excuse for fleeing from the heat of the plains; much of the work they do now might be handed over to native gentlemen (not necessarily selected by competition), and an important step would be taken in the path of economical government, a very important step in that of popular government.

We should like to linger on this point—one which kindles the dry bones of finance and figures into vital warmth and interest; but we must make at least some reference to expenditure on loans and interest. On

this branch of the subject it is specially necessary that Englishmen at home should get something like a sound general view. Here parliamentary interference can be wisely exercised, and, we trust, will be exercised from time to time as occasion shall require. The great branches of expense here are wars, famines, and those improvements of the physical condition of the country which have obtained *par excellence* the name of Public Works. As for wars, true and weighty words have been freshly spoken; a “forward” policy means financial difficulty; financial difficulty means increased taxation; increased taxation means discontent—probably rebellion. This is the “danger for danger” which the most experienced of governors-general declared to be more formidable than the supposed consequences of a peaceful policy in Central Asia, the only quarter whence the “wintry storm of war” is likely to rise on India. Weigh this well, and right views of foreign wars in connection with Indian administration will become simpler and more decisive. The Afghan war has cost at least twenty-one millions.

With regard to public works, there is reason to think that sound opinions are more widely received than was the case ten years ago. It is seen now that progress in this respect must be attempted only when financially safe; that an improvement that does not pay its way is not an improvement in any real sense of the term. This sounds a truism, but it has been neglected time after time to no little cost. There is an unfortunate complexity of possible benefits expected from Government works, but when they are said to be undertaken for “political” purposes, special keenness of scrutiny should be used in examining the project. For the word is a very vague one, and not seldom covers much that cannot be defended. Again, works proposed in the way of administrative progress should be very sparingly indulged in; indeed they might perhaps

wait altogether for the present. We are "civilising" India in some ways too fast already, and in this connection the financial test, as in the remaining cases, is the only true one. These last are works affording protection against famine, or works undertaken as likely to be productive and profitable in the business sense of the word. Both kinds belong to a sphere of Government duty which may be called speculative finance, as distinguished from the finance of ordinary administration. Unhappily the recurrence of famine, though not regular, would seem so frequent as to require constant and careful provision against it, and high authorities struck with this fact propose to call such provision an ordinary charge on the revenues. The charge, however, though it ought to be regularly anticipated, has this peculiarity, that, when necessary, expenditure is quickly incurred; that though frequent, the time of recurrence is hardly to be foreseen. Moreover, famine may be guarded against in so many ways—by improved roads, by increased facilities of railway transport, by extension of canal irrigation. It is very necessary, therefore, to see that money professedly spent in famine protection is really devoted to such plain purpose. The expenditure in famine relief in twelve years has been over sixteen millions, and it appears an accredited proposition now that one and a half millions should be devoted yearly to famine insurance. But it does not seem a satisfactory way of appropriating this money to mark out prospectively or retrospectively some item in public expenditure that looks like famine insurance, and call it such, though it may not strictly answer to the name. With all respect be it said, but the latest proceedings reported from India look something like this—"three quarters of a million on rail-

ways and canals, and three quarters of a million in reducing the debt," may or may not be real famine insurance. There are railways or parts of railways already existing which can hardly be said to answer to the description, and we could point to at least one all-but sanctioned scheme of a new line where the requisite in question could not be claimed in anything more than a fancifully slight degree. Such proceedings do not meet the wants of the case—and what is more, they do not appear to the Indian people to do so. It is hard to see why a large portion, say one-half of the yearly appropriation, should not be spent in local works, under locally-appointed officers. The unit of division might well be the division of a commissioner; the area of the country thus dealt with is always large enough to have some weak places; in every division are some native gentlemen who could be trusted to spend the money well. Let them be called Famine Commissioners; let them be really select, and not too many in number; and let the supervision of English officials be limited only to veto, and not extend to initiation, and we confidently believe that in a few years the results would be so satisfactory that the amount of the local grants might be increased. We should thus have a permanent organisation ready for relief-work on the occurrence of famine; we should make popular the taxation, which would be seen directly to return into the hands of the tax-payers; and we should afford even to the simple mind of the peasant another proof of that good faith which late events have tended somewhat to obscure, but which it is most important for ourselves and the stability of our rule to maintain spotlessly bright in India.

AN INDIAN CIVILIAN.

NO FICTION.

THE Editor is in possession of the name of the author of the following singular narrative, and of the place at which it happened, and has every reason to be satisfied of the entire *bona fides* of the writer, a clergyman of the Church of England.

EARLY in January, 1879, clerical duty called me into the north-west of England. In the midst of a heavy fall of ~~ment in this icy paradise ; coming back to bask all the evening before the bright golden sunshine and the silvery~~ ~~ashes of a north-country coal fire.~~

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

A New Novel entitled
"THE WIZARD'S SON," by
Mrs. OLIPHANT, will begin in
the November Number.

ONE SHILLING.

soon became corrupted into Still-water ; or, for short, Still:

It was splendid skating weather. The low-lying meadows were flooded to the depth of a foot or more, and one glided along over acres of smooth, green, transparent ice. Every day we sallied forth, my three boys, their sister and I, to take our fill of enjoy-

phasia; and, having performed the usual ceremony, she departed ; and came and told me of the whole affair, concluding with, "I wonder if it can be rats."

"Not a doubt of it."

Next morning the boys were full of their nocturnal visitor ; and declared that, no sooner had the drawing-room

door shut, than the scrambling and trampling began again.

"History tells of a certain cat who wore top boots; but I never heard of rats adopting the fashion," I remarked.

"Rats, Father! why we know the sound of *them* well enough. And they run between the ceiling and the roof. But this is unmistakable boots, with plenty of hobnails in them too, on the outside of the roof. We expected every moment to see the fellow's legs come through plaster and all. I think I may be permitted to speak with authority on the subject of boots and roofs in conjunction."

He certainly might, for he had perambulated the roofs of all the out-houses at S——, to the great detriment of tiles and slates.

"Well then," continued Primus, with the air of an adept, "I am so sure it was a boy of my size in hob-nailed boots, that I feel as if I had seen them. I could swear to them."

"Come out and have a look," was my reply.

There lay the white mantle, smooth and glistening in the sunshine, and untrodden by so much as the foot of a tom-cat.

The boys looked at each other in amazement. "I don't care," said Secundus, defiantly, "I shall always believe it was a boy."

"It's the rummest thing I ever knew," slowly remarked Primus.

"If Boots comes again, the only thing you have to do is to wish him a good-night, and to cover up your ears," was my recommendation.

That evening, just as we were about to begin prayers, we were all startled by some tremendous blows on the cellar door. My wife, thinking there must be some one at the back door, told Stillwater to go and see who could be knocking in that outrageous way.

The girl did not stir. After a moment, she said, "It's the cellar door."

"Impossible!" said her mistress, "go quickly and see what it is."

We heard the unlocking and relock

ing of the yard door. When the girl came back, she said there was no one there. Presently, while I was reading, there came more loud blows, as if struck by a heavy fist; and unmistakably against the cellar door.

When prayers were ended, we went to make acquaintance with our mysterious captive. On opening the door, there was nothing to be seen but the flight of steps.

My wife and I exchanged glances which said very plainly, "A sweetheart." So, as the youth appeared shy, I gave him an encouraging invitation to come forth and show himself. No reply.

"I am determined to know who you are," said I, nobly plunging into the abyss, the boys at my heels. Nothing whatever to be seen, and not a corner in which anything bigger than a mouse could hide. The window? It was tightly closed up for the winter, and was, besides, blocked with snow. I was certainly mystified; but I sent the young ones off to bed with an assurance that wind, in an old house, was capable of making the most extraordinary noises; and, in illustration, we all in turn shook the door; not, however, producing anything like the previous effect.

"It *must* have been at the back door," said my wife, with a searching look at Stillwater.

"No; it's the cellar-door that does it," quietly replied the girl.

"How can it make that noise of itself?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever hear it before?"

"Yes; this evening, when Miss was at the piano."

We decided that we must watch Stillwater.

In the course of the night, we were awoke by the agreeable sound of "Drip, drip, drip," in one corner of the room. My wife put a basin beneath, with a towel in it, to deaden the sound. Presently "drip, drip," again, just outside the door, which we always kept open.

"There's a sudden thaw, and we're in for it," said I. "Let's go to sleep. It won't hurt the floor-cloth."

But there was no going to sleep; for the drip came faster than ever, until it increased to a little stream. There were no matches in the room; but I managed to find my bath, and to set it, with a blanket inside it, under the spot whence the sound came.

When, at breakfast, I announced the sad news of the sudden thaw, there was a chorus of exclamations, "Why! everything is as hard as iron," &c., &c.

The mother, meanwhile, was directing her handmaiden to dry up the water which had come in during the night. The girl stared. When she came into the room again, her mistress asked her what she had done with the wet blanket. She stared more expressively, and was mute.

"Don't you understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am. But there is no wet blanket, and no water to wipe up."

Up stairs went mistress and servant; and, in two minutes, back came my wife, looking quite bewildered.

"There's not a trace of water anywhere," said she; "and yet, after you were asleep, I heard it drip fast upon the counterpane, just at my feet."

Our delighted offspring settled it that mother had been dreaming; and Primus irreverently hinted that I had generously lent my bath in order to escape my morning's shudder.

When Tertius was being tucked up that night, he asked, "Who was that——person who came and looked at me after I was in bed?"

"Stillwater, I suppose."

"Oh! no. It was an old woman, and she had a funny cap on."

"You dreamed her, dear."

"But I hadn't been to sleep. And I turned my head to the wall, and when I looked for her again she had gone away."

"You must have been half-asleep. Now go to sleep quite, and finish the dream."

The next night Primus began—

"Mother, I wish you would tell that old party not to come into my room without knocking. I had just got into bed, happened to glance across to the drawers, and there she stood, coolly looking at me. I was disgusted, and turned my back upon her. Presently, I looked out of the tail of my eye, to see what she was doing, but she'd cut."

"You don't know who it was?"

"No. She looked like one of the charwomen—Boots's mother, I dare say. These people are cool enough for anything."

My wife called to Stillwater, to ask if Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones had been in that evening. She was answered that no one had been.

"Then you must have been half-asleep, although you did not know it, and have dreamed."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it seemed very real. At any rate, I'm half-asleep now," murmured Primus.

Night after night we were roused by the voice of this or that child. Their mother always went to them, and always found them sleeping peacefully; though, a minute before, there had been sobbing and moaning. It was bitterly cold, and I persuaded her not to go at the first call. Then there was whimpering on the stairs.

One night, we had both been lying awake for some time, listening to what seemed like cautious steps, first on the landing, and then in our room itself. We had tried to persuade ourselves that it might be mice. But no; there were distinct steps, as of a person walking. Yet, though we followed the sound with our eyes, we saw nothing. Suddenly, there was a howl of anguish, like the cry of a large animal in pain. It thrilled us with horror, for it came from our daughters' room, though it was not possible for it to be their voices. When we reached their bedside, they were calmly sleeping; and were not even roused by our entrance with the light. I made quiet observations

next day, both inside and outside of the house.

"If you please, Ma'am, may I have my sister to sleep with me?" said Stillwater to her mistress.

"Are you afraid to sleep alone?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

"Then why do you wish it?"

No answer; only a very earnest look.

"Why! Stillwell, you look as if you had seen a ghost," said her mistress, laughingly.

"Yes, Ma'am, I have," she replied, very quietly.

"And what did it look like?"

"Like Mrs. X——, just as she was of afternoons."

"Come, come! she ought to have been all in white, you know."

"No, she was not in white. She had on the same sort of cap she always wore, and the same dress and white apron."

"I hope you asked her what she wanted."

"No, Ma'am; I lay still and looked at her; and then I sat up and looked at her hard; and presently I could not see her."

"It was no doubt a dream, and you will probably never have such another."

"No, I am sure it was not a dream. Besides, I have seen her twice before, when I was walking about."

"Out of doors?"

"No, Ma'am; in the house. One afternoon, towards dusk, she came and looked at me through the window. I wondered how she could be there, and I looked at her for a good little time."

"And then?"

"And then she was not there. And I went to the window and looked out, but she was gone."

"What was the use of going to the window, when you knew she was dead?"

"I don't know. She looked just as if she was alive. The other time, I was kneeling down on the rug, making your fire burn up. She passed straight before me."

"Oh! nonsense. She would have set fire to her clothes."

Still looked injured; but quietly persisted—

"She did, Ma'am. She passed straight between me and the fire."

"How could she do that? Really, Still, for a sensible young woman, you are very full of fancies."

"It was not a fancy; either of the times, Ma'am. I did see her, I did indeed. I hope you will believe me."

"Yes; I quite believe that you *think* you saw Mrs. X——. You may have your sister to sleep with you."

Now it is not a pleasant thing for any man, still less for one of my profession, to confess that he has felt "creepy" on account of certain inexplicable sounds. But, as this is a perfectly true account, I am compelled to acknowledge that it happened to me again and again, during the time of my dwelling in the Old Lodge. And I also declare that my wife and I were perfectly well in health; and that we had never before been the victims of similar terrors. Furthermore; though we spoke of the noises, we, at first, abstained from mentioning our sensations to each other.

After an hour's sleep, I would be aroused; as if at the command of some person, unseen indeed, but certainly in the room. Then a small something, say a marble, would be gently dropped, more than once, on the carpet, close at my bedside; sometimes on the floor-cloth, just outside the open door. Then the marble would be gently rolled on the boards of the room, and up against the skirting board.

It was an immense relief when, one night, we encountered each other's eyes as we lay listening, and both made a clean breast of our terrors. Yes, nothing short of that word will do. We agreed that the first sufferer should wake the other. But my wife found it not always possible to carry out this determination. "What did you hear?" I asked her once.

"The chest of drawers was dragged over the floor," she replied. "I am

thankful you spoke to me, for I have for some time been trying to wake you, but was not allowed. In fact, I have been kept perfectly motionless."

I had heard precisely the same sound, yet the drawers did not appear to have been actually moved. The sounds were so distinct that we always connected them with some special article. Now, it was a chair, or the towel-horse, that was moved. Now, it was the loud snapping of a thick stick in the hall. Now, it was a violent blow on the hall table, struck as if with my own walking-stick, which I remembered to have left there, and which I found there in the morning. Once, the heaviest book on my writing-table appeared to be dropped, as if from the height of a man, on the floor-cloth in the hall. Then a smaller one. I always myself shut the doors of the rooms leading into the hall.

Of course, I tried in every way to account for the mystery; but, after a time, I could only resign myself to lie awake and wonder. The nights were bitterly cold. On one occasion, when there had been a persistent dropping of nuts in a corner of the room, I jumped up, in desperation, and held the light close to the spot. In a second, the sound was behind me. I whisked round, but—tapping to right of me, tapping to left of me, tapping in every direction, without a second's intermission. No sooner did I look towards one spot than the dropping of nuts was at the other end of the room. It was as if some mischievous elf were enjoying himself at my expense.

Our boys had gone to spend a day or two with some friends; and their mother, not liking the look of the empty room, had closed the door in passing; giving it a push, to make sure that it was fast. That night, we heard the door shut with a tremendous bang. Even had it been left open, there was no wind to move it.

Another night, when we had been awake in the usual way, there was an agreeable variety in the entertainment. A delicate, flute-like sound proceeded

from the closed dining-room. Again and again, a distinct and long-sustained musical note, as of some small pipe. Then the fifth of that note, then the octave, repeated many times; then the seventh and octave, over and over again. We were greatly puzzled. The piano was not in that room. And the sound certainly suggested a wind instrument of sweet tone.

I went down early next morning, and found to my surprise, a concertina lying on a table. I lifted the handle, and there came forth a long-drawn note, the very note I had heard in the night. My wife called out to me from up stairs, "That's it! that's it! What is it?"

Without attempting to disentangle her speech, I held up the concertina.

"Oh! that is Phil's. He must have left it behind. But it was the very note; there is no doubt of it."

We locked the thing up in its box, and put it inside a bookcase; and next night, we were treated to a repetition of the musical notes, only muffled.

It was not only during the night that the noises were heard. For instance: I was reading by the fading afternoon light, when a chair on the other side of the room seemed to be moved from its place; so that I instinctively turned my head to see who had entered the room. Again, I was about to go down the cellar steps, in the afternoon, when I heard a heavy pickling pan dragged along the stone floor below. I quite thought some one was down there; but, as usual, there was no one to be seen, and the pan was in its place.

At eleven o'clock, a.m., my wife and Still were on the landing. The girl was telling her mistress that she had heard Mrs. X——'s voice the evening before. Her mistress told her she was giving way to fancies.

"But Mary Jones heard it too. She had just brought in the eggs, and stood listening to the singing in the drawing-room. Then I heard Mrs. X——'s angry voice again, on the

stairs, and Mary said, 'Who's shouting?' I said I didn't know, and she said, 'It must be the missis. Lor! how angry she is to holler like that. Doesn't she like 'em to sing?'"

"In an old house like this," began my wife, "there may be many noises caused by——"

Suddenly, a noise, as if a shower of small pieces of the ceiling came down sharply on the floor-cloth, caused mistress and maid to start back in affright, and involuntarily to look up. There was not a crack to be seen. Then the two pairs of eyes searched the floor in every direction; their owners cautiously standing within the shelter of two doorways. Not a morsel of any kind could they discover.

"What was that, Ma'am?" inquired Stillwater, fixing her sleepy gaze on her mistress.

"I cannot tell," was the only reply that occurred to that intelligent lady.

One morning, the post brought me

orders to "move on." Instead of grumbling, I hailed them with delight. For we seldom got a decent night's rest, and my wife's nerves were beginning to be weakened by the constant strain upon them.

The Old Lodge had been for years in the charge of Mrs. X——, who had borne the character of a highly respectable old lady, with the drawback of being somewhat misanthropical and very avaricious.

I am perfectly aware of the ridicule with which stories of this nature are generally received. I can only repeat that I have related an absolutely true experience, for which I am utterly unable to account. I have no theory on the subject. I have always felt a strong distaste for so-called Spiritualism. I perceive the inconsequence and even childishness of my story; and yet, it will always remain, to the storyteller, a serious Fact.

J. G. P.

“ EPHPHATHA.”

A VISIT TO THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM AT SIENA.

“ EPHPHATHA ! ” This was the motto adopted by the International Congress which assembled at Milan in the autumn of 1881, to consider a question of vital interest to many of our fellow-creatures, “ Shall speech be given to the dumb ? ”

The members of the Milan Congress, some two hundred men and women from the various countries of Europe, and from the other side of the Atlantic, were most of them experienced workers in the cause which all had at heart. In their presence a band of speaking pupils from the several Italian schools for the deaf and dumb gave an exhibition of their vocal acquirements, when two short plays and other recitations were intelligibly rehearsed, by lips all of which had once been speechless. The audience heard and wondered. Some were of opinion that the performers must be regarded as exceptionally gifted, while others maintained that what was possible to these was possible to all deaf mutes alike, and pleaded earnestly that the attainment of articulate speech should be brought within the reach of all.

To those who still shook their heads and doubted, Padre Marchiò, head master of the famous asylum at Siena, simply said, “ Come and see our boys that speak.”

By the kind courtesy of the superiors the writer was permitted to visit this admirable institution at pleasure, and to trace from class to class the progressive process by which the latent organs of speech are developed, and the mute restored to the society of his kind, an articulating human being—a result which may truly be described as marvellous.

As the subject is one which is attracting much notice at present in our

own country, and as the method in use in Italy and Germany is gaining ground among the friends and instructors of the deaf and dumb in England, a short account of the school and its inmates may not perhaps be uninteresting to the general reader.

In ancient times the claims of the deaf and dumb on the sympathies of their more fully endowed brethren, met with scant recognition, and the old heathen philosophers sometimes even ventured to doubt whether they could be considered altogether human. Christian charity, however, which has long and patiently striven to mitigate the isolation of their lot, has abundantly proved that the double deprivation under which they labour does not involve of necessity any intellectual inferiority to the rest of their race. Careful education has set free many a powerful mind which lay dormant in obscurity, and it is a well-known fact that from among the ranks of the deaf and dumb, there have come forth at various times, men who have made a name for themselves in science, in literature, and in art.

But though so much has been done for these, our imperfectly endowed brothers and sisters, there are many who are doomed to pass through life “ with no language but a cry,” not a slight deprivation indeed.

Speech for the dumb may seem to some to savour of paradox ; but there are probably few persons now who are not aware that dumbness is not a pre-existing cause, but simply an effect consequent upon the incapacity of hearing and imitating sound ; the instances in which it proceeds from paralysis or other organic defect being rare. The connection between hearing and speech may be aptly illustrated by the story

which is told of the old Egyptian king, Psammetichus, who, desiring to arrive at the original language of man, be-thought himself of secluding an unfortunate child from all communication with his kind. The device, it may be needless to add, did not result in the desired discovery, but left the experimentaliser with a virtual mute on his hands.

The teaching of articulation to the deaf and dumb is not a recent invention, although until lately it was not considered feasible, except in special cases. English readers may be reminded that a countryman of their own is justly regarded as the founder of the so-called "articulate school." The Venerable Bede in his writings makes mention of a poor deaf mute, whom John de Beverley, Archbishop of York (A.D. 685) took into his palace and instructed. The prelate, we are told, made the sign of the cross on his tongue, and bade him speak; where-upon the mute said "gae" or "gea." After this successful commencement, other articulate sounds were in due time acquired by the pupil. The account of the process pursued doubtless sounds legendary, but we may believe that the fact underlying it, is true.

After good Bishop de Beverley, we hear of no further efforts in the teaching of articulation till the fifteenth century, when it was practised with good results by Rodolph Agricola, at Heidelberg. Others followed in the same course. Among these we may notice the Spanish Benedictine, Pedro Ponce de Leon, whose method, considered excellent in his time, perished with him, because not preserved in any written record. In the seventeenth century, John Bulwer, Dr. Wallis, and others, both in England and abroad, laboured and wrote in the same cause. Finally, about a century ago, great progress was made in the difficult art by several distinguished men, whose names yet live in the various methods for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, which are in use at the present time.

Among these we find the Abbé de l'Epée, a Frenchman, and Heiniette, a native of Saxony, whose systems of instruction have been severally developed into the so-called "combined" or French, and the "pure oral" or German method.

The Abbé de l'Epée organised a complete language of signs for the benefit of his pupils, using also gesture and the manual alphabet, and teaching articulation as an accomplishment in exceptional cases. Thus it is stated that he actually taught six languages to a talented deaf-mute, a *tour de force*, which we record somewhat doubtfully, and the repetition of which by others similarly circumstanced, is neither probable nor desirable.

Heiniette, on the other hand, taught chiefly through the medium of articulation, using gestures, the manual alphabet, and writing, as auxiliaries only to language, which is recorded by the advocates of the "pure oral" school as the natural, and therefore most desirable vehicle for communicating instruction.

When, about ten years ago, the Italian teachers of the deaf and dumb resolved to introduce articulation into the training of their institutions, they did not slavishly follow any one of the systems which had been, from time to time, adopted in the schools of other countries, but they devised and elaborated for themselves the ingenious method by which they have laboured, with an earnestness and enthusiasm in which lies the secret of all true success. It is entirely oral, and only permits the use of gesture in the earliest communications between the master and the pupil, when no other mode of expression could be understood by the latter.

The asylum at Siena stands in an elevated part of the town, and is approached by a steep street, the Via dei Sordomuti, whose original name has been merged into that of the school. The beautiful little mediæval chapel of St. Anzano, with quaint old belfry and small rose window, and

walls rich with ruddy colour, heads the narrow street and terminates the vista.

This school, now one of the most renowned in Italy, was commenced in the early part of this century under very humble auspices, by Padre Tommaso Pendola, member of the teaching confraternity of the Senole Pie, and professor of the Royal Tolomei College, who, having attained now to a venerable age, is still its director. While yet a young man, he was painfully struck by the forlorn condition of the poor deaf mutes in his native city, and gathering them together in his own apartments, gave them such instruction as he could. Sympathising friends, who saw and admired his devotion, aided him with their means and influence; and after some years Duke Leopold II. of Tuscany assigned the premises of a suppressed monastery as a permanent *locale* for Padre Pendola's school, and caused the pre-existing institution at Pisa to be incorporated with that of Siena.

A large and handsome new building, with spacious class-rooms and dormitories, has lately been erected for the boys, while the girls retain possession of the original premises. The number at present in the schools is eighty. Of these thirty-seven are girls, who are under the care of five sisters of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, each of whom labours five hours a day in the arduous work of instruction. The school hours are from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M., with an interval of half-an-hour for luncheon and recreation. The afternoons are spent by the boys in the various workshops on the premises, for they all learn a trade, while the girls practise needlework and other household arts. In the evening, lessons are resumed for an hour.

The age which is considered most suitable for admission to the schools is between eight and ten in the case of the boys, and a year earlier for the girls, when the intelligence and

organic development are sufficiently advanced to bear the strain of the requisite training. The course of instruction is never less than seven years, and the pupils, most of whom belong to the poorest classes in Tuscany, are all boarders, returning to their homes only for the vacations.

The institution has some small endowments, but they are insufficient; and each parish or municipality is expected to contribute towards the maintenance of any pauper children it may send.

On entering the Siena asylum, the visitor is struck by the bright happy tone that pervades it. The eyes of the children beam with intelligence, for the eye which supplies to them the place of hearing, besides its ordinary office of seeing, acquires peculiar brilliancy through constant exercise. There is none of that painful unnatural silence that prevails in other asylums for the deaf and dumb. We are tempted to quote from the words of a French gentleman who visited the schools—

"We were at Siena," he says, "where the venerable superior made us sit at the family table in a private room among all his priests, while the pupils were taking their meal in the refectory. Suddenly hark! there is a great hum of conversation almost interrupting ours. Who was speaking with so much ease and power? You may guess who were the culprits, and I assure you it would have been a cruel prohibition to bid them refrain."

Indeed these young creatures become as fond of using their tongues, when once they have learnt how to do so, as others of the same age to whom the power is natural; and pupils have often told their teachers that although at the outset speech had been painful to them, it afterwards became easy and pleasant. Though they cannot *hear* themselves speak, they can *feel* it; for as one expressed himself: "I feel perfectly within myself the sounds uttered by me." It was curious to hear one of the good sisters gently

complaining that her eldest pupil was too fond of talking! She was indeed an apt scholar, as far as speech was concerned, and her utterance was very fluent and natural.

An interest almost painful attaches to the operations of the first or lowest class in the school, where the foundation is laid, on which the whole superstructure of subsequent education depends. The training here is entirely individual, and requires the greatest tact and patience. The teacher takes each child in turn, and holding it by the hand, shows it first how to breathe correctly. This lesson is commenced by blowing or expiration, and is followed by regular expansion of the lungs, in which the child is required to copy, minutely, the movements of the teacher. This preparation is important, for the volume of air which is inhaled for ordinary respiration is insufficient for speaking. To quote from the observations of Padre Marchiò, who has carefully studied the subject:—

"The breathing of deaf mutes is as a rule short and panting. The lungs have the double office of supplying oxygen to the blood, and of furnishing breath—the material of the voice. The lungs of the deaf mute being used for only one of these purposes, are imperfectly developed, and their functions performed in an abnormal manner. The human subject of normal development breathes from fourteen to twenty times in a minute, while adult deaf mutes breathe from twenty-four to twenty-eight times in the same period. Hence their disposition to pulmonary disease."

By careful practice the rate of respiration is lowered, and several ingenious toys have been invented to facilitate these breathing exercises. It is asserted that all the defects of deaf mute speakers, such as pitching the voice too high, or too low, can be obviated by training them to breathe correctly at the beginning. A tendency to speak through the nose may also be overcome at this stage, proceeding as it does from the habit of breathing with the mouth closed. It is considered very important that this task should be intrusted only to an

experienced person, for it has been found that too often a "prentice hand" has spoilt his first class. The teacher whom we found in charge of the difficult lowest form at Siena, was a young priest whose pleasing manners and gentle patience were well calculated to inspire his pupils with confidence. It was affecting to observe the intense eagerness with which the poor rough lads, as the turn of each came, tried their very utmost to do what was required of them. It was like an actual grasping the hand stretched out to raise them up from the darkness and ignorance by which the spirit within them lay bound. The docility of the pupils throughout the school was indeed as striking as the gentleness of the teachers. Everything is done to encourage the learner; the smile of approval, the mild rebuke, the jest by which the lesson is playfully illustrated, all combining to smooth the difficulties in his path, and win his grateful affection. Corporal punishment is never resorted to, and is indeed forbidden in the Italian State schools of any description.

After the preliminary breathing exercises, articulate sounds are taught, commencing with the vowels: *A* as with us in *Father*; *O*, *U* as *oo* in *fool*; *E* as *a* in *day*; *I* as *e* in *see*. The broad open vowels are taught first, because they are the easiest to acquire. Consonants are always taken in connection with a vowel sound, and in a regular succession according to the difficulties they are found to present, thus:—*P*, *B*, and *M*, produced by the lips; then *T*, *D*, *N*, formed by the point of the tongue; *G* (hard), *K*, and *NG*, from the back of the tongue; *L* and *R* by a murmur in the throat; *F* and *V*; and last of all the sibilants. In conveying the various sounds to the child's apprehension, the hand plays an important part, for it is trained to feel the vibration produced in the throat or chest of the speaker, or the movements of the tongue in articulation. A mirror is also used to allow the pupil to watch his own

lips, while he strives to copy the changes he detects on those of his teacher. In the formation of syllables, the course natural to ordinary speaking children is followed as closely as possible, and the pupils are taught to practise on words which contain a repetition of the same sounds; such as *pappa, poppo, &c.* This exercise is continued at the discretion of the teacher, the early speaking lesson being of about a quarter of an hour at a time. Sometimes beginners are almost voiceless. A boy was pointed out to us, of whom after three months of sedulous endeavour, the teacher was disposed to despair. He seemed quite unable to produce sound. But the headmaster did not think the case hopeless, for the child was evidently intelligent. "Persevere yet a while," he said, "and the voice will come." And the teacher did persevere, and was rewarded, for the voice gradually gained strength, and the boy is now making satisfactory progress in articulation.

The first difficulties of pronunciation having been surmounted, the pupils learn to read the syllables they acquire, on the primers that are hung up on the walls. Whenever they form words of any meaning, these are if possible, illustrated by an object, for the key of the method is, in Padre Marchiò's words, "Language in presence of the *real*" (the object).

Writing is acquired with little difficulty, and almost as an amusement, by means of an excellent series of copybooks provided for the special use of the schools. It forms the occupation of those who are not engaged in the vocal lesson, and appears to afford them much gratification. Long before they can form other words, they are able to write their own names, and the names of their class companions, which as long as they cannot speak, are their only sign of identification.

At the end of a year they are removed to the upper division of the first class, in a room hung round with

pictures of common objects, whose names they learn, with the article prefixed. The boys in this class could already read detached words from the writer's lips, at a distance of several yards, and repeated them aloud as they did so. The art of lip-reading is the most wonderful feature in the training, and the advocates of the "pure oral" method assert that the minute powers of observation it requires, are never acquired in the same degree of perfection, by the pupils of any other system. This is explained by the fact, that in schools where gesture is allowed, the pupil's eye wearies of the close attention necessary for watching the slight movements of the lips and nerves, and gladly wanders to the far more palpable ones produced by hand or shoulder. In order to counteract this tendency the use of gesture is rigidly discontinued by the Italian teachers, as soon as possible after the introduction of the pupil.

The Abbé Guerin, Superintendent of the asylum for deaf mutes at Marsailles, himself a recent convert to the pure oral method, thus eloquently describes the process of instruction as witnessed by himself in Italy:—

"The master speaks. The child looks, but does not understand. The master repeats the word. The child understands no better. I see still before me the imploring look of the child, plainly praying, 'Make me understand.' He is pleading for a gesture. Inflexible, because admirably patient, the master refuses; joins his hands, repeats the word once, twice, ten times. The child looks—looks again; looks on—never tired, never discouraged, because he *wills* to understand: and, when at last, he succeeds in solving the enigma, a cry of joy breaks from his lips, and he goes away exulting, to repeat the newly-discovered word to his companions in misfortune. Such is the process by which those prodigies of intelligent, rapid lip-reading are accomplished, which we have all seen and admired."

On entering the second class, we found nine boys, nearly all in the third year of training. These were promoted to a long crescent-shaped desk,

for they were now sufficiently advanced to learn together, as in ordinary schools. The master's desk was placed opposite, so that the movements of his lips were visible to all. They were engaged in an exercise of grammar, that of adding articles and adjectives to a subject, and connecting it with a verb. To several among the number it was the first week of the new class exercise; but the manner in which it was performed evidenced that it had been understood, and that the pupils were not simply repeating sounds, like parrots. When the complications of gender in the Italian language are borne in mind, it will be found that the exercise was by no means an easy one.

The master had a picture book before him, in which he pointed out objects with which he knew the boys were familiar, and which they readily named. Several words were then written on the black board, and above them a list of attributes. The master next wrote a noun in a place by itself, in an interrogative form, thus:—

"The hat—is—what?"

Whereupon the boys would shout the answer in chorus. "Is black."

Among this set of eager vociferating boys, it was becoming quite difficult to realise that the school was one for the deaf and dumb; but the feeling of wondering unreality increased, as the higher forms were visited.

In the third class, pupils in the fourth year of their course were engaged in verbal exercises of a more intricate kind, for they were learning how to conjugate the Italian auxiliaries, and the reflective form of the same, which is often strangely capricious. Practice was invariably linked to precept, and the pupils acted out their lessons. The master, sitting at his desk, directed his scholars by word of mouth to perform an action, which they were then desired to describe in words, and afterwards to inscribe in their copy books. Thus tenses of verbs were conjugated by the boys in

turn, and the new phraseology was imprinted on the memory.

In all the classes, the most promising pupils were often the true congenital deaf mutes. This is accounted for by the fact, that children who have lost their hearing in infancy, through illness, although their difficulties in articulation are less, are often inferior to the others in intelligence, since the same cause which has robbed them of hearing, has frequently weakened the brain at the same time.

The fourth and highest class in the Siena Asylum is under the immediate superintendence of Padre Marchiò, one of the most distinguished professors of the pure oral method in Italy, whose scholastic and medical experience, illustrated by his keen, vigorous pen, have long been actively devoted to the cause of the afflicted one, for whose welfare he labours.

The writer spent several mornings in this class by his kind permission, listening with ever fresh interest to the lessons, in which the acute intellect of the teacher bent itself to the needs of the poor young minds entrusted to his care, as he sought by every device in his power, to present knowledge before them in such a form as should be most easily grasped by their capacity.

The class, which consisted of ten boys, had been recently reorganised after the vacation; and while the older scholars had been six, some had been only four years in the institution. Two had lost their hearing in early childhood, the rest were deaf and dumb from their birth. Several of these had very good voices, and spoke in natural and distinct tones. One big boy, whose tuition had commenced somewhat late in life, retained an imperfect utterance. So rapid was their lip reading, that we could not refrain from asking: "Do they really hear nothing?"

"Nothing!" was the emphatic reply, as the master beckoned a lad to his side, and placing him with his back turned, spoke again in loud tones.

A blank silence was the result.

A dictation was then given out, for which the writer was requested to furnish a subject, in order that it might be one for which the class was not prepared. The theme suggested was, "On Flowers"; whereupon the master immediately pronounced a short discourse, uttering the whole *in a whisper*. Each boy in turn wrote down a sentence of the dictation on the black board, while all the others were on the alert to correct him, if he made the slightest mistake. Both orthography and caligraphy were excellent.

When speaking to the pupils at ordinary times, the enunciation of the master, although deliberate, was not slow; nor were the movements of the lips or facial nerves at all exaggerated; yet they rarely failed to apprehend his meaning correctly. All their answers, and the manner in which their exercises were performed, proved that they had already acquired an extensive nomenclature, besides a creditable acquaintance with grammar and with the varied forms of expression sanctioned by their fertile language. When examined on other subjects, their replies were intelligent, and would have compared favourably with those of speaking children of the same rank in life. To use the words in which the opinion of the Milan Conference was recorded: "The pupils of the Italian schools are in no way inferior in attainments to those of other asylums for the deaf and dumb; *and they possess, in addition, the powers of speech.*"

An important addition, truly! and one which we may well hope to see extended to all who are capable of acquiring it.

While listening to the teaching, and the replies of the boys, one is continually apt to forget the exceptional circumstances of the latter. They strike one indeed as individuals whose speech is peculiar, but it is strange to remember that there was a time when they had none at all. We felt

impelled to ask: "How can any one that has seen these children, and heard them converse, continue to insist on the superiority of other modes of instruction?"

"Ah, yes!" was the reply. "But very few have seen them. They do not come, and do not know."

The system pursued at the girls' school in Siena is identical with that in use for the boys. When the seven or eight years' training comes to an end, the good priests and sisters still strive to keep up a friendly intercourse with their *protégés*. Several of the old pupils find employment in the workshops, or in the domestic service of the institution, which may perchance be to some the only home they can remember. Others go forth into the world, or return to live with their parents, and, we may believe, cast back many an affectionate glance on the years spent in that atmosphere of kindness. A few, belonging to the higher classes of society, pursue their studies further, and all seem to retain a friendly regard for their early teachers. Padre Marchiò introduced us to a young gentleman, a former pupil, who was an accomplished musician. He took great pleasure in playing on the piano, and although he could not hear his own performance, he asserted that he could *feel* it, and was an excellent timist. A young lady kindly undertook to play some duets with him at sight, and he was quick to observe the slightest mistake on her part, gently admonishing her of the same by a corrective touch of his elbow. His speech was quite natural in tone, and of his former infirmity, no trace remained besides deafness.

It is in their after life, and especially by those persons who must earn their own livelihood, that the advantage conferred by the restored power of articulation is most strongly felt. Parents invariably prefer their children to return to them in the possession of speech, and would in every case rather have them with imperfect utterance, than with none at all.

Employment too is more readily forthcoming for the speaking than the speechless, for employers shrink from the difficulty of communication through the complicated channel of the manual alphabet, or the uncertain medium of signs. On the other hand, lip-reading has been acquired in such perfection as to almost equal hearing in precision. There is, or was very lately, living in a small German town, a young dressmaker who employed a staff of workers, with whom, as well as with her customers, she communicated only by means of articulation and lip-reading. She had never learnt to express herself by signs or the manual alphabet, and never had recourse to writing. She could converse easily, and when she did so with persons who did not labour under the same disadvantage as herself, her replies flowed so readily that a stranger would have failed to discover her deficiency in hearing. Many other similar instances might be adduced to prove that the time employed in teaching articulation is not wasted, and that the result is not a doubtful accomplishment, but a most real and tangible benefit.

The advocates of the "combined method" are slow to believe this. They are eloquent in favour of gesture, which they call "the language of nature," and which with much ingenuity, they have methodised and endeavoured to reduce to a science. It is doubtless true that we can readily express our lower wants by means of gesture. But for interchange of thought, or for the expression of any abstract ideas, what a clumsy medium it is! Can it ever become, as its adherents would urge, a world-wide means of communication; and do not signs, like language, take their tone and colouring from the different customs of various nations?

On reading the systematised code of signs in use in some of the American schools, there are some that seem droll enough, and by no means likely to be of world-wide interpretation. For in-

stance, we find that "the sign of a ruffled shirt front," is registered as the type of elegance. Ruffled shirt fronts used to be generally worn by persons of fashion; hence the application of the symbol to an abstract idea, an accurate impression of which one would not imagine it likely to convey to the pupil's mind. A cap brim is the sign for a man, and cap strings tied under the chin for a woman; and these articles of dress have now acquired a wider meaning, and convey the sign of gender to the pupil for animals as well as persons. Some signs are of very obscure meaning, as the ingenious writer of the article whence these specimens are extracted frankly admits; and even he finds it difficult to say why "whittling the forefinger" should mean the word *cannot*, or why putting one hand over the other, and wriggling the thumbs should mean as we are informed it does, "Charlatan-ism."

"The reason why" would be, indeed, difficult to ascertain.

Professor Gallandat, of the National College for the Deaf and Dumb at Washington, where the "combined method" is in use, said the Lord's Prayer by gesture, in presence of the Congress at Milan. He said he considered that mode of expression more edifying to the mind than the printed form of words. But the spectators objected that they would never have guessed the meaning of the pantomime which he believed to be so significant, had he not explained it.

Thus there can be no doubt that pupils who learn abstract truths through the medium of gesture, which can but describe the ineffable by means of the visible—the infinite by things circumscribed—often obtain very confused ideas on such subjects. Professor Fornaii of Milan mentions some striking cases, illustrating the erroneous impressions produced by such means. Before the oral method was introduced into Italy, he always felt much difficulty in conveying abstract truth. One day a pupil, in the fourth

year of his instruction, fell ill. When the professor visited him, he found the poor lad weeping bitterly, in the deepest grief "that would not be comforted," nor could he be induced to tell the cause of his distress, the sight of which was pitiful. The tender-hearted master used all the arts of pantomime to draw the secret forth. He tried to make the boy understand that he loved him like a father, and, pointing to his cassock, showed him that, like his mother, he wore the gown, and felt for him as she did. At length the poor child ventured to tell his secret. Covering his eyes with his hand in token of shame he signified by gestures, and repeated it by the manual alphabet, that he had "thrown up his soul!"

He had confused the sign commonly used to express the soul, with that which meant *sickness*. Another time the same gentleman found a pupil busily engaged in drawing crosses on a slate and blowing upon them. He thought this an odd amusement.

"What are you about?" he inquired.

The boy signified that he was drawing likenesses of spirits.

"But these are crosses, not spirits," said his interlocutor.

The boy was perplexed.

"The teachers gave me this sign for the spirits," he replied, "and inwardly I always picture them to myself thus."

Professor Fornaii states that these answers were to him "a great revelation," showing him how widely the best intended instruction might shoot from the mark, and how unreliable was the medium through which he had taught.

In Great Britain, where gratuitous

education is now provided for the children of the poor, no national grant has yet been set apart for the far more urgent needs of the deaf and dumb, the number of whom averages one in every 1600 of the population. Private benevolence has done much for them, but it is surprising to find that Parliament has hitherto been ineffectually petitioned, to allow even the small sum of five shillings a week for the maintenance of those in indigent circumstances. It is, therefore, not a matter of wonder that in many cases the school course must be curtailed, and that a system which involves the necessity of several years' patient and assiduous training, has not yet become general. The pure oral method was first adopted in London by the directors of the "Jews' Home," an asylum opened by the liberality of the Rothschild family for the deaf and dumb of that religion. Since then an institution for the training of teachers has been established at Ealing, other asylums have begun to admit the teaching of articulation among their inmates, and it may be hoped that as its merits become better known, the oral method will supersede all others amongst us.

In conclusion, we would quote the words of the well-known Alexander Manzoni, when he visited the Milan Asylum, and heard the deaf-mutes speak. He was delighted, and as he took his leave he said to the superintendent—

"Go on, and make them speak. By all means teach them to speak, for language is the surest medium by which to convey instruction. Gesture appeals to sense and imagination, but language goes straight from mind to mind."

F. G. KERR.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE object of this paper will be to show in a large survey of the course of English history through the eighteenth century the truth of the following position, viz., that the development of England in that century is essentially a territorial expansion, that it is, in short, the development of Great Britain into what Sir Charles Dilke calls Greater Britain.

I constantly remark both in our popular histories and in occasional allusions to the history of the eighteenth century, what a faint and confused impression that period has left upon the national memory. Nothing seems to hold together the series of its events; the wars seem to lead to nothing; at home we do not perceive the working of great new ideas leading to new political creations; altogether it seems as if nothing was evolved out of the struggle of that time, so that we can only think of it as prosperous and prosaic, not memorable. Those dim figures, George I. and George II., the long tame administrations of Walpole and Pelham, the buccaneering war with Spain, the useless campaigns in Germany and the Low Countries, the foolish Prime Minister Newcastle, the dull brawls of the Wilkes period; everywhere alike we seem to remark a want of greatness, a commonness and flatness in men and in affairs, which distress us in the history of a great nation. What we chiefly miss is unity. In France the corresponding period has just as little greatness, but it has unity; it is intelligible; we can describe it in one word as the age of the approach of the Revolution. But what is the English

eighteenth century, and what has come of it? What was approaching then?

This is the question I attempt here to answer.

We have an unfortunate habit of distributing historical affairs under *reigns*. Even where monarchy is extremely powerful, it is seldom that an age ought to be called after a monarch. It would be better not to speak even of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* The English monarchs of the eighteenth century were by no means the *fainéants* they are sometimes made to appear; still it is absurd to represent them as determining the character of their age. The first step in arranging and dividing any period of English history is to get rid of such useless headings as Reign of Queen Anne, Reign of George I., Reign of George II. In the place of these we must study to put divisions founded upon some real stage of progress in the national life. We must look onward not from king to king, but from great event to great event. And in order to do this we must estimate events, measure their greatness; a thing which cannot be done without considering and analysing them closely. When with respect to any event we have satisfied ourselves that it deserves to rank among the leading events of the national history, the next step is to put it in connexion with its causes. In this way each event takes the character of a development, and each development of this kind forms a chapter in the national history, a chapter which will get its name from the event.

As a plain example of this principle, take the reign of George III. What can be more absurd than to treat those sixty years as constituting one period, simply because one man was king during the whole of them? What, then, are we to substitute for the king as a principle of division? Evidently great events. One part of the reign will make a chapter by itself as the period of the loss of America, another as that of the struggle with the French Revolution.

But in a national history there are larger as well as smaller divisions. Besides chapters, there are, as it were, books or parts. This is because the great events, when examined closely, are seen to be connected with each other; those which are chronologically nearest to each other are seen to be similar; they fall into groups, each of which may be regarded as a single complex event, and the complex events give their names to the parts, as the simpler events give their names to the separate chapters, of the history.

In some periods of history this arrangement is so natural that we adopt it almost unconsciously. The events bear their significance written on their face, and the connexion of events is also obvious. When you read the reign of Louis XV. of France, you feel, without waiting to reason, that you are reading of the fall of the French Monarchy. But in other parts of history the clue is less easy to find, and it is here that we feel that embarrassment and want of interest which, as I have said, Englishmen are conscious of when they look back upon their eighteenth century. In most cases of this kind the fault is in the reader; he would be interested in the period if he had the clue to it, and he would find the clue if he sought it deliberately.

We are to look then at the great events of the eighteenth century, examine each to see its precise significance, and compare them together

with a view to discovering any general tendency there may be. I speak roughly, of course, when I say the eighteenth century. More precisely I mean the period which begins with the Revolution of 1688 and ends with the peace of 1815. Now what are the great events during this period? There are no revolutions. In the way of internal disturbance all that we find is two abortive Jacobite insurrections in 1715 and 1745. There is a change of dynasty, and one of an unusual kind, but it is accomplished peacefully in accordance with an Act of Parliament. The great events are all of one kind, they are *foreign wars*.

These wars are on a much larger scale than any which England had waged before since the Hundred Years' War of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They are also of a more formal, business-like kind than earlier wars. For England has now, for the first time, a standing army and navy. The great English navy first took definite shape in the wars of the Commonwealth, and the English army, founded on the Mutiny Bill, dates from the reign of William III. Between the Revolution and the battle of Waterloo it may be reckoned that we waged seven great wars, of which the shortest lasted seven years and the longest about twelve. Of the whole period, comprising a hundred and twenty-six years, sixty-four years, or more than half, were spent in war.

That these wars were on a greater scale than any which had preceded may be estimated by the burden which they laid upon the country. Before this period England had of course often been at war; still, at the commencement of it, England had no debt, that is, her debt was less than a million, but at the end of this period, in 1817, her debt amounted to 840,000,000*l*. And we are to beware of taking even this large amount as measuring the expensiveness of the wars. Eight hundred and forty millions was not the cost of the wars; it

was only that part of the cost which the nation could not meet at once, but an enormous amount had been paid at once. And yet this debt alone, contracted in a period of a hundred and twenty years, is equivalent to seven millions a year spent on war during the whole time, while for a good part of the eighteenth century the whole annual cost of government did not exceed seven millions.

This series of great wars is evidently the characteristic feature of the period, for not only does it begin with this period, but also appears to end with it. Since 1815 we have had local wars in India and some of our colonies, but of struggles against great European Powers such as this period saw seven times, we have only seen one since, in a period more than half as long, and it lasted but two years.

Let us pass these wars in review. There was first the war in which England was involved by the Revolution of 1688. It is pretty well remembered, since the story of it has been told by Macaulay. It lasted eight years, from 1689 to 1797. There was then the great war which arose out of the Spanish succession, and which we shall never cease to remember because it was the war of Marlborough's victories. It lasted eleven years, from 1702 to 1713. The next great war has now passed almost entirely out of memory, not having brought to light any very great commander, nor achieved any definite result. But we have all heard speak of the fable of Jenkins' Ears, and we have heard of the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, though perhaps few of us could give a rational account either of the reason for fighting them, or of the result that came of them. And yet this war too lasted nine years, from 1739 to 1748. Next comes the Seven Years' War, of which the German part has been made famous by the victories of Frederick. In the English part of it we all remember one

grand incident, the Battle of the Heights of Abraham, in which we lost Wolfe and gained Canada. And yet in the case of this war also it may be observed how much the eighteenth century has faded out of our imaginations. We have quite forgotten that that victory was but one of a long series, which to contemporaries seemed fabulous, so that the nation came out of the struggle intoxicated with glory, and England stood upon a pinnacle of greatness which she had never reached before. We have forgotten how, through all that remained of the eighteenth century, the nation looked back upon those two or three splendid years as upon a happiness that could never return, and how long it continued to be the unique boast of the Englishman—

"That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great heart compatriot with his own."

This is the fourth war. It is in sharp contrast with the fifth, which we have tacitly agreed to mention as seldom as we can. What we call the American war, which from the first outbreak of hostilities to the Peace of Paris lasted eight years, from 1775 to 1783, was indeed ignominious enough to us in America, but in its latter part it spread into a grand naval war in which England stood at bay against almost all the world, and in this, through the victories of Rodney, we came off with credit. The sixth and seventh are the two great wars with Revolutionary France, which we are not likely to forget though we ought to keep them more separate in our minds than we do. The first lasted nine years, from 1793 to 1802, the second twelve, from 1803 to 1815.

Now probably it has occurred to few of us to connect these wars together or to look for any unity of plan or purpose pervading them. And if such a thought did occur we should probably find ourselves hopelessly

baffled in our first attempts. In one war the question was of the method of succession to the Crown of Spain; in another war it was of the Austrian succession and of the succession to the Empire. But if there seems so far some resemblance, what have these succession questions to do with the right of search claimed by the Spaniards along the Spanish Main, or the limits of Acadie, or the principles of the French Revolution? And as the grounds of quarrel seem quite accidental, so we are bewildered by the straggling haphazard character of the wars themselves. Hostilities may break out, so it seems, in the Low Countries, or in the heart of Germany, but the war is waged anywhere or everywhere, at Madras, or at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, or on the banks of the Ohio. As Macaulay says, speaking of Frederick's invasion of Silesia, "In consequence of his unprincipled ambition black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." On a first survey such is the confused appearance which these wars present.

But look a little closer, and after all you will discover some uniformities. For example, out of these seven wars, if we look at them from the English point of view, five are wars with France from the beginning, and both the other two, though the opposite belligerent at the outset was in the first Spain, and in the second our own colonies, yet became in a short time and ended as wars of England and France.

Now here is one of those general facts which we are in search of. The full magnitude of it is not usually perceived because the whole middle part of the eighteenth century has passed too much into oblivion. We have not forgotten the pair of great wars with France at the junction of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, nor the other pair of great wars with France about the

junction of the seventeenth and eighteenth, but we have half forgotten that near the middle of the eighteenth century there was also a great war between England and France, and that as prelude and afterpiece to this war there was a war with Spain which turned into a war with France, and a war with America which turned into a war with France. The truth is, these wars group themselves very symmetrically, and the whole period stands out as an age of gigantic rivalry between England and France, a kind of second Hundred Years' War. In fact in those times and down to our own memory the eternal discord of England and France appeared so much a law of nature that it was seldom spoken of. The wars of their own times blending with vague recollections of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt created an impression in the minds of those generations that England and France always had been at war and always would be. But this was a pure illusion. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries England and France had not been these persistent enemies. The two States had often been in alliance against Spain. In the seventeenth century an Anglo-French Alliance had been almost the rule. Charles I. has a French queen, Cromwell allies himself with Mazarin, Charles II. and James II. make themselves dependent upon Louis XIV.

But may not this frequent recurrence of war with France in the eighteenth century have been a mere accident arising from the nearness of France and the necessary frequency of collisions with her? On examination we shall find that it is not merely accidental, but that these wars are connected together in internal causation as well as in time. It is rather the occasional cessation of war that is accidental; the recurrence of it is natural and inevitable. There is indeed one long truce of twenty-seven years after the Treaty of Utrecht; this was the natural effect of the exhaustion in

which all Europe was left by the war of the Spanish Succession, a war almost as great in comparison with the then magnitude of the European States as the great struggle with Napoleon. But when this truce was over we may almost regard all the wars which followed as constituting one war, interrupted by occasional pauses. At any rate the three wars between 1740 and 1783, those commonly called the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War, and the American War, are, so far as they are wars of England and France, intimately connected together, and form as it were a trilogy of wars. This fact is especially to be noticed here, because this group of wars, considered as one great event with a single great object and result, supplies just the grand feature which that time seems so sadly to want. It is only our own blindness which leads us to overlook the grandeur of that phase in our history, while we fix our eyes upon petty domestic occurrences, parliamentary quarrels, party intrigue, and court gossip.

It so happens that the accession of George III. falls in the middle of this period, and seems to us, with our childish mode of arranging history, to create a division where there is no real division but rather unusually manifest continuity. And as in parliamentary and party politics the accession of George III. really did make a considerable epoch, and the temptation of our historians is always to write the history rather of the parliament than of the state and nation, a false scent misleads us here, and we remain quite blind to one of the grandest and most memorable turning-points in our history. I say these wars make one grand and decisive struggle between England and France. For look at the facts. Nominally the first of these three wars was ended by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. Nominally there followed eight years of peace between England and France.

But really it was not so at all. Whatever virtue the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle may have had towards settling the quarrels of the other European Powers concerned in the war, it scarcely interrupted for a moment the conflict between England and France. It scarcely even appeared to do so, for the great question of the boundary of the English and French settlements in America, of the limits of Acadie and Canada, was disputed with just as much heat after the treaty as before it. And not in words only but by arms, just as much as if war were still going on. Moreover what I remark of the American frontier is equally true of another frontier along which at that time the English and French met each other, namely, in India. It is a remarkable, little-noticed fact, that some of the most memorable encounters between the English and the French which have ever taken place in the course of their long rivalry, some of the classic occurrences of our military history, took place in these eight years when, nominally, England and France were at peace. We have all heard how the French built Fort Duquesne on the Ohio River, how our colony of Virginia sent a body of 400 men under the command of George Washington, then a very young man and a British subject, to attack it, and how Washington was surrounded and forced to capitulate. We have heard, too, of the defeat and death of General Braddock in the same parts. Still better do we remember the struggle between Dupleix and Clive in India, the defence of Arcot, and the deeds which led to the founding of our Indian empire. All these events were part of a desperate struggle for supremacy between England and France, and yet most of them took place after the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 and before the commencement of the next war in 1756.

We have then one great conflict lasting from 1744, or a little earlier,

to the Peace of Paris in 1763, through a period of about twenty years. It ended in the most disastrous defeat that has ever in modern times been suffered by France except in 1870, a defeat which in fact sealed the doom of the House of Bourbon. But fifteen years later, and just within the lifetime of the great statesman who had guided us to victory, England and France were at war again. France entered into relations with our insurgent colonies, acknowledged their independence, and assisted them with troops. Once more, for five years, there was war by land and sea between England and France. But are we to suppose that this was a wholly new war, and not rather a sort of after-swell of the great disturbance that had so recently been stilled? It was not for a moment concealed or disguised that France now, in our hour of distress, took vengeance for what she had suffered from us. This was her revenge for the loss of Canada, namely, to create the United States. In the words which on a later occasion became so celebrated, "she called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old."

Thus these three great wars are more closely connected together than they might appear to be. But how closely connected they are we shall not see until we ask ourselves what the ground of quarrel was, and whether the same ground of quarrel runs under all of them. At first sight it appears to be otherwise. For the war of England and France does not at any time stand out distinct and isolated, but is mixed up with other wars which are going on at the same time. Such immense complex medleys are characteristic of the eighteenth century. What, for instance, can the capture of Quebec have to do with the struggle of Frederick and Maria Theresa for Silesia? In such medleys there is great room for historical mistake, for premature generalisation. What is really at issue may be misunderstood;

as, for instance, when we remark that in the Seven Years' War the Protestant powers of Europe were ranged on one side, we should go very far astray if we tried to make out that it was Protestantism that prevailed in India or in Canada over the spirit of Catholicism.

What I have undertaken to show is that the extension of England into the New World and into Asia is the formula which sums up for England the history of the eighteenth century. I point out now that the great triple war of the middle of that century is neither more nor less than the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World. It was scarcely perceived at the time, and has been seldom remarked since; but the secret of that second Hundred Years' War between England and France, which fills the eighteenth century, was that they were rival candidates for the possession of the New World, and the triple war which fills the middle of the century is, as it were, the decisive campaign in that great world-struggle.

We did not take possession of the New World simply because we found it empty, and had more ships than other nations by which we might carry colonists into it. Not, indeed, that we conquered it from another power which already had possession of it. But we had a competitor in the work of settlement, a competitor who in some respects had got the start of us, namely, France.

The simple fact about North America is this, that about the same time that James I. was giving charters to Virginia and New England, the French were founding further north the two settlements of Acadie and Canada; and, again, about the time that William Penn got his charter for Pennsylvania from Charles II., the Frenchman, Lasale, by one of the greatest feats of discovery ever achieved, made his way from the Great Lakes to the

sources of the Mississippi, and putting his boats upon the stream descended the whole vast river to the Gulf of Mexico, laying open a great territory, which immediately afterwards became the French colony of Louisiana. Such was the relation of France and England in North America at the time when the Revolution of 1688 opened what I have called the second Hundred Years' War of England and France. England had a row of thriving colonies lying from north to south along the eastern coast, but France had the two great rivers, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. A political prophet comparing the prospects of the two colonising powers at the time of our Revolution, and indeed much later, might have been led by observing what an advantage the two rivers gave to France, to think that in the future North America would belong to her rather than to England.

But now it is most curious to observe further that not only in America France and England in that age advanced side by side, but in Asia also. The conquest of India by English merchants seems a unique and abnormal phenomenon, but we should be mistaken if we supposed that there was anything peculiarly English, either in the originality which conceived the idea, or in the energy which carried it into execution. So far as an idea of conquering India was deliberately conceived at all, it was conceived by Frenchmen; Frenchmen first observed that it was possible, and saw the manner in which it could be done; Frenchmen first set about it, and advanced some way towards accomplishing it. In India, indeed, they had the start of us much more decidedly than in North America; in India alone we had at the outset a sense of inferiority in comparison with them, and fought in a spirit of hopeless self-defence. And I find when I study the English conquest of India that we were inspired

neither by ambition, nor yet by mere desire to advance our trade, but that from first to last, that is, from the first efforts of Clive to the time when Lord Wellesley, Lord Minto, and Lord Hastings established our empire over the whole vast peninsula, we were actuated by fear of the French; behind every movement of the native powers we saw French intrigue, French gold, French ambition, and never until we were masters of the whole country got rid of that feeling that the French were driving us out of it, which had descended from the days of Dupleix and Labourdonnais.

This consideration, then, that both in America and in Asia France and England stood in direct competition for a prize of absolutely incalculable value explains the fact that France and England fought a second Hundred Years' War. This is the ultimate explanation. But the true ground of discord was not always equally apparent, even to the belligerents themselves, and still less to the rest of the world. For as in other ages so in that; occasional causes of difference frequently arose between such near neighbours, causes often sufficient in themselves to produce a war; and it is only in those three wars of the middle of the eighteenth century that they fight quite visibly and evidently for the New World. In the earlier wars of William III. and of Anne, other causes are more, or certainly not less, operative, for the New World quarrel is not yet at its height. And again in the later wars, that is the two that followed the French Revolution, the question of the New World is again falling into the background, because France has fairly lost her hold both upon America and India, and can now do no more than make despairing efforts to regain it. But in those three wars, between 1740 and 1783, the struggle as between England and France is entirely for the New World. In the first of them the issue is fairly

joined; in the second France suffers her fatal fall; in the third she takes her signal revenge. This is the first grand chapter in the history of Greater Britain, for it is the first great struggle in which the Empire fights as a whole, the colonies and settlements outside Europe being here not merely dragged in the wake of the mother-country, but actually taking the lead. We ought to distinguish this event with a very broad mark in our calendar of the eighteenth century. The principal and most decisive incidents of it belong to the latter half of the reign of George II.

But in our wars with Louis XIV. before and in our wars with the French Revolution afterwards, it will be found on examination that much more than might be supposed the real bone of contention between England and France is the New World. Let us look first at the wars of William and Anne. The colonial question had been growing in magnitude throughout the seventeenth century, while the other burning question of that age, the quarrel of the two Churches, had been falling somewhat into the background. Thus when Cromwell made war on Spain it is a question whether he attacked her as the great Catholic Power or as the great monopolist of the New World. In the same age the two great Protestant States, England and Holland, who ought in the interest of religion to have stood side by side, are found waging furious war upon each other as rival colonial powers. Now it was by the great discovery and settlement of Louisiana in 1683 that France was brought into the forefront of colonial powers, and within six years of that event the Hundred Years' War of England and France began.

In the first war of the series, however, the colonial question is not very prominent. But it is prominent in the second, which has been called the War of the Spanish Succession. We must not be misled by this name.

Much has been said of the wicked waste of blood and treasure of which we were guilty when we interfered in a Spanish question with which we had no concern, or terrified ourselves with a phantom of French ascendancy which had no reality. How much better, it has been said, to devote ourselves to the civilising pursuits of trade! But read in Ranke how the war broke out. You will find that it was precisely trade that led us into it. The Spanish succession affected us because France threatened by establishing her influence in Spain to enter into the Spanish monopoly of the New World, and to shut us irrevocably out of it. Accordingly the great practical results of this war to England were colonial and commercial, namely, the conquest of Acadie and the Asiento compact, which for the first time made England on the great scale a slave-trading power.

Still more true is it of our wars with the French Revolution and with Napoleon that the possession of the New World was among the grounds of quarrel. As in the American War France avenges on England her expulsion from the New World, so under Napoleon she makes Titanic efforts to recover her lost place there. This indeed is Napoleon's fixed view with regard to England. He sees in England never the island, the European state, but always the World-Empire, the net-work of dependencies and colonies and islands covering every sea, among which he was himself destined at last to find his prison and his grave. Thus when in 1798 he was put in charge for the first time of the war with England, he begins by examining the British Channel, and no doubt glances at Ireland. But what he sees does not tempt him, although a few months afterwards Ireland broke out in a terrible rebellion, during which if the conqueror of Italy had suddenly landed at the head of a French army, undoubtedly he would have struck a heavier blow at Eng-

land than any she has yet suffered. But no, his mind is occupied with other thoughts. He is thinking how France once seemed on the point of conquering India, until England drove her out; accordingly he decides and convinces the Directory that the proper way to carry on war with England is by occupying Egypt, and at the same time by stirring Tippoo Sooltan to war with the East India Company. And he actually carries out this plan, so that the whole struggle is transferred from the British Channel into the boundless spaces of Greater Britain, and when the Irish shortly afterwards rise they find to their bitter disappointment that France cannot spare them Bonaparte, but only General Humbert with 1,100 men.

When this war was brought to an end by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802 the results of it were such as to make that treaty a great epoch in the history of the English Empire. In the first place Egypt is finally evacuated by France, in other words Bonaparte's grand scheme of attack against our Indian Empire has failed. His ally Tippoo—*Citoyen Tipou* as he was called—had been defeated and slain some time before, and General Baird had moved with an English force up the Red Sea to take part with General Hutchinson in the final defeat of the French in Egypt. In the colonial world at the same time England remained mistress of Ceylon and Trinidad.

But the last war, that which lasted from 1803 to 1815, was this in any sense a war for the New World? It does not at first sight appear to be so; and very naturally, because England from the beginning had such a naval superiority that Napoleon could never again succeed in making his way back into the New World. But yet it was so, as I find after a closer examination. In the first place look at the origin and cause of it. It was at the outset a war for Malta. By the treaty

of Amiens England had engaged within a given time to evacuate Malta, and this for certain reasons, which this is not the place to discuss, she afterwards refused to do. Now why did Napoleon want her to leave Malta, and why did she refuse to do so? It was because Malta was the key of Egypt, and she believed, certainly not without strong reasons, that Bonaparte would in a moment reoccupy Egypt, and that the struggle for India would begin again. Thus the war was ultimately for India, and further I find that though by the retention of Malta we did effectually and once for all ward off this attack, yet we did not ourselves know how successful we had been. We still believed India to be full of French intrigue; we believed the Mahratta and Afghan princes and the Persian Shah to be puppets worked by the French, as indeed they had many French officers in their service. I imagine that the great Mahratta War of 1803 seemed to Lord Wellesley to be a part of the war with France, and that Sir Arthur Wellesley believed that at Assaye and Argaum he struck at the same enemy as afterwards at Salamanca and Waterloo. On the other hand we can trace throughout Napoleon's desperate effort to break through the toils with which England has enveloped him. He tries for a time to make something of Louisiana, and then sells it to the United States in order that at least England may not get possession of it. He takes possession of Portugal and Spain in order to compensate himself in South and Central America for what France has lost in North America, and Colonel Malleon tells us, in his *Later Struggles of France in the East* what a destructive privateering war the French were able to keep up in the Indian Ocean from their island of Mauritius long after their naval power had been destroyed at Trafalgar. It was by the English conquest of this island and by its retention at the peace that the Hundred Years' War

of England and France for the New World came to an end.

These are the facts which show that the eighteenth century ought always to be thought of as the period of the world-wide expansion of England. They show at the same time that this proposition is much more pregnant than might at first sight appear. At first sight it seems to mean merely that the acquisition of Canada and that of India are greater events in intrinsic importance than other more conspicuous events nearer home, such as Marlborough's victories, or Chatham's politics or the national struggle with Napoleon. It really means that the expansion of England is at the bottom of one class of events just as much as of the other. At first

sight it may seem to mean that the European policy of England in that century is of less importance than its extra-European policy. But it really means that the European policy and the extra-European policy are but different aspects of the same great national development. So much has been shown; much more might be shown. For this single conception brings together not only the European with the colonial affairs, but also the military struggles with the whole peaceful expansion of the country, with that industrial and commercial growth which during the same century exceeded in England all previous example. But enough—*jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.*

J. R. SEELEY.

CARCASSONNE.

"*Je n'ai jamais vu Carcassonne.*" So runs the refrain of a song which some of our readers may have chanced to hear sung by a great comic actor in the character of an old peasant near Limoux. In a feeble quavering voice, he chants forth the one desire which possesses his soul. He is growing old, he is sixty—in the peasant's hard life sixty years is old age—and never yet has he seen the neighbouring city of Carcassonne. There it is in the distance, with the blue mountains behind it, five great leagues off. We must suppose him to have lived before the making of the railway; for the difficulties of traversing five leagues seem almost insurmountable. Ah! if the vintage—for Limoux is a wine-producing district, specially famed for a *petit vin blanc et pétillant* known as *Blanquette*—prove good, perhaps the desire may yet be gratified. Wonders are told of the city—

"On dit qu'on y voit tous les jours,
Ni plus ni moins que les Dimanches,
Des gens s'en aller sur les cours,
En habits neufs, en robes blanches.
On dit qu'on y voit des châteaux
Grands comme ceux de Babylone,
Un évêque et deux généraux!
Je ne connais pas Carcassonne!"

The conclusion is tragic. A friend—perhaps the rich *propriétaire* of the district, perhaps a benevolent tourist, for these details are left to imagination—comes to the rescue and undertakes to convey him to the wished-for haven. But the old man dies on the road, and for him Carcassonne remains unknown. "We all have our Carcassonne," moralizes the poet, and the audience is left uncertain whether to laugh or to cry over the tale of the unsatisfied aspiration of a lifetime.

Perhaps some who have heard this song may have been conscious of a desire to set off and see Carcassonne forthwith—a desire probably checked by the reflection that it is a good deal more than five leagues out of the ordinary rounds of English tourists, and perhaps by an entire ignorance as to what there may be to see. We who have lived in the world are familiar with the sight of people in their best clothes; bishops are plentiful everywhere; and, if we have travelled abroad in the autumn-manceuvre season, we are sated with the sight of generals. In one town we have been awaked untimely by an *aubade* to the inspecting general; in another we have seen and heard him serenaded by torchlight; we have witnessed his arrival or his departure in a wagonette drawn by four artillery-horses with drivers in uniform; we have gazed upon his war-steed champing and pawing in the court-yard, and perhaps, if we took off our hats to him, have received a stately salute in return. It is not generals that will excite us any more. *Châteaux "grands comme ceux de Babylone"* are something, no doubt; but after all, who that has once seen the mighty donjon of Coucy, which is now pretty well known to English travellers, need trouble himself to see any more castles?

Nevertheless, those who, yielding to their first impulse, go in search of Carcassonne will not repent it. For travellers in the south the place is easily accessible from Toulouse, either going and returning in a day, or taking it in the way to Narbonne and Cette. Apart from its antiquarian and artistic interest, it has no special attractions, and will not detain the ordinary traveller long. The modern town, or

ville basse, to which the railway brings him, and where he has his choice of two or three hotels, possesses some good churches, and is pleasantly situated on the Aude; but is otherwise, at any rate to people of wider experience than the old peasant, of no great interest—an ordinary French departmental *chef-lieu*, with gardens and promenades. It is the ancient *cit  de Carcassonne* on the other side of the Aude, which is the wonder and the glory of the place.

The Aude is crossed by two bridges, old and new, the old being a structure of the twelfth or thirteenth century, of the usual ancient type, with out-jutting refuges for foot-passengers. A little fifteenth-century chapel, originally belonging to a *maison des fous*, tempts the wayfarer to turn a moment aside, before he enters upon the bridge, where he may again pause to gaze upon the river and the distant purple mountains. Above the river rises, on a steepish hill, the city of Carcassonne—a city such as modern eyes rarely behold except in an old Dutch Bible. It is like Babylon, as the song avers; like Jericho, like Jerusalem—if we do not add, like Madagascar, it is only because Madagascar is not figured in ancient Bibles. We refer, of course, not to Jericho and Jerusalem as they actually exist, but as they are represented in early woodcuts,—the cities walled and towered, crowning stiff little hills, which appear in the background behind the figures of Joshua or of David, and amaze the minds of English children who have never seen the like of them in real life. This is the first impression; perhaps the second may be that Carcassonne is after all not so unlike a glorified and enlarged edition of Millbank prison set on a hill.

The peculiarity of Carcassonne is that it is a medi val fortified city which has suffered less than usual from time and the hand of man, and which has been put in repair and to a great extent restored. One has

seen the same sort of thing elsewhere, more or less in fragments or in ruins; but here, as one gazes at the long stretch of grim straight wall, broken at intervals by solid rounded towers with pepper-box tops, one feels, not so much as if one were looking at a mere relic of antiquity, but rather as if one had one's self been carried back into the past. It may be questioned how far the restoration of a medi val fortress is justifiable. A church, it may be said, when restored, has a use and a meaning for us still; a fortress is but an antiquarian plaything. To some minds there may even be a flavour of the theatrical about Carcassonne; the irreverent might say that logically the work should be perfected by warders with guisarmes and partisans to pace the wall, and by citizens in medi val apparel. But we may dismiss this carping criticism. For once in a way, at any rate, we are glad that the thing should be done; and when it is added that the work was carried out under the direction of Viollet-le-Duc, we need not say that it has been well done. Moreover, it has not been pushed beyond the repair of existing remains.

Climbing the dusty hill on which the city stands, we enter by the Porte Narbonnaise, and probably, unless forewarned, overlook the figure known as the Dame Carcas, a fancied Saracen heroine of the Charlemagne period, whose legend may be read in *Murray*, but whose sculptured semblance modern criticism will not allow to be older than the sixteenth century. It is to be found at the side of the outermost gate, before entering the barbican, and on a hasty glance seems almost formless, but on investigation it resolves itself into a rudely sculptured bust, much larger than life, of a woman with a kind of coif on her head. Passing through the barbican, and under the fine Porte Narbonnaise, we find ourselves in a melancholy and deserted-looking town of narrow streets and crumbling

houses. Any one who has formed expectations of street architecture worthy to rank with that of Lisieux or Rouen will be disappointed. The houses at Carcassonne are the mean, dusty-looking, colourless houses characteristic of a southern town, and the population seems of the poorest. But let no one be too much alarmed by what *Murray* says of the "odious smells" of Carcassonne. Whatever it may have been in the days when, as *Viollet-le-Duc* avers, the towers were used as public dustholes, it is now far from being the dirtiest or the worst smelling town in France. One spot at least under the shadow of the walls is pervaded by a fine salubrious odour of wormwood, suggestive of the presence of that herb somewhere in the weedy grass that grows among the fortifications.

The interest of Carcassonne lies in military and ecclesiastical architecture, military especially. There are the castle and the double line of ramparts, and there is the church, once cathedral, of St. Nazaire. The former are shown by a *gardien* of great oratorical powers, who has got up *Viollet-le-Duc*, and, commanding our attention with an "*Écoutez-moi bien*," in firm, not to say stern tones, might distinguish himself at an archæological meeting. Nevertheless, the visitor is so led up and down stairs and into my lord's, if not my lady's, chamber—he goes down one wall and up another, climbs into towers, and peeps through loopholes, and gets fine views of the lower Carcassonne and the environing hills in so many different positions; he is so walked on the tops of walls and over perilous passes on shaky planks, and down ladders backwards into dungeons, where he is permitted to handle iron fetters of fearful weight, warranted genuine Inquisition—that he gradually begins to feel as if he were wandering in a bad dream, or rehearsing the part of the heroine in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. At last he is conducted down stairs

into a room where he is expected to buy photographs; and there it ends. *Viollet-le-Duc's* monograph will perhaps enable him to make out what it is that he has seen.

The situation of Carcassonne, on a hill commanding the valley of the Aude, and therefore also the natural road from Narbonne to Toulouse, and the defiles into Spain, must have made it from the first a post of importance. But—though *Cæsar* casually mentions it, along with Toulouse and Narbonne, as the source whence P. Crassus drew "many brave men" for his campaign in Aquitania—Carcassonne seems to have been long happy in having little or no history. Of its later perils and struggles, its ramparts preserve some record, legible to the eye of a military architect. *Viollet-le-Duc* has gone elaborately into the history and the description of the defences of Carcassonne; here it will be enough to give a rough sketch of his conclusions. The inner *enceinte*, with its towers, is in the main the work of the West-Goths, raised on the ruins of the Roman fortifications. Most of the existing towers are based on Roman substructures which bear signs of having been executed in haste, probably to resist the invading Franks, who nevertheless in 350 got temporary possession of the town. At a later date, in 508, the mighty Frank Chlodwig, who came in his fierce orthodoxy to sweep the Arian Goths out of Gaul, laid siege to Carcassonne, and there met with the first check to his conquering arms. So much remains of the Goths' work that, in spite of later modification and alteration, their whole system of defence can still be traced; but from the fall of their kingdom in the eighth century to the beginning of the twelfth there is almost a blank. We know that their rule was displaced by that of the Saracens from Spain, to whom are to be attributed the traces of sap and mine and breach which are to be found more especially on the north side. Other record of

the Saracen siege there seems to be none; and the historian of the fortifications must take a leap to the end of the eleventh century. Legend steps in to fill up the blank, and Froissart can tell us of the foundation of Carcassonne by the Saracens—earlier founders being apparently forgotten—and how, a second Troy, it detained “*li grans rois de France et d’Alemagne, Charlemaine*,” seven long years before it. But to return to facts: towards the end of the eleventh and in the twelfth century Carcassonne was a fief held by counts or viscounts, who sometimes acknowledged as their suzerain the Count of Toulouse, sometimes the Count of Barcelona, this last being (after 1137) also King of Aragon, though as Count he continued to owe at least a nominal allegiance to the French crown. It was probably under the Viscount Bernard Aton, or at the latest under his son Roger, about 1130, that the old West-Gothic walls and towers were repaired, and that the castle was built. These defences were strengthened and augmented when in the next century they were called upon to resist those terrible Crusaders from the orthodox North, who crushed all national life out of the heretical, prosperous, and luxurious South. It was in Carcassonne that Raymond-Roger, the young Viscount of Beziers—himself no heretic, though heretics were among his subjects—made his last despairing stand against the elder Simon of Montfort and the crusading host, fresh from that fearful storm of Beziers which is inseparably connected with the perhaps apocryphal speech attributed to the Legate, “Slay them all, God will know His own.” Carcassonne, in spite of the strength of its fortifications, surrendered in little more than a fortnight for lack of water. Its unfortunate lord, the Viscount Raymond-Roger, died a few months after, at the age of twenty-four, a captive in one of the towers. His early death, if not due, as was the contemporary

idea, to poison, would awake suspicions of a harsh captivity, even if contemporary or nearly contemporary writers had not been explicit:—“*sub arctâ custodiâ detinetur*,” never being allowed to set foot outside or speak to any one save his keepers. As the tower is not specified, being only vaguely described as one of the strongest and safest in all the city, one is tempted to imagine him chained to the central pillar of that dark dungeon in the tower *dite de l’Inquisition*. But in truth this tower is later than his time, having been built under Philip the Bold, about 1285.

When next Carcassonne underwent a siege, it had become a king’s town defended by a royal seneschal, and its assailant, this time an unsuccessful one, was Raymond-Roger’s dispossessed son, Raymond of Trincavel. After the defences had been breached at several points, Trincavel attempted to carry the place by storm, but was beaten back with no small loss; and on learning that the royal army was approaching, he raised the siege, which had lasted four-and-twenty days. The king, St. Louis, then set himself to make Carcassonne impregnable, razing the faubourgs—where they had not already been burnt by Trincavel—rebuilding and extending the *enceinte extérieure*, strengthening all the weak points, and probably building below the castle and the *Porta Tolosæ* or *Porte de l’Aude*, the great circular defence, the *Barbacane*, which was unhappily destroyed in the present century in order to make room for a factory. Judging from the picture given of it, the great *Barbacane* must have borne a strong resemblance to a gasometer pierced with loopholes. The expelled inhabitants of the faubourgs were allowed to settle on the other side of the river, and thus founded the *bourg* or *ville basse* of Carcassonne. The works begun by St. Louis were perfected by his son, Philip the Bold, to whom is due the present *Porte Narbonnaise*, and who gave the

city its present form, as he heightened the West-Gothic towers, and crowned them with their peaked tops. When complete, the defences of Carcassonne must, according to Viollet-le-Duc's calculations, have required a garrison of 1,323 fighting men, and probably at least double that number of workmen. As it left Philip the Bold's hands, it was in fact impregnable. When in 1355 the Black Prince, with his English and Gascons, swept like a flight of locusts over the "fat land," whose good and simple folk, as Froissart says with pity perhaps akin to contempt, till then knew not what war was, he took and sacked the open town of Carcassonne, which was only defended by chains across the streets. Then he and his plunderers looked wistfully across the Aude at the fortified city on its hill, wherein the burghers had placed their women and children and great part of their property—a city *belle et forte et bien fermée de bons murs de pierre, de portes, de tours, et ne fait mies à prendre*—and on consideration, they let it alone. On its part the city contented itself with sending volleys of artillery—great square-headed arrows, *quarrius gros et lons*, shot from "cannons," and "espringals" (*en kanons et en espringalles*)—into his ranks as he marched over the bridge on his way to Narbonne.

The importance of the city doubtless ceased when the gunpowder age began, and cannon-balls became too much for the most perfect mediæval fortifications. Its towers, unroofed, went partially to ruin, and were put, as has been said, to vile and base uses; mean little houses were reared against the ramparts, which themselves were found to be a convenient stone-quarry for the citizens. At last, in 1855, the work of restoration was begun, under the direction of the Commission of Historic Monuments. The church of St. Nazaire, the old cathedral, was also restored from 1844 to 1860. This alone will repay a visit. It has a fine

Romanesque nave, built about 1096, in which year Pope Urban II. visited the city, and blessed the church and the materials prepared for its completion. The choir, transept, and chapels are later, having been raised from 1300 to 1320, under the direction of the Bishop Peter de Roquefort, whose tomb, a beautiful piece of sculpture, may be seen in the north chapel. Viollet-le-Duc describes the Bishop's work as "*un chef d'œuvre d'élégance et de richesse*," and the praise is not too high. The old glass is splendid, even for France, where fine glass is so common, and may challenge comparison with that of Rheims. One window in the north transept is a perfect gem of rich colouring, and the transept roses, slightly restored, are also very fine. Some of the windows are modern, but they harmonize unusually well with the old. A chapel of about 1260, adjoining the south transept, but on a lower level, contains the tomb of the Bishop Radulf. A large flat stone, with the figure of a knight roughly cut in outline, which rests against the wall of the church, is worthy of notice only because it has passed for part of the tomb of the elder Simon of Montfort. Its history is unknown, and its authenticity more than doubtful. More genuine and curious is a rude thirteenth-century bas-relief let into the wall of the chapel of St. Lawrence, representing the attack of a fortified place. Mailed warriors are marching against a turreted and battlemented structure, while the defenders are working a mangonel. A not improbable tradition declares this to be a representation of the death of Simon, who was actually killed before Toulouse by a stone from an engine. Not that this is distinctly shown, but there is clearly visible an angel carrying off to heaven a soul, symbolized by the figure of a new-born child issuant from a prostrate corpse; and the happy soul may be assumed to be that of Simon. Lastly, St. Nazaire possesses an eleventh-century crypt, which was

discovered by Viollet-le-Duc in 1857.

Returning to the new town, the traveller will find it worth while to look into the churches of St. Michael and St. Vincent. The former, the present cathedral, is a restored thirteenth-century church of the southern type, an aisle-less nave of wide span, a wide and low west door, and a sort of portico outside. It has a fine apse, some good glass, and a remarkable clerestory of rose-shaped windows. This last feature reappears in St. Vincent, which also has good glass, though of a later, probably Renaissance, school. It is interesting to know that one or other of these two churches was usually chosen as the place to which those condemned by the Inquisition were summoned to hear their sentence publicly pronounced. This we learn from M. Molinier, who in his recent work, *L'Inquisition dans le Midi de la France*, has gone minutely into the history of the tribunal which sat at

Carcassonne. The Inquisitors had their house in the city, near the Porte de l'Aude ; and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the tradition which has assigned to them the grim prison-tower still known as the *Tour de l'Inquisition*.

Such is Carcassonne, as seen in a hasty visit. To the last, as one looks back upon it from the railway, it stands out a striking object against the sky, resembling those fantastic cities and castles below which ride the knights of Gustave Doré's drawings. The country round is not strictly beautiful, but is characteristically southern, with its vines and olive trees, with little hills and rocks cropping up in all directions, and with the picturesque outlines of the Cévennes in the distance. Altogether it is probably with satisfaction that the departing traveller will murmur to himself, "*Mais enfin j'ai vu Carcassonne !*"

EDITH THOMPSON.

IN OCTOBER.

I saw the sunlight glinting down,
Where the tall trees stood gaunt and brown.

I saw the soft pathetic light
Touch the stream's foam to glistening white.

I saw the tearful lustre shed,
Where falling leaves heaped gold and red.

I heard the music that they make—
The becks that brattle through the brake,

And toss the withered fern-fronds by,
And laugh beneath the sombre sky.

I heard the river's ceaseless song,
Sweeping fir-crested hills among.

The chirpings of each lingering bird
That braves the angry North, I heard.

And a fresh yearning woke and cried,
A voice of Love unsatisfied;

And all the lovely Autumn day,
In burning tears seemed blurred away.

To wood and glen, to hill and plain,
For Nature's balm I asked, in vain.

Then I said, low and suddenly,
"God keep my darling safe for me."

SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

MOLTKE'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE EGYPTIANS.

THE high military reputation gained for himself by the chief of the Prussian general staff between the years 1866 and 1871 has had the effect of bringing to light his brilliant merit as a writer. He might have died in his sixty-seventh year (for Helmuth von Moltke was born with the century) and left behind him no literary name. It seems probable indeed that if his services had been lost to his country when he was on the point of attaining his seventieth year, he would still have failed to achieve the widespread literary fame which he now enjoys, and which is due, not to the official histories of the campaign against Austria and of the campaign in France, published under his superintendence, but to his history of the Russo-Turkish war of 1828-29, his letters from Russia written during the coronation festivities of the late Emperor, and his letters from the East written during the years which preceded the Egyptian crisis of 1839, and while that crisis was going on. It was not until after the Franco-German war that the admirable letters from Russia, addressed to private friends without any view to publication, were collected and given to the world; and although the letters from Turkey had, like the history of the Russian campaign against Turkey, gone through a small edition in the distant days when the General Field-Marshal of the present time was but a captain in the general staff, it was only a few years since that what is just now the most interesting of all Count Moltke's literary works came fairly before the public in a new edition, adorned with an interesting portrait of Captain von Moltke from a likeness taken upwards of forty years ago. In England Count

Moltke has, in a literary point of view, been badly treated. The English translation of the letters from Russia is presented in a form so insignificant as to suggest a want of importance in the contents. In his historical sketch of the wars between Russia and Turkey, Major F. S. Russell represents Moltke as having served, in the campaign of 1828, with the Russians against the Turks; whereas he was present with neither of the contending forces. The vivid style of the narrative, the knowledge shown of the ground on which the actions were fought, and the information given on points which were evidently observed by one actually present, are well calculated to suggest that the writer must have seen what he describes. But as a matter of fact Moltke did not go to Turkey until some time after Turkey and Russia had made peace. He then visited the various scenes of the battles fought in Bulgaria and Roumelia; and in due time wrote and published his history of the campaign. But the author of the "wars between Russia and Turkey," though he made a curious mistake in placing the historian of the war of 1828-29 where he had never been, was at least not guilty of the unkindness with which Lady Duff Gordon treated him when, in the preface to her translation of his *Russian Campaign in Turkey*, she described it as the work of a Prussian officer who was since dead!

Soon after the Russo-Turkish war of 1828-29, the Sultan Mahmoud, wishing to reorganise his army on the European model, and mistrusting the powers who were accustomed to put themselves forward as friends of Turkey, applied for military instructors to the King of Prussia.

One of the first officers sent out in answer to the Sultan's request was Captain von Moltke, who, after visiting the battlefields of the war just terminated, returned to Prussia, then went again to Turkey; and when, in 1839, the Sultan despatched an army against the force raised by his rebellious vassal, Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, was commissioned to accompany it in the character of military adviser. The fleet sent from Constantinople to try the value of the Egyptian navy entered the harbour of Alexandria only to place itself at the orders of the insurgent Pasha. The Turkish troops who were to meet in Syria the troops commanded by the Egyptian rebel's son, Ibrahim Pasha, were, in the mass, not unwilling to fight. But some of the levies were quite undisciplined, and a large portion of the force consisted of recaptured deserters.

The Porte had formed in Asia Minor three corps, of which the effective reached 70,000 men. These troops were composed chiefly of militia newly raised, and forced to learn as rapidly as possible something of European tactics, and officered by men who owed their position to favour, and were entirely ignorant of their profession. Of the troops of the line at least half were recruits. The mortality had been so great that while the army was preparing to march, during a period of twelve months, half the infantry died. The gaps in the ranks had to be filled by recruits taken from Kurdistan. To avoid service the inhabitants fled into the mountains, where they were hunted with dogs, and when captured—often too young or too feeble for useful military work—were brought into the camp bound and led with ropes. These soldiers, who did not even understand the language of their officers, were treated constantly as prisoners; and the camp of each regiment was surrounded by a strong guard, which itself very often took flight.

The Turkish officers of Moltke's time

were quite uneducated. Many of them were unable to read and write, and we are introduced to one Pasha who had just learned to paint his name on a sheet of paper, and who was so proud of the accomplishment that he used to pass hours every day in exercising it. The army was accompanied by a number of moullas and ulemas, who, says Moltke, were much more important personages than the lieutenant-generals. Again and again he is provoked into exclaiming that until the custom of consulting priests in regard to matters of state policy and military tactics is abandoned there can be no hope for Turkey; and sorely, indeed, was his patience tried at the critical battle of Nezib, which brought the operations of the Turks against the Egyptians to a disastrous conclusion, by the persistence with which his suggestions were submitted to the consideration of the religious council. Thanks to the utter disregard shown for the Prussian officer's advice, the Turkish army was dispersed. The Turkish fleet afterwards joined the enemy; and the grand vizier thought it likely enough that Hafiz Pasha, who, with all his incompetence, was, nevertheless, the best of the Turkish generals, would imitate the example of the Turkish admiral. It was for this reason, as he afterwards told Moltke, that he had given him only 40,000 men, when, by placing the entire army under one command, he might easily have given him 80,000.

The march of the army which Sultan Mahmoud despatched against Ibrahim Pasha, son of Mehemet Ali, lay through Syria; and the Arabs of this province, whose position Moltke compares with that of the fellahs in Egypt, excited his interest and also his compassion.

Hafiz Pasha, to whom the Prussian officer was attached, had been charged incidentally with the punishment of an Arab tribe encamped somewhere in Mesopotamia, and capable of putting

ten thousand horsemen in the field. Captain von Moltke found that these tribes were all at enmity, not only with strangers of every kind on their frontier, but also with one another. The possession of a particular well or the right of grazing in a particular pasture were sufficient cause for quarrels which assumed an internecine character and were transmitted from generation to generation. But if the hand of the Ishmaelite was against every one, it was very difficult to get the Turkish pashas to join hands in repressing his audacious enterprises. A few squadrons of regular cavalry and a gun were all that was necessary for breaking up any Arab camp; the unwillingness of the Arab to stand against musketry and his refusal to encounter artillery being due, according to Moltke, not so much to solicitude for his own person as to the value he attaches to his horse. In Europe a horse which happened to belong to three or four different masters would scarcely be in an enviable position. But a precious Arabian horse of illustrious pedigree is sometimes the property of several families, and in each fresh master he finds a fresh benefactor.

To put Arabs to flight, however, it is necessary first to attack them; and when a plan was formed for advancing against the ten thousand armed rebels from different points, the pashas who were to have taken part in the combined expedition acted or abstained from acting according to their momentary convenience and the prospect each saw before him of making plunder. The advance, then, of Hafiz Pasha against the formidable Arab tribe which had refused to pay taxes or to recognise laws of any kind ended in nothing but the retreat of the ten thousand into inaccessible desert places. Captain von Moltke had to console himself, after a five days' march through the Mesopotamian desert, or "sea of sand" as the Arabs call it, with an attack upon a fortified castle held by a Kurdish chief who

suffered from the prevailing indisposition to pay taxes and even levied taxes on his own account, maintaining himself in the attitude, not only of an insurgent against the central power, but also of an incursionist into the lands of his neighbours. He plundered, moreover, from time to time the passing caravans, and was in a general way a nuisance to every one but his own immediate followers. Captain von Moltke had the satisfaction of directing the siege operations of which the chief's stronghold was made the object. The expedition sent against him consisted of six battalions each of 400 men, 150 horsemen, and eight pieces of artillery. On the approach of the regular troops most of the chief's partisans deserted him. But with 200 who remained faithful he threw himself into his fortified castle, perched on the summit of a mountain, and there prepared to defend himself. After reconnoitring the position Moltke came to the conclusion that forty determined men might defend it for an indefinite time. Fortunately, however, the garrison consisted not of forty but of 200 men; and there was a good prospect, therefore, of being able to reduce the place by hunger. The situation was, on rather a small scale, that of Metz in 1870.

The little fortress had no cannons, but it was furnished with wall pieces, and the defenders, firing but seldom, fired well, and wounded at a great distance several of their assailants. Moltke, mounted on a white horse, was sufficiently conspicuous object to draw the fire of the Kurds, and they aimed at him with more determination from a belief that he was a sorcerer, and that the instruments with which he made observations and calculated distances were magical appliances. Good will and main force had to do duty for science, and by harnessing a number of men to each gun it was found possible to drag the artillery up to some rocky heights which commanded the side of the fortress which Moltke had recognised as the weak one. It had

been thought that a few shells would bring about a surrender. But it was not until mining operations were undertaken conjointly with a bombardment that the Kurdish chief, seeing that some dreadful fate was being prepared for him, proposed terms of capitulation. He wished to give up the stronghold with its contents and with the garrison, while preserving his own liberty. To this, however, the besiegers would not consent, and the chief, finding that further resistance was useless, came in the most agreeable manner to the Turkish camp, entering with marked affability into conversation with the Turkish officers, and behaving with all the ease of a well-bred visitor. Captain von Moltke was much impressed by his demeanour, as the prisoner had committed all kinds of offences and was not at all certain to escape with his head. An arrangement seems ultimately to have been made by which the gentle brigand, with a certain number of his followers, entered the Turkish army.

During his desert experiences Moltke fell in with a tribe of Arabs who kept in a stable nine other Arabs taken in battle and held to ransom. The unfortunate captives were chained up like beasts, and, like beasts, were led twice a day to be fed and watered. The Turkish commander stipulated for their liberation; but his Prussian adjutant did not feel at all certain that the unhappy men would be set free. Their position excited but little sympathy among the Turks, and among the Arabs themselves it was looked upon as perfectly regular.

The attack upon the Egyptian rebels had to be preceded by the suppression of all kinds of disturbances along the line of march; and so great was the mortality and so numerous were the desertions among the troops that doubts might well be entertained as to what the result would be when the conflict at last took place. Then the presence at head-quarters of the soothsayers before mentioned was a con-

stant source of anxiety to Moltke. The military view of a particular situation was always subordinated to the religious view as taken by the moullas and ulemas. The most enlightened Turkish dignitary that Moltke met with was, he tells us "a zealous partisan of the astrologers and magicians"; and, what was of less importance, he "believed the world to be as flat as a plate, and only from politeness admitted the possibility of its being spherical." In the campaign against the Egyptians the fatal character of a particular month, the luck attaching to a particular day were all considered, while season and temperature were not taken into account at all. The soldier wore boots which, in conformity with the practice of his religion, it was easy for him to take off five times a day, but in which it was impossible to march. "Why," asked a moulla at the Council of Biradchik, close to Nezib, where the decisive battle was fought, "should not ten thousand Osmanlis get on horseback, and, trusting in Allah and in the strength of their sabres, make their way to Moscow?" "Why not," replied a Turkish officer, "if their passports have been properly vised at the Russian Embassy." This officer, however, was Reschid Bey, who had been educated in Europe; and he made the remark in French, "a language in which he could say the most audacious things, for no one understood it." The Turkish army destined to come into collision with the Egyptian army at Nezib numbered about 40,000 men. The enemy's force was more numerous by about 10,000 men. On the other hand, the Turks had an abundance of provisions; and pay, as well as full rations, was regularly forthcoming. The Egyptians received but the scantiest rations; and the troops had not been paid for eighteen months. The sick, too, were uncared for in the Egyptian army, and there were no tents. This last want was not in the eyes of the Prussian officer without a compensating advantage; for the

troops, lying on the ground with their arms beside them, were ready at the briefest notice for action. It is well known that the Prussians do not burden themselves with tents. But they make their campaigns in civilized countries; and at the end of a day's operations are generally able to establish themselves in barns, stables, and other outlying buildings, or in the domiciles of the inhabitants. To repose on the ground in the open air is with them the exception. With the Egyptians in Syria it was the invariable rule.

As to discipline, the troops of Ibrahim Pasha manœuvred better than those of Hafiz Pasha, the Turkish commander; and the Egyptian artillery was more numerous and better served than that of the Turks. But the population of all Syria, especially in the large towns, was opposed to the Egyptian rebels and invaders; and the first severe check to Ibrahim's army would have been the signal for a general rising against him and against the Government established by his father. The possibilities of success, then, seemed to be on the side of the Turks. But the points in their favour were more than counterbalanced by one fatal point against them. The most advanced corps, that of Hafiz Pasha, to which Moltke had attached himself, numbered about 40,000 men. The Turks had altogether in Asia from 70,000 to 80,000 men, who, tolerably well led, should have been able to crush Ibrahim. But the army had been broken up into four independent commands; and each general thought more of himself than of the rival generals whom, without being at all disposed to do so, he was expected to help. Thus one general loitered three hundred and fifty miles in the rear; while his principal colleague, in disregard of Captain von Moltke's earnest entreaties, refused to wait for him to come up, and aimed only at gaining the favour of the Sultan by beating the enemy with his own unaided corps.

The horse of one of the spahis having

been shot in a reconnaissance, the moulas declared that this necessitated an immediate attack. Moltke still did his best to delay the collision until it could take place with improved chances of success for the Turks. But the Egyptian garrison of a little town having first been shut up in the citadel by the inhabitants and then forced to surrender by Turkish besiegers (it capitulated on condition of receiving its eighteen months' overdue pay), the wrath of Ibrahim was provoked beyond bearing, and he determined to attack the Turks forthwith in their position at Nezib. He began by making a reconnaissance in force, and Moltke, seeing it to be that and nothing more, recommended the Turkish general at the end of the day to let the mass of his troops retire to their tents and recruit their energies with a view to the next morning. Hafiz Pasha preferred, however, to keep them under arms.

The Prussian military adviser now took up a post of observation on some high ground, whence he soon perceived a movement on the part of the Egyptians which indicated an intention to turn the Turkish left flank. Moltke warned Hafiz Pasha, and as the movement gradually developed itself urged him to attack the enemy while the flank march was being executed. Hafiz Pasha, however, would have it that the circular movement, in which a large portion of Ibrahim's force was now engaged, must be regarded as a retreat; and this view was shared by his religious friends. Moltke had the vexation of seeing the favourable opportunity pass without any attempt being made to profit by it; and even when the Egyptians had reached a point from which they were clearly threatening the Turkish flank and rear, it was still to the ulemas and not to the Prussian officer, who was one day to show himself the greatest military genius of his time, that the Turkish commander looked for counsel. Moltke, who had been up several nights making reconnaissances, and who

was suffering moreover from dysentery, had tried to get an hour's rest; but it was impossible. He rose from his bed in order to urge Hafiz to take up a new position some miles in the rear, at Birdachik, where both flanks would be protected by the Euphrates, while his rear would be supported—in other words his retreat cut off—by the same river. The Prussian captain attached great importance to this latter point; convinced as he was that the Turks if they fought, would win, and equally convinced that numbers of them, especially the Kurds, would, if the occasion presented itself, run away. Allah, however, as interpreted by the ulemas, was opposed to any backward movement; and when Moltke pointed out that the voluntary assumption of a new position was a very different thing from a forced retreat, Hafiz Pasha replied that the position at Birdachik was so strong that Ibrahim would never think of attacking him there. Moltke treated this objection as futile, and vowed that he would "cut off his right hand" if the Egyptian commander went back to Aleppo without fighting. He appealed to the other pashas, who saw the advisability of retreating to Birdachik, but were too timid to say much on the subject; upbraided Hafiz Pasha with his weakness in listening to "such people as the moullas"; and as he still remained obstinate, told him in conclusion that "next evening as the sun went down behind those mountains he would probably find himself without an army."

Hafiz declared that he would rather be cut to pieces than retreat one step; whereupon the military adviser renounced his functions. It was "unnecessary to say that he should take part in the battle like any other soldier," but he declined all responsibility as to the result. Hafiz implored him not to withdraw his counsels at such a moment; and Moltke made a new disposal of the pasha's forces to meet the changed position of the enemy. The same even-

ing he placed himself at the head of the best brigade, to which were attached twelve shell-guns. The cavalry was ordered not to move. The moon was at its full, the road was smooth and easy, and the little force advanced in the deepest silence. The infantry marched in the middle of the road, flanked on each side by the artillery. The main body was preceded, eighty yards ahead, by an advanced guard. But no Egyptian patrol was met with; nor had the enemy anywhere placed outposts. Moltke had remarked in his *History of the Russo-Turkish War of 1828-29* that the Turks make no use of outposts and that "when you fall in with one Turk you fall in with ten thousand." Ibrahim Pasha showed a like disregard of the precautions deemed so necessary by European commanders; and before starting on his little expedition, Moltke, riding out with another Prussian officer, had, by personal inspection, satisfied himself of this. The Egyptian centre was guarded by forty pieces of artillery; but that was all—except that from an adjacent height a watch was apparently kept by a party of Arabs. Arriving without interruption at a spot about a thousand yards from the enemy, which had been selected beforehand as a favourable one for placing a battery of twelve pieces, Moltke's Prussian associate examined each of the guns, which were loaded with shell; Moltke placed the infantry; and the order was given to open fire. Great was the confusion caused among the Egyptians when, one after another, the shells burst in their midst. After a time, however, the dry grass round the battery caught fire; and the position of the assailants having been discovered, it was thought prudent to retire.

Moltke was afterwards asked why he had not proposed a general night attack; his reply being that the confusion would have been too great, and that, marching in separate columns, the Turkish troops, half of whom were disaffected, would in large numbers have deserted.

Ibrahim, in the new position which he had taken up, stood with his back to the Euphrates, close to that Birdachik in front of which Moltke had wished to place the Turks; and the morning after the night reconnaissance Moltke, who had managed to get three hours' sleep, was suddenly informed by the pasha that Ibrahim's forces were on the march. The Egyptians were advancing towards Birdachik, and when they halted they were in a position which left them no line of retreat and which, according to Moltke, was precisely suited to Ibrahim's case. "He was in such a position that it was necessary for him to lose or gain everything by one blow."

During the night some hundreds of deserters had come over to the Turks. Ibrahim was all the same in great strength, and the actual position of his army rendered it incumbent on the Turks to change once more their order of battle. In the new formation, as prescribed by Moltke, the first line consisted of fourteen battalions and ninety-two guns; the second of thirty battalions; the reserve of twenty-four battalions, nine regiments of cavalry, and thirteen guns. In front of the position two entrenchments had been thrown up under the direction of a Prussian officer. The right wing rested on a ravine. The left wing stood in a not very thick olive wood. The reserve occupied a slope at the back of some rising ground, and was out of sight. The irregular troops formed the extreme left. Each battalion, each battery, each regiment of cavalry, was in its appointed place when the enemy was already marching in the direction of Birdachik. "Captain L. and I," writes Moltke, "had leisure to devour a fowl, which caused the lookers-on to wonder at the excellence of our appetites. Then I advanced to about 1,000 paces in front of the position, and brought back word to the pasha, who was paying particular attention to his left wing, that the right wing would have to do with

masses quite as considerable as those which were being brought against the left." Ibrahim, in all the preceding battles, had turned this wing, and the march he was now making revealed his intention of repeating the manœuvre. But at the battle of Nezib there was no surprise, and the change of position before the battle had met the turning movement by which the Turks were threatened. The battalions of the first line were deployed. Those of the left wing had sent forward their skirmishers. The reserve infantry was drawn up in columns in the centre of the position. Trusting—"not," says Moltke, "without reason"—to the incapacity of the Turkish cavalry, the enemy had executed his flank march at a distance of not more than a league from the Turkish front. On the line nearest the Turks advanced Ibrahim's artillery and the greater part of his cavalry. On their right were the infantry and the reserve of all arms, the depth of this column being about three-quarters of a league.

The Egyptians made a short halt; then the artillery advanced at a trot and opened fire. The Egyptian infantry remained, at the beginning of the action, out of range. The cavalry advanced to cover the artillery. Moltke praises this arrangement, of which the effect was that the Turkish infantry fire, spread over a great space, did not reach the Egyptian reserve, while the Egyptian artillery "covered with balls all the space occupied by our lines." In a few minutes the Turks had scarcely a battalion which had not been shaken by a certain amount of loss. To seven-eighths the hissing of a cannon-ball was entirely a novel sound; and when by chance a shell fell in the midst of a column and burst, entire companies broke away and disbanded. The pasha sent Moltke to the right wing to see if it was possible to push it forward, together with the guard and a portion of the reserve; but the enemy was still too far off for this movement to be undertaken. One of the Prussian

officers was endeavouring to get the battery of the right wing nearer to the enemy ; but it had not advanced far when it was impossible to prevent the gunners from opening fire. Everything, however, during the first three-quarters of an hour was orderly enough in the right wing. Another of the Prussian officers reported that the left wing, which had been attacked nevertheless with more violence, was in the same condition. He had found it necessary, all the same, pistol in hand, to bring back into the line of battle a captain who had taken flight with half a battery.

But soon there was a great change ; and when Moltke returned to the pasha in the centre of the position he observed "with terror" that the brigade of the line which he had placed on the left wing was now occupying the hollow meant only for the reserve. He called out to the colonel of the second regiment and ordered him to return to his proper position. The enemy was already beginning to retreat. It was only necessary to make a stand for another half hour. All, however, was in vain. Guns were coming back one by one, and even horses with their traces cut. Several ammunition waggons had blown up, and nearly all the battalions were saying their prayers with their hands raised to heaven ; "a manœuvre," says Moltke, "executed on the order of the commander-in-chief." Groups of four and five men moved away under pretext of carrying off the wounded ; and the reserve, on being called into action, returned to its safe position to avoid the fire which enfiladed it. The battle, in short, was morally lost. "A violent cannonade was, indeed," says Moltke, "the most disagreeable thing which these troops could have experienced." The losses, meanwhile, had not been very great. One battalion of 480 men had, according to its commander, lost 68 in killed alone. Those of the left wing had suffered in about the same proportion. But

Moltke's calculation was that altogether there were not more than 1,000 dead and wounded on the field of battle.

Just as the Prussian military adviser was pointing out to the pasha how indispensable it was to advance once more with the left wing, the brigade formed by the cavalry of the guard quitted its position in the reserve without having been ordered to do so, and, as if a prey to irrepres-sible anxiety, extended itself for a charge, which, however, was not pushed further than the first line of the Turkish infantry. For here several shells burst among them, whereupon they turned bridle in confusion, rode over a portion of their own troops, and threw the whole of the infantry into great disorder. The pasha had gone to the right wing, where Moltke believes he endeavoured to get killed. He carried in his right hand the flag of a battalion of militia ; but the battalion did not follow him. The battle was now lost beyond remedy. The pasha in command of one brigade had his head taken off by a cannon ball as he was watching the operations through a field glass ; and the death of this chief was followed by the dispersion of his men. The infantry regiment which made the best resistance was one belonging to that very brigade which so early in the day had abandoned its position on the left wing, and its chief was made prisoner. Generally speaking, however, there was no hand-to-hand conflict. The infantry, for the most part, fired in the air at immense distances. The cavalry, it has been seen, did more harm than good ; and, all things considered, the arm which behaved the best was the artillery.

In criticizing the operations of the Egyptian commander, Moltke says that, judged by the military rules of Europe, he put forward too much artillery at the beginning of the action ; and Hafiz Pasha, in his first order of attack, which Ibrahim's change of position compelled him to

alter, had done the same. The line of battle, too, is always more extended and has less depth with Eastern armies than with the armies of the West. Given, however, the Oriental manner of fighting, these peculiarities are said to offer advantages. "In the East the conflict lasts but a short time. The first shock is decisive, and there is no time for bringing up strong reserves. The most prudent thing is to engage forthwith as many men as possible, and to stake everything on one chance. For that reason the first line is composed of the best troops, and the reserve of those who can least be depended on."

Captain von Moltke was fortunate enough, towards the close of the day, to meet the two Prussian officers who, like himself, had been attached to the army of Hafiz Pasha. All discipline was at an end, and the foreigners thought themselves fortunate in escaping the violence of the Kurds, who hated even the Turks with whom they had been forced to serve, and made no scruple of firing upon the officers of their own regiments. The inhabitants had everywhere fled to avoid the vengeance of Ibrahim; and the Prussian officers had to undergo considerable hardships until at last, two days after the battle, they reached the town of Marach, where, for the first time since the action, they were able to rest. Moltke had ridden the

same horse in the night reconnaissance on the eve of the battle, which was fought on 24th July, 1839, during the battle, and for two days and one night afterwards; the poor beast having meanwhile had nothing to eat from the night of the 23rd to the morning of the 26th but dried-up grass. In the course of the retreat, or rather flight, the Turkish commander lost five-sixths of his troops and the whole of his artillery. On reaching Constantinople Moltke lost no time in calling on the young Sultan Abdul Medjid, who had just ascended the throne, in order to have it officially recorded that he was in no way responsible for the catastrophe, which he had done his best to avert. He was ushered into the same apartment where two years before he had been received by the Sultan Mahmoud. He was graciously received, and a wish was expressed that he would some day come back to the country he was now about to leave, and that he would be as pleased to do so as the Sultan on his side would be to welcome him on his return.

Turkey had, within a few months, lost her fleet, her army, and her sovereign. "Abdul Medjid," writes Moltke, "seemed to be more silent and more serious than his father. He has good reasons for being grave."

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

THOUGHT-READING.

A good deal of discussion has lately taken place on what is called "thought-reading," and, as most people have not had opportunities of experimenting for themselves, or have perhaps been present only at public exhibitions, some experiences may not be without interest, the value of which is that they are given at first-hand, and that they are not those of professionals but of private persons. For this reason I give only such cases as I have myself witnessed.

At different times during the last few years I have made a good many trials at what is called the "willing game," too well known to need description, and among the persons tried have found about twenty good "subjects," all of them ladies, with the exception of two boys, who will be spoken of presently. Placing my fingers as lightly as possible on their necks, I have "willed" them to do something fixed on by the audience, and some of the best of these "subjects" have known, the instant I touched them, what was to be done even in another room. It is difficult to see how I could, by the movements of my hands, have guided any one to find an object, which I could not myself see, hidden among various others in some one else's pocket; yet objects have thus been instantly found and recognised by persons who were previously quite ignorant, not only of what they were to search for, but even that they were required to make a search at all. But, so long as contact is employed, it is rarely possible to prove that the results are not obtained by "pushing," conscious or unconscious. The best means for seeing how difficult it is not to push, is to hold a finger very

near some stationary object without touching it and without support, when it will be found impossible to keep the finger at exactly the same distance and absolutely still. If, then, it is so hard to keep the hand still, when trying to do nothing else, it must be doubly so, when willing strenuously that the thing or person touched shall move in a particular direction. At the same time it is by no means proved that, because certain results may be obtained by pushing, therefore it must always be so; and, if it can be shown that ideas have been transmitted without contact in some cases, it is possible that in others the touch, though employed, was not the means of guiding.

The only satisfactory method of proof is, however, to do altogether without contact. This I had never tried until last April, when I was present at some of the experiments made with the children of Mr. C——, of which Professor Barrett, Mr. E. Gurney, and Mr. F. Myers gave an account in the *Nineteenth Century* for June. The children guessed cards, numbers, names, and objects thought of, as there described, and though, as has since been suggested, nothing could have been simpler or easier for them than to have employed a code of signals, the one thing necessary for it—an accomplice—was lacking; for in most of the successful cases none of the family, but ourselves only, knew what was to be guessed, and precautions were taken to render their seeing or hearing beforehand absolutely impossible. In August I had the opportunity of again meeting these children, staying ten days in the same house with them. The results of the experiments then made will be pub-

lished elsewhere, all except the following ones made by myself alone, and which I give from notes most carefully taken at the time. Wishing to put it beyond all possibility of doubt as to whether she could have seen what I wrote, or heard what I did *not* say (a possibility suggested by some clever doubters), I locked the second girl, fifteen years old, inside a room, took the key out, and covered the keyhole with the guard. I had given her a chair near the door, and sat on the other side of it myself, in the passage, having told her that I should give her numbers of two figures to guess, and would knock when ready. I then wrote down the number 48, and knocked. She at once guessed it, but this was followed by four failures. I then went inside the room, wrote the figures behind a paper over which she could not possibly have seen, and three out of four numbers were told correctly at once. Another trial after a few minutes' interval, and under precisely the same conditions, resulted in four failures. I tried her another day through the door, as before, but with numbers of three figures, and again the first trial was successful. I had scarcely written down the number 101, when through the door the child's voice answered me, as it were, "101." This was succeeded by five failures. At another "sitting" through the door, out of five numbers thought of, 43 were guessed correctly at once, and of the others, 29 was taken for 26, 69 for 64, 58 for 57, while the fifth, 89, was reversed, 98 being guessed.

Just after seeing these children for the first time in April, I happened to be staying in the same house as two Eton boys, of the ages of thirteen and sixteen, remarkably intelligent and sensitive, who, as well as their relations, are friends of my own. I had once tried the "willing game" successfully with the elder one, but neither of them had ever attempted thought-reading. Thinking that they might be likely subjects, I one evening put my fingers on the neck of the youngest;

and had no sooner touched him than he said, "I know what you want. It is to take up that ornament and give it to my mother." This was perfectly right, and the ornament was one among several on a table at the further end of the room. After this I never used contact again. We sent the boys out of the room while the audience fixed on what they were to do, and then I sat perfectly still, shading my eyes with my hands so that they could not see if I happened to look in the right direction, and fixing my mind intently on the object. The boys were told no more than that we were thinking of something in the room. The *Morning Post*, lying among other papers, was guessed after two attempts, and a book on my knee at once, by the younger boy. A third thing was then chosen—a screen at the further end of the room, and he walked towards it just as if some one were guiding him. When almost touching it he stopped, and said he knew he was near the right thing, but could not tell what it was—perhaps it was the table? "No," his brother answered, "it is the screen." It is curious to see the brothers correct one another. Often, when one makes a mistake, the other will correct him with as much certainty as if he had been himself told, and it is generally the elder, the slower and surer, who corrects the eagerness of the younger, sometimes too hasty. Another evening out of six objects, chosen successively in a room noted for being filled with treasures of art, three were rightly guessed at the first trial (one of them by both boys simultaneously), one at the second, and one at the third. The sixth, though guessed after some time, was counted as a failure.

Next, I arranged twelve billiard balls in the shape of a pyramid against the cushion of the table, touching one another, and made the boys tell me which I was thinking of. They stood one on each side of the table, about half way down, while I stood at the end near the balls, perfectly still, taking care not even to turn my head,

Neither of them is able to guess numbers.

But the most remarkable case I have come across was an accidental one, where I had no intention of experimenting. During the summer of 1878 I happened to be staying at Oban, and on the 1st of August went to see the Falls of Lora, so well known that I shall not undertake a long description of them. Loch Etive, which is a branch of the larger Loch Linnhe, is on a lower level. This difference in level occurs at its mouth, and is so abrupt that, when the tide is out, it leaves an irregular waterfall between the two. The mass of sea water rushes from Loch Linnhe into Loch Etive shaped into all kinds of cataracts and hollow whirlpools, and is approached either by standing on rocks of some height above the falls, or on lower ones almost on a level with the eddies below them. It is natural, when looking into such whirlpools and watching how irresistibly anything thrown into them is sucked down to wonder whether any one who fell in could possibly be saved. I was at the time in the most extreme anxiety about some friends of mine who were in great trouble, of which I alone knew and might not tell, and, without intending it I applied the picture metaphorically to the case, fancying my friends in the whirlpools and trying myself to save them. The picture impressed me so forcibly in this state of mind that for the rest of the day I never got rid of it. Soon after I returned to a place where I had left my maid, more than a hundred and twenty miles distant from Oban, and, on the 7th of the same month, something brought my anxiety and its accompanying picture before me even more vividly than before. I could think of nothing else the whole evening. To speak absurdly, I felt possessed by that scene to my fingers' ends. All night long I never closed my eyes, but lay awake, seeing my friends in the whirlpools and trying to pull them out. My maid, who slept in a room above mine, had un-

dressed me as usual, but I hardly spoke to her, for I could not tell her of my anxiety, and had not another idea in my head to talk about. When she called me in the morning, she at once began to say that she had never passed so strange a night, for, every time she fell asleep, she awoke, dreaming of the same place—"water rushing over rocks, and the most dreadful whirlpools," and that she was "standing on high rocks trying to save people out of them with ropes." "And," she said, "it was not a waterfall of a river; it was a waterfall of the sea." This expression was remarkable, for there is perhaps hardly a place in the world, except the Falls of Lora, to which it would exactly apply. Without telling her why, I questioned her in detail as to all the features of the place she had dreamed of, and any one who wishes for the full and minute description she gave me has only to read that given in any local guide-book of the Falls of Lora. The only part of her dream which did not reflect my thought, was that the persons whom she was trying to save from drowning were not the same that I was thinking of. It was not until she had told me all she could that I gave her my reason for wishing to know so much about her dream, and said that I had been thinking of the place she described. Now she had never been to Oban, and had never heard or read anything about the Falls. I had never so much as mentioned them to her, and she had seen no one else at any time who had been there, nor had she ever seen a picture or photograph of the place. Of this both she and I are absolutely certain. If, therefore, the picture was not impressed by my mind directly upon hers, the only possible alternative is that of coincidence; and the coincidence of her dreaming of such an unusual scene and circumstances at the same time that I was thinking of them so intently, would be doubly extraordinary, because it was not a single dream, but one repeated throughout the night, her

anxiety to save the drowning persons waking her again and again. The maid is a matter-of-fact middle-aged woman, who has lived nearly all her life in my family, and was my nurse. Though a Welshwoman, she has none of the imagination supposed to be an endowment of her race, and has displayed no talent for thought-reading; her position enables her to dispense with ceremonies, and she refuses to "be bothered with such nonsense." She still lives with us, is in the house at this moment, and wishes she did not remember the circumstances. I am not trusting to memory alone, for I not only entered the facts in my diary, but wrote a full account of them the next day in a letter to a friend; and, having told the story at the time, have other witnesses to prove that I do not exaggerate.

I have simply given a number of facts, which have come under my own observation, and for which I can vouch, without attempting to explain them. We have as yet too few data to be able to generalize or to form any theory; all that we can conclude is that there exists a mode of perception besides, or beyond, those generally recognized. But it is irrational to argue that facts cannot be true unless they can be accounted for. The explanation of anything new or strange which has always offered itself most readily to the uneducated and superstitious in all ages is of course

that of the agency of evil spirits; but why it should simplify matters to assume that a third and unseen mind must be present to act as a medium of communication between the minds of two persons seen and known to be there, it is not easy to see; still less, why the third mind must necessarily be that of a devil. Such foolish notions would not be worth noticing if their prevalence did not put a stop to much interesting experiment. We could not tell, if we tried to trace it, the origin of the numberless ideas that cross our minds in only one hour, and for the most part we do not even notice them. Possibly impressions are directly transmitted from one mind to another, daily, and by us all, without our knowing it, and it is only chance or experiment that can reveal the fact and discover its laws. The Society for Psychical Research, started in the early part of this year, has appointed a Committee on Thought-Reading: a summary of the results of their researches up to that time was given in the number of the *Nineteenth Century* referred to; and it is to be hoped that the publication of such cases may interest others, and induce them to make experiments, by which we may find that the power of thought-reading is less rare than we think, and which, by giving us a much larger number of facts, may enable us to gain some knowledge of a subject now so mysterious.

M. H. MASON.

GEORGE ELIOT'S CHILDREN.

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

So spake a great novelist, whose sayings are often more bitter and more epigrammatic, but seldom perhaps more true. And this is to be valued not as a mere chance utterance, but as the central idea of the beautiful prose idyl in which it occurs, and to which George Eliot has given the name, not of the bright-haired saving messenger, but of the old weaver whom she rescues, *Silas Marner*.

In George Eliot's other writings it might be easy to find more passion, more subtlety, more so-called spiritual fervour; a more obvious humour and a wider and more varied range of dramatic power; but perhaps there is not one of them which is so classic in its unity, simplicity, and self-involved completeness as *Silas Marner*. It is, to steal a phrase, "a pure chrysolite."

Here is a story which thrills us not so much with the love of lovers as with that eternal love which finds expression in the caresses of little dimpled hands, the kisses of baby lips, quite as truly as in the discipline of that vicarious joy and sorrow which go to make the loves and friendships of men and women. It is as if the little child who stood in the midst of it had inspired its writer with such a white heat of creative genius that the simple materials embraced within its flame had been crystallised into consummate and unlaboured beauty.

Possibly time alone will determine the moral value of George Eliot's teaching; and time itself, by introducing new and complex conditions,

will make its own verdict of difficult and doubtful interpretation. There are those who maintain that the subtle analysis of motive, and still more the minute diagnosis of passion, must of necessity be unhealthy reading. There are those on the other hand who assert that George Eliot is a great moral teacher, and that though she does not, like a great living poet, expressly formulate her intention of teaching the world the existence of "original sin," there are other doctrines of at least equal importance which George Eliot brands into the very souls of those who come under her influence. "Is there any other writer of our day," they say, "who has so effectually taught us that 'the wages of sin is death,'—moral death, and that the value of life lies not in sordid happiness, but in loving sacrifice; to say nothing of that much needed conviction that 'good carpentry is God's will,' and that scamped work of any sort is a moral abomination?"

But whatever view be taken of George Eliot's ethics, he must be a daring man who will deny that she is possessed of genius; and she has that rare gift of genius, a creative and sympathetic imagination in regard to children. George Eliot's children are not the mere creatures of her fancy. They are not impossible cherubs, or wingless fairies, or idealised precocities. When we are told that "the little uns"¹ addressed were Marty and Tommy, boys of nine and seven, in

¹ *Adam Bede*, p. 160.

little fustian tailed coats and knee-breeches, relieved by rosy cheeks and black eyes; looking as much like their father as a very small elephant is like a very large one," and are in the following sentences assured, concerning their baby sister, that "Totty,¹ having speedily recovered from her threatened fever, had insisted on going to church to-day, and especially on wearing her red and black necklace outside her tippet;" we have an instinctive feeling that Tommy and Marty and Totty are made of real flesh and blood, and that though we may not nowadays meet little tail-coats and knee-breeches every Sunday, yet we have most of us seen chubby-faced boys and innocent self-important Totties on their way to church any number of "Sabbath-day mornings."

And then there is that delightful small man, Job Tudge, of whom more anon; and the energetic young Benjamin Garth, who sang the refrain to his brother Alfred's declaration that Mary was "an old brick, old brick, old brick!" Those who are in all the secrets of Mr. Gilfil's love story, will perhaps remember

"Tommy Bond, who had recently quitted frocks and trousers for the severe simplicity of a tight suit of corduroys, relieved by numerous brass buttons. Tommy was a saucy boy, impervious to all impressions of reverence, and excessively addicted to humming tops and marbles, with which recreative resources he was in the habit of immoderately distending the pockets of his corduroys. One day, spinning his top on the garden-walk, and seeing the Vicar advance directly towards it, at that exciting moment when it was beginning to 'sleep' magnificently, he shouted out with all the force of his lungs—'Stop! don't knock my top down, now!' From that day 'little Corduroys' had been an especial favourite with Mr. Gilfil, who delighted to provoke his ready scorn and wonder by putting questions which gave Tommy the meanest opinion of his intellect.

"Well, little Corduroys, have they milked the geese to-day?"

"Milked the geese! why, they don't milk the geese, you silly!"

"No? dear heart? why, how do the goslings live, then?"

"The nutriment of goslings rather transcending Tommy's observations in natural history, he feigned to understand this question in an exclamatory rather than an interrogatory sense, and became absorbed in winding up his top.

"Ah, I see you don't know how the goslings live! But did you notice how it rained sugar plums yesterday?" (Here Tommy became attentive.) "Why, they fell into my pocket as I rode along. You look in my pocket and see if they didn't."

"Tommy, without waiting to discuss the alleged antecedent, lost no time in ascertaining the presence of the agreeable consequent, for he had a well-founded belief in the advantages of diving into the Vicar's pocket. Mr. Gilfil called it his wonderful pocket, because, as he delighted to tell the 'young shavers' and 'two shoes'—so he called all little boys and girls—whenever he put pennies into it, they turned into sugar plums or ginger-bread, or some other nice thing. Indeed, little Bessie Parrot, a flaxen-headed 'two shoes,' very white and fat as to her neck, always had the admirable directness and sincerity to salute him with the question—'What zoo dot in zoo pottet?'"

George Eliot was doubtless aware how much more tenderly we should think of the pipe-smoking old parson after we had caught this glimpse of him among the children of his flock. Here, as in real life, is a touchstone of character.

And how wonderfully, in a few rapid strokes, we have the vivid individuality of the two children before us.

As for the immortal Tom and Maggie, I am persuaded that they are secretly delighted in by the very critics who decry them; and among those who find fault with the portraiture of their after life there are surely few indeed who would not admit that in describing their childish days George Eliot's drawing is nearly faultless.

But the master hand which, in *The Mill on the Floss*, and elsewhere, pictured for us a "brother and sister" who had

"the self-same world enlarged for each
By loving difference of girl and boy,"

has given us other and less noticed sketches of those more ordinary little mortals, who, not possessing Maggie's

¹ Adam Bede.

² *Scenes of Clerical Life*, p. 75.

passion or Tom's indomitable will, are yet as lovable as they are commonplace, and grow as thick as daisies in the common paths of life.

There are Milly Barton's children, for instance. Milly's farewell to them is too sacred in its simple pathos to be rudely snatched from its context and held up for admiration here, but it is tragic in its realistic truth. The passive courage and self-restraint of the pale little Patty, the sympathetic tears of the younger children, who cried "because mamma was ill and papa looked so unhappy,"¹ but thought that "perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again;" and the misery of the infantine Dicky, who had so lately stroked his mother's hand as "too yovely," and who, knowing nothing of the irrevocableness of death, was yet suddenly pierced with the idea that his mother "was going away somewhere;"—all are untainted by the faintest touch of melodrama or maudlin exaggeration. Therefore they touch us to the quick.

And at the opposite pole of experience we find the red cheeked Jacob and Addie, the pride and joy of the Israelitish pawnbroker. They are drawn with merciless accuracy; yet, despite a certain coarseness and vulgarity in their moral fibre (in startling contrast with the refined and sensitive nobleness of another Jewish child in the same story), they are so alive with all the self-importance and exuberant energy appropriate to their age and surroundings, that we love them for their very absurdities, and are refreshed by the unconscious humour which is so large an element in all young animal existence, and which Kingsley delighted to regard as an evidence of some responsive faculty in the Creative Mind. That man must indeed be dead to this exquisite pleasure who can read without mirth the mingled pathos and fun of that passage in *Daniel Deronda*, in which the Jewish seer, trying with unselfish enthusiasm to teach Jacob his religion

of the future, is surprised to see that small but imitative Israelite suddenly vary the performance by standing on his head and licking up a bit of money. It is irresistible; though in the midst of our laughter our sympathies are somewhat painfully divided between the broken-hearted grief and indignation of the dying man, noble in his touching innocence and childlike unworldliness, and the minor woes of the earthly-minded, but very human little boy, who is finally overcome with tears in the presence of the awful warnings and denunciations which follow, naturally failing altogether to perceive why his humble mimicry of acrobatic street performances should be greeted with such a torrent of eloquence against the greed for filthy lucre.

There is a parallel passage in *Felix Holt*,² in which Felix bids little Job put out his tongue, and frightens him into sudden weeping by a passionate dissertation on the possible future sins of that unruly member. But in laughter-provoking freshness this fails altogether in comparison with Jacob's behaviour, though it is for ever memorable as following on that lovely little incident in which Job precipitates Esther's fate by inquiring, when he sees the tears in her eyes, whether she has "tut her finger."

Then, too, there is Mr. Jerome's grandchild.

"'It is a pretty surprise,' says George Eliot, 'when one visits an elderly couple, to see a little figure enter in a white frock with a blond head as smooth as satin, round blue eyes, and a cheek like an apple blossom. A toddling little girl is a centre of common feeling which makes the most dissimilar people understand each other; and Mr. Tryan looked at Lizzie with that quiet pleasure which is always genuine.

"'Here we are, here we are!' said proud grandpapa.

"'You didn't think we'd got such a little gell as this, did you, Mr. Tryan? Why, it seems but th' other day since her mother was just such another. This is our little Lizzie, this is. Come an' shake hands with Mr. Tryan, Lizzie; come.'

"Lizzie advanced without hesitation, and

¹ *Scenes of Clerical Life*, p. 68.

² *Felix Holt*, p. 205.

put out one hand, while she fingered her coral necklace with the other, and looked up into Mr. Tryan's face with a reconnoitring gaze. He stroked the satin head, and said in his gentlest voice, 'How do you do, Lizzie; will you give me a kiss?' She put up her little bud of a mouth, and then retreating a little and glancing down at her frock, said—

"'Dit id my noo fock. I put it on 'tod you wad toming. Tally taid you wouldn't 'look at it.'

"'Hush, hush, Lizzie, little gells must be seen and not heard,' said Mrs. Jerome; while grandpapa, winking significantly, and looking radiant with delight at Lizzie's extraordinary promise of cleverness, set her upon her high cane chair by the side of grandma, who lost no time in shielding the beauties of the new frock with a napkin."¹

For such little wayside flowers George Eliot always finds a place in the dusty highways of life. But it is not to be wondered at that many readers pass them by unheeded. Even forget-me-nots are not always remembered; and George Eliot's children are never thrust upon our notice as angels or prigs would be. We are not asked to admire the superhuman beauty of their plumage, or the superhuman wisdom of their utterances. They are real children, and

"not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Nor are we, in their case, too often invited to investigate "the very pulse of the machine."

They are usually kept well in the background, as modest and well-behaved children should be, and still more such frank and "pushing" specimens of humanity as the precocious Jacob Cohen.

George Eliot does not generally give them a conspicuous place in her stories, though *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner* might, at the first glance, seem to contradict this statement. She does not label them, "This is a remarkable and deeply interesting little girl," or, "This is an unusual and exceedingly original little boy." She does not hold them up to notice and say by implication, "Look at my marvellous creative power—I have imagined and described

an altogether exceptional child!" She has far too much of the real instinct of an artist. She does not insist on the beauty of what is accidental, still less of what is abnormal. Her children are just such as we might ourselves meet any day. And, perhaps, in many instances we pass them by in the novels with almost as brief a glance as we should give them in the street. They are there, but they never weary us. They must be looked for and remembered if they are to be loved.

It has been a large part of George Eliot's mission, perhaps, to teach the poetry of the commonplace, and to prove to an unbelieving world that the Ideal and the Real are one; that a disembodied ghost is no whit more wonderful, rather, perhaps, less so, than the ghost embodied in the shape of an unhappy Bulstrode, or even a Mrs. Vincy with pink cap-ribbons. And where shall we find more mystery in the lot of imprisoned spirits than in the lives of these little pilgrims from the unseen, for whom the veil is often still a little lifted.

Doubtless, George Eliot's loving and vivid remembrance of her own early years is, in large measure, the secret of her genius in this direction. She has herself said, "We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it."² But many would echo that, and honestly feel its truth, who are nevertheless altogether deficient in that kind of imaginative sympathy and illuminating memory which seem to have enabled this great novelist to enter into the hidden experiences of child-nature. There is a whole mine of wisdom in what she writes concerning Maggie's impetuous and remorseful grief anent her shorn locks.

"'Ah, my child, you will have real troubles to fret about by and by,' is the consolation we have almost all of us had administered to us in our childhood, and have repeated to other children since we have been grown up. We have all of us sobbed so piteously, standing

¹ *Scenes of Clerical Life*, p. 236.

² *Mill on the Floss*, p. 83.

with tiny bare legs above our little socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place ; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of those keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still, but such traces have blent themselves irrecoverably with the firmer texture of our youth and manhood ; and so it comes that we can look on at the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain. Is there any one who can recover the experience of his childhood, not merely with a memory of what he did and what happened to him, of what he liked and disliked when he was in frock and trousers, but with an intimate penetration, a revived consciousness of what he felt then—when it was so long from one midsummer to another ? What he felt when his schoolfellows shut him out from their game because he would pitch the ball wrong out of mere wilfulness ; or on a rainy day in the holidays, when he didn't know how to amuse himself, and fell from idleness into mischief, from mischief into defiance, and from defiance into sulkiness ; or when his mother absolutely refused to let him have a 'tailed' coat that 'half,' although every other boy of his age had gone into tails already ? Surely if we could recall that early bitterness, and the dim guesses, the strangely prospectiveless conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pooh-pooh the griefs of our children."¹

This follows immediately on the description of Maggie's discomfiture under Tom's contempt and ridicule.

"He hurried down stairs and left poor Maggie to that bitter sense of the irrevocable which was almost an everyday experience of her small soul. She could see clearly enough, now the thing was done, that it was very foolish, and that she should have to hear and think more about her hair than ever ; for Maggie rushed to her deeds with passionate impulse, and then saw not only their consequences, but what would have happened if they had not been done, with all the detail and exaggerated circumstance of an active imagination. Tom never did the same sort of foolish things as Maggie, having a wonderful instinctive discernment of what would turn to his advantage or disadvantage ; and so it happened, that though he was much more wilful and inflexible than Maggie, his mother hardly ever called him naughty. But if Tom did make a mistake of that sort, he espoused it and stood by it : he 'didn't mind.' If he broke the lash of his father's gig whip by lashing the gate, he couldn't help it—the whip shouldn't have got caught in the hinge. If Tom Tulliver whipped a gate, he was con-

vinced, not that the whipping of gates by all boys was a justifiable act, but that he, Tom Tulliver, was justifiable in whipping that particular gate, and he wasn't going to be sorry. But Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunt, while Tom, and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles would laugh at her,—for if Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would. . . . Very trivial, perhaps, this anguish seems to weather-worn mortals who have to think of Christmas bills, dead loves, and broken friendships ; but it was not less bitter to Maggie—perhaps it was even more bitter—than what we are fond of calling antithetically the real troubles of mature life."

There is here the same vibrating throb of pained memory as in that earlier passage in the same story, in which George Eliot says, doubtless with a bitter intensity of meaning :

"We learn to restrain ourselves as we get older. We keep apart when we have quarrelled, express ourselves in well bred phrases, and in this way preserve a dignified alienation, showing much firmness on one side, and swallowing much grief on the other ;"²

But as we look at the bright or sad faces of Tom and Maggie, Eppie and Aaron, the boy Daniel and the little Pablo, of Totty and Marty, and Job and Patty, and Dorcas's children, and the rest, we feel that there are other elements besides a burning recollection in the power which calls them into being. The great artist, who never had a child of her own, seems to have thrilled with tenderness for all inarticulate and half articulate forms of being. Children, like the birds and the beasts, have often an overflowing abundance of language, but it is language which is wholly inadequate to express the blind longings and aspirations, the wounded ambitions, the moral perplexities, the hungry craving for boundless love, with which many a sensitive child is burdened. In this deepest sense childhood is always more or less dumb, even when most noisy and talkative. He who would understand a child must not only listen for his words, which indeed are often

¹ *Mill on the Floss*, p. 56.

² *Mill on the Floss*, p. 31.

somewhat futile, but must learn to read the unwritten speech of eyes and hands and feet, and watch with observant sympathy not only the tears and smiles, but the gay caresses and appealing gestures and quick blushes, which it is possible to ignore or to misinterpret. George Eliot evidently delights in them, and has described them with the same delicate touch as the movements of the little flying things for whom she spares a line or two in the *Spanish Gipsy*:—

“A fountain near, vase-shapen and broad-lipped,
Where timorous birds alight with tiny feet,
And hesitate and bend wise listening ears,
And fly away again with undipped beak.”

No one who has watched such birds with observant affection can miss the delicate truth of the description.

And there is the same light but veracious touch in her delineation of the bird-like movements of young human creatures—whether they have, like little Aaron Winthrop, “got a voice like a bird,” or only, like little Job Tudge, the gentle timorousness of those harmless feathered things. What could be more perfect than this:—

“Dolly sighed gently as she held out the cakes to Silas, who thanked her kindly, and looked very close at them, absently, being accustomed to look so at everything he took into his hand—eyed all the while by the wondering bright orbs of the small Aaron, who had made an outwork of his mother's chair, and was peeping round from behind it.

“‘There's letters pricked on 'em,’ said Dolly. ‘I can't read 'em myself, and there's nobody, not Mr. Macey himself, rightly knows what they mean; but they've a good meaning, for they're the same as is on the pulpit-cloth at church. What are they Aaron, my dear?’

“Aaron retreated completely behind his outwork.

“‘O go, that's naughty,’ said his mother, mildly. ‘Well, whatever the letters are, they've a good meaning; and it's a stamp as has been in our house, Ben says, ever since he was a little un, and his mother used to put it on the cakes, and I've allays put it on too; for if there's any good, we've need of it i' this world.’

“‘It's I. H. S.,’ said Silas, at which proof of learning Aaron peeped round the chair again.”¹

The good Dolly then proceeds to give Marner a little theological advice:—

“But now, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's signs of good will by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little, and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it.

“‘Oh, for shame, Aaron,’ said his mother, taking him on her lap, however; ‘why, you don't want cake again yet a while. He's wonderful hearty,’ she went on with a little sigh—‘that he is, God knows. He's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either me or the father must allays hev him in our sight—that we must.’

“She stroked Aaron's brown head, and thought it must do Master Marner good to see such a ‘pictur of a child.’ But Marner on the other side of the hearth, saw the neat-featured rosy face as a mere dim round, with two dark spots in it.

“‘And he's got a voice like a bird—you wouldn't think,’ Dolly went on; ‘he can sing a Christmas carril as his father's taught him; and I take it for a token as he'll come to good, as he can learn the good tunes so quick. Come, Aaron, stan' up and sing the carril to Master Marner, come.’

“Aaron replied by rubbing his forehead against his mother's shoulder.

“‘Oh, that's naughty,’ said Dolly, gently. ‘Stan' up, when Mother tells you, and let me hold the cake till you've done.’

“Aaron was not indisposed to display his talents, even to an ogre, under protecting circumstances; and after a few more signs of coyness, consisting chiefly in rubbing the backs of his hands over his eyes, and then peeping between them at Master Marner, to see if he looked anxious for the ‘carril,’ he at length allowed his head to be duly adjusted, and standing behind the table, which let him appear above it only as far as his broad frill, so that he looked like a cherubic head untroubled with a body, he began with a clear chirp, and in a melody that had the rhythm of an industrious hammer—

“‘God rest you, merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.’”

What little brown-plumaged bird was ever more daintily described than this brown-headed, cherubic creature, with the clear chirp and the shy, noiseless movements, at once self-satisfied and coy?

¹ *Silas Marner*, p. 70.

The child heroine, Caterina, is throughout compared to "a little unobtrusive singing-bird, nestling so fondly under the wings that were outstretched for her, her heart beating only to the peaceful rhythm of love, or fluttering with some easily stifled fear," until it "had begun to know the fierce palpitations of triumph and hatred." But the intense and sceptical melancholy of that passage in which we are asked, "what were our little Tina and her trouble in this mighty torrent, rushing from one awful unknown to another? Lighter than the smallest centre of quivering life in the water-drop, hidden and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the breast of the tiniest bird that has fluttered down to its nest with the long-sought food, and has found the nest torn and empty," is belied by the main current of the tragedy. Rather, does not every event in the sad and beautiful story impress us more and more deeply with what would seem in those days to have been the writer's own conviction, that there is One who "watches over His children and will not let them do what they would pray with their whole hearts not to do."¹ Mr. Gilfil at least believed that "they had been carried through all that dark and weary way that" Caterina "might know the depth of his love. How he would cherish her—his little bird with the timid bright eye, and the sweet throat which trembled with love and music! She would nestle against him, and the poor little breast which had been so ruffled and bruised should be safe for evermore."² He tells her, "You have seen the little birds when they are very young and just begin to fly, how all their feathers are ruffled when they are frightened or angry; they have no power over themselves left, and might fall into a pit from mere fright. You were like one of those little birds."³ This brave, blunt parson, who, neither to his dear love in the days of his courtship, nor to

Dame Fripp⁴ in the days of his pipe-smoking, grey-haired bachelorhood, is at all given to "improving the occasion" or quoting texts, does not go on to say in so many words that not a sparrow can fall to the ground "without our Father;" but is not that the meaning of the whole story?

And if in later years George Eliot makes Mrs. Transome say that "God was cruel when he made women," she never lets us forget that what Mrs. Transome called "cruelty" was for her a just retribution, perhaps also a cleansing hell. In this soft and effeminate age, who shall say that we did not need the lesson!

But the mention of Mrs. Transome must take us back to the children; and the interview between her little grandson and Job Tudge cannot be omitted:—

"By this time young Harry, struck even more than the dogs by the appearance of Job Tudge, had come round dragging his chariot, and placed himself close to the pale child, whom he exceeded in height and breadth, as well as in depth of colouring. He looked into Job's eyes, peeped round at the tail of his jacket and pulled it a little, and then, taking off the tiny cloth cap, observed with much interest the tight red curls which had been hidden underneath it. Job looked at his inspector with the round blue eyes of astonishment, until Harry, purely by way of experiment, took a bon-bon from a fantastic wallet which hung over his shoulder, and applied the test to Job's lips. The result was satisfactory to both. Every one had been watching this small comedy, and when Job! crunched the bon-bon, while Harry looked down at him inquiringly and patted his back, there was general laughter except on the part of Mrs. Holt, who was shaking her head slowly, and slapping the back of her left hand with the painful patience of a tragedian whose part is in abeyance to an ill-timed introduction of the humorous."⁵

If Eppie stands next to Tom and Maggie in importance among George Eliot's children, surely this quaint little Job is not far off. If he is not, like Eppie, the child-angel sent to lead back a lost soul into the light,

¹ *Scenes of Clerical Life*, p. 173.

² *Ibid.*, p. 169.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 173.

⁴ *Scenes of Clerical Life*, p. 72.

⁵ *Felix Holt*, p. 201.

or, like Maggie and Caterina, destined to become the passionate heroine of a tragedy, at least his small forefinger touches with magic efficacy the tangled threads of another love-story:—

"Job was a small fellow about five, with a germinal nose, large round blue eyes, and red hair that curled close to his head like the wool on the back of an infantine lamb. He had evidently been crying, and the corners of his mouth were still dolorous. Felix held him on his knee as he bound and tied up very cleverly a tiny forefinger. There was a table in front of Felix against the window, covered with his watch-making implements and some open books

"This is a hero, Miss Lyon. This is Job Tudge, a bold Briton whose finger hurts him, but who doesn't mean to cry. . . .

"Esther seated herself on the end of the bench near Felix, much relieved that Job was the immediate object of attention;

"Did you ever see,' said Mrs. Holt, standing to look on, 'how wonderful Felix is at that small work with his large fingers? And that's because he learnt doctoring. It isn't for want of cleverness he looks like a poor man, Miss Lyon. I've left off speaking, else I should say it's a sin and a shame.'

"Mother,' said Felix, who often amused himself and kept good-humoured by giving his mother answers that were unintelligible to her, 'you have an astonishing readiness in the Ciceronian antiphrasis, considering you have never studied oratory. There, Job—thou patient man—sit still if thou wilt; and now we can look at Miss Lyon.'

"Esther had taken off her watch, and was holding it in her hand. But he looked at her face, or rather at her eyes, as he said, 'You want me to doctor your watch?'

"Esther's expression was appealing and timid, as it had never been before in Felix's presence; but when she saw the perfect calmness, which to her seemed coldness, of his clear grey eyes, as if he saw no reason for attaching any emphasis to this first meeting, a pang swift as an electric shock darted through her. She had been very foolish to think so much of it. It seemed to her as if her inferiority to Felix made a great gulf between them. She could not at once rally her pride and self-command, but let her glance fall on her watch, and said, rather tremulously, 'It loses. It is very troublesome; it has been losing a long while.'

"Felix took the watch from her hand; then, looking round and seeing that his mother was gone out of the room, he said, very gently, 'You look distressed, Miss Lyon; I hope there is no trouble at home' (Felix was thinking of the minister's agitation on the previous Sunday). 'But I ought perhaps to beg your pardon for saying so much.'

"Poor Esther was quite helpless. The

mortification, which had come like a bruise to all the sensibilities that had been in keen activity, insisted on some relief. Her eyes filled instantly, and a great tear rolled down while she said in a loud sort of whisper, as involuntary as her tears,

"I wanted to tell you that I was not offended—that I am not ungenerous—I thought you might think—but you have not thought of it.'

"Was there ever more awkward speaking?—or any behaviour less like that of the graceful, self-possessed Miss Lyon, whose phrases were usually so well turned, and whose repartees were so ready? For a moment there was silence. Esther had her two little delicately-gloved hands clasped on the table. The next moment she felt one hand of Felix covering them both, and pressing them firmly; but he did not speak. The tears were both on her cheeks now, and she could look up at him. His eyes had an expression of sadness in them, quite new to her. Suddenly little Job, who had his mental exercises on the occasion, called out, impatiently,

"She's tut her finger!"

"Felix and Esther laughed, and drew their hands away; and as Esther took her handkerchief to wipe the tears from her cheeks, she said,

"You see, Job, I am a naughty coward. I can't help crying when I have hurt myself."

"Zoo soodn't kuy," said Job, energetically, being much impressed with a moral doctrine which had come to him after a sufficient transgression of it.

"Job is like me," said Felix, 'fonder of preaching than of practice.'"

Job's foster-mother, Mrs. Holt, is certainly a wonderful creation. Mrs. Poyser has been more talked about, but even Mrs. Poyser's shrewd witticisms are scarcely so exquisitely humorous as Mrs. Holt's loquacious and egotistic stupidities. Except perhaps Mrs. Tulliver's interview with Mr. Wakem, it would be difficult to find anything at once so credible and so absurd as that long conversation with Mr. Lyon, in the course of which Mistress Holt assures him that—

"When everybody gets their due, and people's doings are spoke of on the house-tops, as the Bible says they will be, it'll be known what I've gone through with those medicines—the pounding, and the pouring, and the letting stand, and the weighing—up early and down late; there's nobody knows yet but One that's worthy to know; and the pasting o' the printed labels right side upwards. There's few wotten would have gone through with it; and it's reasonable to think

it'll be made up to me ; for if there's promised and purchased blessings, I should think this trouble is purchasing 'em. For if my son Felix doesn't have a straight waistcoat put on him, he'll have his way. But I say no more. I wish you good morning, Mr. Lyon, and thank you, though I well know it's your duty to act as you're doing. And I never troubled you about my own soul, as some do who look down on me for not being a church member.'"¹

And what mere sensation-monger would have chosen this morally obtuse old Pharisee as the woman who would not the less take soft and tender care of "the orphin child" ?

Yet we feel instinctively that though Dolly Winthrop is one of nature's aristocracy and a saint among women, even Dolly's motherly delight in Silas Marner's little "angil" is not one whit more genuine than Mrs. Holt's affection for little Job.

The mention of Dolly Winthrop takes us back to the point from which we started, and the divine mission of the little child who was sent to Marner :—

" 'Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier,' said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. 'And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags, —and the poor mother—froze to death ; but there's them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open ?'

" 'Yes,' said Silas, meditatively ; 'yes—the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where.'

" 'Ah,' said Dolly, with soothing gravity, 'it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do ; and I think you're in the right on't to keep the little un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you.' "

This is pretty enough, but it is, if possible, surpassed by the description of Eppie's first and last punishment—

"She had cut the bond which held her to Marner's loom, and had wandered off alone

while he was busy weaving, frightening him into the belief that she had perhaps fallen into the stone pits, whereas she was all the while discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

"Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment ; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and make her remember. The idea that she might run away again and come to harm, gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth.

" 'Naughty, naughty Eppie,' he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—'naughty to cut with the scissors, and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole.' He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, 'Opy, opy !' and Silas let her out again, saying, 'Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black naughty place.'

"The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on ; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

"In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, 'Eppie in de toal-hole !'

"This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. 'She'd take it all for fun,' he observed to Dolly, 'if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble, I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of.'

¹ *Felix Holt*, p. 51.

" ' Well, that's partly true, Master Marner,' said Dolly, sympathetically ; ' and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw—worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em : it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is.' "

" So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience : and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut for her she knew nothing of frowns or denials . . . there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red ladybirds and the round pebbles."

It had been intended to reserve the last word for the two Tullivers, but Maggie and Tom are known and remembered wherever George Eliot's books are read ; and, without entering upon grave discussions which would perhaps be out of place in this essay, it would be impossible to unravel their story :—

" Its threads are Love and Life, and Death
and Pain
The shuttles of its loom."

No word has been said of Tessa or Tessa's children, though several of the most charming scenes in *Romola* are

occupied with them, and there is one magnificent passage in the Epilogue in which *Romola*, warning Lillo against a life of easy self-pleasing, sums up in a few words the very heart and life of George Eliot's more conscious teaching, a doctrine in startling contrast with some more subtle and unspoken influences which vibrate through her work.

But it would be difficult to tear so long an extract from the context ; let us leave the Epilogue and turn rather to the Proem.

I have tried to let George Eliot's innocent boys and girls speak for themselves, unspoiled by overmuch commenting on my part ; and now that the bright procession has passed before us, it is with no surprise that we hear her expressing the thought which lies deep within our own hearts also, as she says to us : " The little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty ; and men still yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness—still own *that* life to be the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice." ¹

¹ *Romola*—The Proem.

ANNIE MATHESON.

LONDON EVICTIONS.

THE sanitary condition of the dwellings occupied by the very poor of London is not, perhaps, a very pleasant subject, but it is one which has for some years past been recognised as of state importance, and the question of how to raise the poorer classes from the abyss of wretchedness in which many of them exist, has long been a subject of much thought and anxiety to persons who have interested themselves in the moral and material welfare of their fellow-creatures. We have no intention of harrowing our readers' feelings by graphic descriptions of the places and manner in which the unfortunate beings live. Suffice it to say that it is no uncommon thing for a small eight-roomed house, originally built for one family, to be occupied by as many as six or seven families, each consisting of not less than half a dozen individuals; that there are—not in London only, but also in many of the great towns—large areas so built, and the buildings within them so densely inhabited as to be highly injurious to health; that there are a great number of houses, courts, and alleys which from want of light, air, ventilation, and proper conveniences, are unfit for human habitation.

It will easily be understood that places such as these are absolute plague-spots, and that fevers and diseases are constantly being generated in them which cause loss of health and death, not alone in the places themselves, but also in the surrounding neighbourhood. Consequently it is a matter of local importance that these fever-dens should be removed. And, since the state itself suffers whenever a town within that state is diseased, it is a matter of national importance that localities which spread

pestilence, and cause men and women to die of preventable diseases, should be cut out. The health of the people is the health and strength and wealth of the nation, and their physical well-being is of at least as much importance as their education, wherefore it behoves the state to destroy the localities which are the centres of disease and death, and to provide healthier accommodation for the inhabitants of them. But its duty does not end here—it must go further still, and by some means or other induce the people who are evicted in the process of demolition to make use of the better accommodation which is subsequently provided for them. Otherwise one spot is no sooner cut out than similar ones will be found to spring up in other places. People must exist somewhere, and if you turn them out of doors and pull down their habitations, the chances are that they will immediately betake themselves to other neighbourhoods of a nearly similar character, with the result of causing these places to be overcrowded, and of quickly reducing them to exactly the same condition as those which they have left.

Now the destruction of unsavoury and insanitary habitations, and the erection of better buildings in their stead, has at various times occupied the attention of the executive, and Acts of Parliament have been passed with this object. While philanthropic individuals, and such bodies as the Peabody trustees and the Artizans' Industrial Dwellings Company have, at the same time been occupying themselves in endeavouring to provide better houses for the poor. But the evidence recently given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, which was appointed to con-

sider and report upon the working of the Acts, shows that although the state has accomplished the destruction of large areas, and although private bodies have erected numbers of artizans' dwellings, neither the one nor the other has succeeded in improving the condition of the persons who were dishoused in the process of demolition. It has been reserved for ladies such as Miss Octavia Hill and the Honourable Maude Stanley, to show how the condition of the very poor is to be improved. These two ladies have been quietly and unpretentiously doing, and doing successfully on a small scale, what the state has with questionable success endeavoured to do on a large one. The difficulties which the state has to contend with in connection with its remedial legislation are undoubtedly very great, and some of them we will presently explain, but before doing so it will probably be convenient briefly to describe the nature of the legislation which has taken place and how it has operated.

The Acts principally affecting this question are those known as the Torrens Acts, and the Artizans' and Labourers' Dwellings Improvement Acts. The first of these, which was brought in by Mr. Torrens in 1867, and was passed in 1868, proceeded on the principle that the responsibility of maintaining his houses in proper condition falls upon the owner, and that if he fails in his duty the law is justified in stepping in and compelling him to perform it; and further that houses unfit for human habitation ought not to be used as dwellings, but ought, in the interests of the public, to be closed and demolished. It enabled the local authorities to compel the owner of a dwelling, condemned by the officer of health, to remedy the causes of evil by structural alterations or to pull it down, and, in default, the local authorities might themselves either shut up or pull down the premises or execute the necessary work at the owner's expense. An amending Act, which was passed in 1879, gave the

owner of a condemned dwelling power to require the local authority to purchase the premises and hold them upon trust for providing the labouring classes with suitable dwellings, and for the opening out of closed, or partially closed, alleys and courts. The first of these Acts did a great deal of good in the Gray's Inn district, where it was applied to several houses, with the result of having 251 thoroughly repaired and improved, 64 demolished, 34 rebuilt, and 18 closed; but it does not seem to have been put into very general operation, partly because of its being somewhat complicated and troublesome to work, and partly because it provides no remuneration to the officers who carry it out. Miss Hill says that in the districts with which she is acquainted its working has been unsatisfactory, the alterations which were made under it being too superficial. Other witnesses state that houses which, before the amending Act of 1879, were reported as so dilapidated that they ought to be pulled down, were allowed to remain because the vestries shrank from inflicting on the owners the hardship of demolishing their property without compensation. Since 1879 little or no action seems to have been taken under Mr. Torrens's Acts, because the vestries appear to have thought that all their work would be done for them by other bodies in virtue of an Act which was passed in 1875. This is a subject of regret, for, to use the words of the report—

“As the work of bit-by-bit replacement can never cease to be an object of municipal care in over-peopled localities, it was hoped that it would come to be regarded as a constantly recurring duty which, if performed with discrimination, would lead to the permanent improvement and rateable capability of a district, without aggravating in the process the evils of overcrowding.”

The Act on which the vestries relied to take the trouble off their hands was the Artizans' and Labourers' Dwellings Improvements Act. But this Act proceeded on a different principle from the Torrens Acts. It

contemplated dealing with whole areas where the houses are so structurally defective as to be incapable of repair, and so ill-placed with reference to each other as to require, to bring them up to a proper sanitary standard, nothing short of demolition and reconstruction; and it enables the local authorities¹ to make an improvement scheme for the reconstruction and rearrangement of areas where, owing to the fact that the dwellings within them are the property of several owners, it is not in the power of any one owner to make the necessary alterations. In the improvement scheme the local authority may include neighbouring lands, if necessary for making the scheme efficient for sanitary purposes, or for widening the approaches for the purposes of ventilation and health; and by such scheme they are bound to provide for the accommodation of at least as many persons of the working classes as may be displaced, in suitable dwellings within the limits, or in the vicinity of the area, or (as provided by an amending Act of 1879) in some other place where equally convenient accommodation can be provided. Such scheme, after receiving the approval of the Secretary of State or of the Local Government Board as the confirming authority, and after confirmation of a provisional order by Parliament, is to be carried out by the local authority on whom the duty is laid to purchase the necessary lands, and to whom full power is given to sell or let for the purpose of rebuilding according to the scheme. No power of enforcing their duties in these respects is, however, provided by the Act, but on failure by the local authority to sell or let the land for these purposes within five years after the removal of the buildings, the confirming authority may sell the land by auction, subject to the conditions im-

posed by the scheme. These conditions usually contain a proviso that the purchaser shall within a certain time build dwelling or lodging houses suitable for mechanic labourers and other persons of the working class adequate to accommodate a specified number of persons, and that he shall not within a specified number of years,² without special sanction, erect, or allow to be erected, on any part of the land, any building whatever except such dwelling or lodging houses.

Under these Acts the Commissioners of Sewers proceeded with two schemes in respect of Petticoat Square and Golden Lane. They cleared these two sites at a cost of 240,000*l.*, and they dispossessed by the clearance 1,734 persons; the extent of the areas thus cleared amounted to about 133,000 feet. Now these sites have remained practically undealt with for about three years, because the city has been unwilling to realise the great loss which would result from selling the land so cleared subject to the condition of rebuilding labourers' dwellings. And here we come to one of the great difficulties which have arisen in connection with the working of the Acts, viz., the question of cost. To obtain possession of these sites the authorities had to pay large sums, in addition to the actual value of the premises, by way of compensation for disturbance and for trade profits, and these amounts were especially great in the case of public-houses. For one public-house 7,100*l.* was paid, which represented the value of the freehold and ten years' purchase on the profits; for another, 9,100*l.*; and for another, upwards of 9,600*l.* But one of the most curious instances of the large profits which are sometimes made in these localities was the case of a Jew fish-monger, who lived in one of the areas which had to be taken down. Nobody, it was said, passing this man's residence and fish-curing place would

¹ The local authority is, in the city of London, the Commissioners of Sewers, and in the rest of the metropolis the Metropolitan Board of Works.

² This number in the city of London is usually ten.

have given him credit for having a trade producing more than about 300*l.* a year, but he produced his books. He produced his buying of salmon, he produced his buyings of cod, and all the other fish, and he showed how he boiled these fish, and then served them cold to the Master of the Rolls, to the Solicitor-General, to Baron Rothschild, to Sir Moses Montefiore, and all the chief of the Jewish people, who had them regularly for breakfast. This man showed that he was making a profit of over two thousand pounds a year, and when his daughter was married he gave her a wedding breakfast, and that breakfast cost six hundred pounds!

In the case of the smaller trades it is, as might be supposed, very difficult for the arbitrators to test the actual amount of profits made; the persons who carry on these trades keep no books at all, and seldom pay any income-tax, so that they cannot be made to produce their income-tax receipts, for they have none. According to Mr. Goddard, the Chief Surveyor to the Board of Works, averments are made before the arbitrators of incomes which, looking at the houses and the locality, are absolutely preposterous, and in many cases the owners of property which is unhealthy, do obtain sums considerably in excess of its market value. Then when the authorities try to sell or let the sites which they have purchased and cleared, they find that, owing to the conditions which are imposed with respect to the rebuilding of labourers' dwellings upon them, they are unable to get offers which would recoup them the sums expended. So small indeed are the amounts which have been tendered that rather than accept them the City of London has been and now is losing upwards of 8,000*l.* a year in the shape of interest on capital sunk.

The people who were turned out in the process of demolition have, of course, been obliged to find accommodation elsewhere, and the question which naturally presents itself is—where

have they gone? This question is not an easy one to answer. The poorer of them, and those whose employment does not oblige them to live in a particular neighbourhood, seem to have scattered themselves over surrounding districts; some of the better off tried living in the suburbs, but these last in many cases found the inconvenience so great that they have been obliged to return to London notwithstanding the advantages the country possesses in point of health and accommodation, and why? Chiefly because, strange as it may seem, they find London not only the more convenient, but positively the cheaper place to live in. The distance from central markets and from the ordinary market places raises the prices of almost every commodity in the small suburban districts, and the working-man's own personal expenses are increased by the fact that he is not able to partake of the family dinner as he would do if his wife and family lived in the neighbourhood of his work; his family is not able to obtain work in the suburbs as they would in London; and he begins to feel that he is becoming a mere money-getting machine rather than the father of a family, so little does he see of his home. There are many artisans living in the suburbs who do not see their children from Monday evening till Saturday night, and whose social intercourse with their offspring is broken off from one week's end to the other by reason of the early hour at which they have to leave in the morning, and the late one at which they return in the evening. This they naturally look upon as a great hardship. Labourers in the country have not as a rule to go out to a great distance from their home to their work, and would think it a great misfortune if they had to do so regularly and were thus debarred from taking their meals with their families. With regard to the suburban trains, it appears that there are only one or two railways which run workmen's

trains at cheap rates, and these do not seem to regard any person as a working man unless he starts to his work at five or six in the morning; but the bulk of the working men in London begin their work between six and nine, and it is only the building trade and some of the out-door trades that begin as early as six, the others begin much later. So if a man's work does not commence till eight o'clock, he must either pay the ordinary fare or wait about in London for an hour or two every morning, the result being that on cold and wet mornings he is often tempted to take something to rally the circulation before beginning his day's work, and numbers have gradually been led away to habits of intemperance from this cause. Those of the evicted persons who did not make a trial of going into the suburbs—and it is said that men earning only 1*l.* a week could not possibly afford to live outside London—quartered themselves in the surrounding districts to the great inconvenience of the neighbourhood. So much for the operations of the city authorities.

Outside the city limits, the Metropolitan Board of Works has cleared fourteen areas, comprising altogether about forty-two acres, and occupied by upwards of twenty thousand persons, but it has been fortunate enough to sell most of these sites to the Peabody trustees and the Industrial Dwellings Company, and buildings have either already been erected or are in course of erection on them which will provide accommodation for a larger number of persons than were turned out. Those dispossessed when the land was cleared (both in the city as well as outside), were given, as compensation for the expense and inconvenience of removal, sums varying from 1*l.* to 10*l.* Small shopkeepers and persons carrying on little businesses which depended for existence on local support sometimes got rather more. But it appears from the evidence that very few, if any, of the families thus dispossessed returned for the purpose of occupy-

ing the new buildings; and, in one case, where a block built by the Peabody trustees on an adjoining site was available for the persons dispossessed, and holdings were offered to them, very few accepted them. Here we come to another and perhaps the greatest of the difficulties connected with the schemes for improving the localities occupied by the lowest of the people, viz., the difficulty of getting the people to occupy the houses erected for them. You may build dwellings for the people, but you cannot force them to live in them. The question of cost to which we alluded just now may, and probably will, be met in a manner already suggested by the Select Committee, namely by a relaxation of the law which requires that "the improvement scheme shall provide for the accommodation of *at the least* as many persons of the working class as may be displaced," to the extent of insisting only on accommodation being provided for from one-half to two-thirds of such persons as the confirming authority may think fit; and in the case of the City of London, where land is exceptionally valuable, by giving full scope to the provisions of the amending Act of 1879, under which the accommodation to be provided may be provided elsewhere within some reasonable and suitable distance, facilities for transit by railway, boat, or tramway being taken into consideration in determining what is a reasonable and suitable distance.

The problem of how to get the people who have been displaced to go into the houses built for them is much more difficult of solution. Experience shows that as a rule the Peabody Buildings and the Industrial Dwellings are occupied by a class superior to that for which they were intended, or at any rate by a class superior to the poorer of those dispossessed by the clearance of the condemned areas. One reason for this is not far to seek. The persons who were turned out have, long before the new buildings were ready for them, found other habitations

elsewhere, and are probably at the moment gradually but surely helping to reduce some other district to the condition of the one they have left. Now this very serious evil might be partially avoided by enforcing more completely the second of Mr. Torrens's Acts, and so bringing about the gradual reconstruction of unhealthy districts and that "bit-by-bit replacement" already alluded to—and also by obliging, or at any rate enabling the Metropolitan Board, in dealing with a large area to refrain from pulling down the whole of the houses at once in cases where they may be able to render parts of the area sufficiently healthy by pulling down certain houses only and so letting in light and air, and giving ventilation to the remaining parts; and further by having ready in the neighbourhood accommodation for some portion at any rate of the persons about to be displaced. Provision certainly ought to be made for the people ousted by demolition; they themselves say, "I hope they will build places for us to go into before they turn us out." Moreover people of this class feel it a great hardship to be scattered; they are often bound to one another in a way of which those in the higher classes have no conception. Sir Richard Cross, in an article on this subject, which recently appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, says of them:—

"They are, in fact, simply communists: thus, if one man earns more in one day than usual, he shares it with his neighbour who earns little. And this quite as a common practice, not that it is done according to rule, but as a matter of fact, if a man does well one day he helps his neighbours, and they get through the bad times by these means; and a man who is helped at one time feels bound to help his neighbour at another time when his own good turn comes round. And this unwritten engagement is very faithfully kept, though there is no rule or contract."

One of the difficulties which have stood in the way of the success of the Artizans' Dwellings Acts is that the authorities want to take too many steps at once; they want to move the very

lowest class of the poor out of damp underground cellars at once into an ideal working man's home. If, instead of pulling down a large district with a view to its replacement on a better footing, the demolition were to go on step by step, and the replacement were to take effect house by house, as in Miss Hill's system, the hardships which are inflicted on the poor by the operations would be greatly mitigated. Even this, however, must be done with care and judgment. It has already been stated that in one instance where a block of buildings was ready for occupation in the neighbourhood of a condemned area, very few of the people who were evicted would go into them. Even Miss Hill, than whom no one knows better how to deal with these classes, says:—"We have a difficulty when we rebuild to get the same people in; we have rather a tendency to get a rather higher class of work people." They are a curious, and hesitating, and in some ways a modest set of people. The very name frightens a labourer when he sees "Artizans' Dwellings," and he says to himself, "That will not suit me"; he is afraid to go, thinking it is too much above his position in life. Then there are degrees in the social scale. Artizans will not live in the same house as sweeps and costermongers, partly because they regard themselves as a superior class, and partly because of the inconvenience occasioned by the costermonger requiring so much water for his trade purposes, such as washing and boiling whelks, washing vegetables, &c., that the other inhabitants of the house get less than their share. A costermonger's life is very different from that of an artizan; he has to get up at four o'clock in the morning to go to Covent Garden to buy his wares, then take them home and clean them and make them presentable, and then take them round London. If he happen to sell whelks he starts about five in the afternoon and is on his feet at a regular stand till about midnight, when he has to get home, dispose of

what remains, and put his barrow away.

Then again, there are restrictions in the model dwellings, such as the number of persons allowed to occupy one room, and here the question of expense comes in. A working man in Lichfield Street gave evidence that he paid 8s. 6d. for two rooms: if he were to go to the Industrial Dwellings he would have to pay only 3s. or 4s. a room, but he would be compelled to take a larger number of rooms, because they will not take a man with seven children into one or two rooms. It would be better for him to have the additional rooms, but a man with 20s. or 25s. a week cannot afford to pay for them.

In addition, there are regulations having for their object the maintenance of decency and health, which, while they commend themselves to the mechanic, do not always present themselves in the same aspect to the less enlightened dock labourer. In connection with this point a journeyman painter and plumber and house decorator, who gave evidence before the Committee, said that so long as individual liberty is not interfered with, working men are perfectly willing to see supervision exercised so that their dwellings shall be kept clean and tidy. But Mr. Goddard, on the other hand, gave it as his opinion that it is the existence of rules enforcing a certain amount of cleanliness and order which deters the lowest classes from going into the Peabody Buildings, rather than the rents which are asked.

The fact is, there is reformatory as well as sanitary work to be done—the latter is being done by the authorities, the former can scarcely be done except by volunteers. Miss Hill thinks a good deal of volunteer help is necessary before you can touch the very poor; they have not the courage to face the large clean places unless

somebody knows them and introduces them. And, as this lady has under her management upwards of 60,000l., which is remuneratively invested in house property in some of the very worst neighbourhoods of London, she is eminently qualified to speak on the subject. As to how she sets to work we cannot do better than quote her own words. She says:—

“When I go and buy a group of houses which I am interested in, occupied by a low class, I go round the next morning and collect my rents as anybody else would, and so get to know a little bit who the tenants are. There are thieves and all sorts of people, and I go into underground rooms and all sorts of horrid places, and I get to know them, and say, ‘I do not want these underground rooms used any more, I have a nice room at the top of the house, will you not come up?’ and so on. I do not frighten them, and they are not afraid of what they call their ‘bits of things’ coming among people who would scorn them.”

Here, then, is a lady working to raise the condition of the London poor in a way that few men would do, positively going herself into the underground habitations of thieves and others of that class, in the unwelcome capacity of a rent collector, with the object of getting to know them and to be known by them, in order that she may be in a better position to improve their health and add to their comfort by inducing them to go into better ventilated and less gloomy quarters, knowing that by so doing she will slowly, perhaps, but surely, raise the tone and increase their vitality. I venture to think that the exertions of John Howard in behalf of prisoners and the efforts of Jonas Hanway in behalf of the infant parish poor, are not more deserving of honour than are the labours of Miss Octavia Hill in behalf of the adult poor of London.

S. CASSAN PAUL.

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